A GROUP OF EASTERN ROMANCES AND STORIES

FROM THE PERSIAN, TAMIL, AND URDU.

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND APPENDIX

By W. A. CLOUSTON,

AUTHOR OF "POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS" AND THE "BOOK OF NOODLES"; EDITOR OF THE "BOOK OF SINDIBAD," THE "BAKHTYAR NAMA," ETC.

"Who is he, that is now wholly overcome with idleness or otherwise involved in a labyrinth of worldly cares and troubles and discontents, that will not be much lightened in his mind by reading some enticing story, true or feigned?"—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

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TO

FORSTER FITZGERALD ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

MY DEAR ARBUTHNOT,

Since you have always been warmly interested in my own works as well as in Oriental Literature generally, allow me to Dedicate to you the present collection of Eastern Tales. This I do with the greater pleasure, knowing that no man is more able than yourself to appreciate their value for the comparative study of popular fictions, and also to recognise their entertaining qualities.

Believe me,

Yours ever faithfully,

W. A. CLOUSTON.

GLASGOW, *April*, 1889.

PREFACE.

IT has been justly remarked that "the literature of a nation furnishes the best guide to researches into its character, manners, and opinions, and no department of literature contains a more ample store of data in this respect than the light and popular part consisting of tales, romances, and dramatic pieces." The lighter literature of mediæval Europe affords us an insight into customs, manners, and superstitions which have long passed away; but in "the unchanging East" the literature of the Asiatic races, produced at the same period, continues to reflect the sentiments and habits of the Hindús, Buddhists, and Muslims at the present day. For among Asiatics belief in astrology, magic, divination, good and bad omens, and evil spirits (rákshasas, dívs, jinn, etc.) who are ever eager to injure human beings is still as prevalent as when the oldest of their popular tales and romances were first written. The child-like, wonder-loving Oriental mind delights in stories of the supernatural, and the more such narratives exceed the bounds of human possibility the greater is the pleasure derived from them ;—like our

Fiske 1926,

own peasantry, who believed (and not so long since) in "ghosts, fairies, goblins, and witches," as well as in the frequent apparition of Satan in various forms to delude the benighted traveller, and were fond of listening to "tales of the wild and wonderful" during the long winter evenings.

The following collection comprises fairly representative Eastern tales; some of which are of common life and have nothing in them of the supernatural, while in others may be found all the machinery of typical Asiatic fictions: gorgeous palaces constructed of priceless gems; wealth galore; enchantments; magical transformations; fairies and jinn, good and evil. Those who think that they are "sensible, practical men" (and are therefore *not* sensible) would not condescend to read "such a pack of lies"; but there be men, I wot, who entertain no particularly high opinion of themselves, to whom what poor Mr. Buckle called "the lying spirit of Romance" is often a great solace amidst the stern realities of work-a-day life, and, carried away in imagination to regions where all is *as it ought to be*, they for a brief season quite forget "life and its ills, duns and their bills."

But few words are necessary to explain the design of the present work. I found the four romances diverting and many of their incidents peculiarly interesting from a comparative folk-lore point of view; and

I felt encouraged by the friendly reception of my *Book of Sindibád* to reproduce them as a companion volume and as a farther contribution to the study of popular fictions. It may be considered by some readers that my notes are too copious. I know that foot-notes have been likened to runaway knocks, calling one downstairs for nothing; but as the book is not specially designed for Eastern scholars (who indeed require none of the information that I could furnish), I was desirous that nothing likely to be obscure to the ordinary reader should pass without explanation and illustration; and since these foot-notes have considerably swelled the bulk of the book and I shall certainly not profit by them, I trust they will not prove altogether useless or superfluous. The abstract of the romance of Hatim Taï—which was an afterthought—and the other matter in the Appendix will be, I venture to think, interesting to readers "of all ranks and ages."

It only remains to express my thanks, in the first place, to the learned Orientalist Mr. Edward Rehatsek, of Bombay, for kindly permitting me to reprint his translations from the Persian, with which I have taken a few liberties, but had he revised them himself, I feel sure he would have made very similar alterations: I much regret that want of space prevented me from reproducing more of the shorter stories. In the next place, I (and the reader also, if I am not mistaken)

have to thank Pandit Natésa Sástrí, of Madras, for his translation of the Tamil romance, which I have entitled "The King and his Four Ministers." I must also acknowledge my great indebtedness to Dr. Chas. Rieu, of the British Museum, whose courtesy, great as everybody knows it is, I fear was very frequently sorely tried by my "anxious inquiries"; and to Prof. E. Fagnan, of the Ecole des Lettres, Algiers, and Mr. E. H. Whinfield, who has done good work in Persian literature, for their kind investigations regarding an inedited Turkish story-book. Private friends want no public recognition, but I should consider myself ungrateful did I omit to place also on record my obligations in the course of this work to Dr. David Ross, Principal of the E.C. Training College, Glasgow, to Mr. Leonard C. Smithers, Sheffield, and finally, but certainly not least of all, to my old and trusty friend Mr. Hugh Shedden, Grangemouth. With so much help it may well be thought my work might have been of higher quality than I fear is the case; but there is an ancient saying about expecting "grapes of thorns," which I have made my excuse in a former work.

W. A. C.

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INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

MAN has been variously described as a laughing, a cooking, and a clothes-wearing animal, for no other animal laughs, or cooks, or wears clothes. Perhaps another definition might be added, namely, that he is a *story-telling* animal. From bleak Greenland to the sunny islands that be-gem the South Pacific, there seems to be no race so low in the scale of humanity as not to possess a store of legends and tales, which take their colouring from the ways of life and the habits of the people among whom they are found domiciled. But notwithstanding the very considerable number of popular tales that have been collected from various parts of the world, their origin and general diffusion are still involved in obscurity. The germs from which some of them sprang may have originated soon after men became sentient beings. It is possible, though not very probable, that the ideas on which are based the more simple fictions which are found to be similar—*mutatis mutandis*—among Non-Aryan as well as Aryan races were independently conceived; but this concession does not apply to tales and stories of more elaborate construction, where the incidents and

their very sequence are almost identical—in such cases there must have been deliberate appropriation by one people from another. And assuredly not a few of the tales which became orally current in Europe during the middle ages through the preaching monks and the merry minstrels were directly imported from the East. But even when a tale has been traced through different countries till it is discovered in a book, the date of which is known to be at least 200 B.C., it does not follow, of course, that the author of the book where it occurs was the actual inventor of it. Men are much more imitative than inventive, and there is every reason to believe that the Buddhists and the Bráhmans alike simply adapted for their own purposes stories and apologues which had for ages upon ages been common to the whole world. All that is now maintained by the so-called "Benfey school" is that many of the Western popular tales current orally, as well as existing in a literary form, during the mediæval times which are found in old Indian books reached Europe from Syria, having travelled thither from India through Persia and Arabia, and that this importation of Eastern fictions had been going on long before the first crusades.

Whatever our modern European authors may do in the production of their novels (the *novel* has no existence in the East), it is certain that Asiatic writers do not attempt the invention of new "situations" and incidents. They have all along been content to use

such materials as came ready to hand, both by taking stories out of other books, and dressing them up according to their own taste and fancy, and by writing down tales which they had heard publicly or privately recited.[1] Indeed they usually mention quite frankly in the prefaces to their books from whence they derived their materials. Thus, Somadeva tells us that his *Kathá Sarit Ságara* (Ocean of the Streams of Story), of the 11th century, is wholly derived from a very much older

[1] Story-telling has been quite an art in the East time out of mind. Mrs. Meer Hasan Ali, in her *Observations on the Mussulmans of India*, vol. ii, pp. 81, 82, says: "Many of the ladies entertain women companions, whose chief business is to tell stories and fables to their employer when she is composing herself to sleep. When the lady is fairly asleep the story is stayed, and the companion resumes her employment when the next nap is sought by her mistress. Among the higher classes the males also indulge in the same practice of being talked to sleep by their men slaves, and it is a certain introduction, with either sex, to the favour of their employer when one of these dependants has acquired the happy art of 'telling the khánie' (fable) with an agreeable voice and manner. The more they embellish a tale by flights of their versatile imaginations, so much the greater the merit of the rehearser in the opinion of the listeners."—In the Book of Esther, ch. vi, 1, we read that on a certain night "could not the king sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of the records of the chronicles, and they were read before the king." Well was it for the Hebrew bondsmen that Ahasuerus did not call for a story-teller instead of the "state journal"!—The practice of sleepless khalífs and sultans sending for story-tellers is referred to in many Eastern tales. For an account of public reciters of tales and romances see Lane's *Modern Egyptians*.

Sanskrit work, of the 6th century, the *Vrihat Kathá* (Great Story), of Gunadhya; and Nakhshabí states that his *Túti Náma* (Parrot Book) is chiefly an abridgment, in more elegant language, of an older Persian work composed in a prolix style, which was translated from a book "originally written in the Indian tongue." So we need not expect to find much originality in later Eastern collections,[1] though they are of special interest to students of the genealogy of popular tales in so far as they contain incidents, and even entire stories and fables, out of ancient books now lost, which have their parallels and analogues in European folk-lore.

The first two romances in the present work form the third *báb*, or chapter, of a Persian collection of moral tales and anecdotes entitled *Mahbúb ul-Kalúb*, or the Delight of Hearts, written by Barkhurdár bin Mahmúd Turkman Faráhí, surnamed Mumtáz, concerning whom all that is known is given by himself in what Dr. Rieu terms "a diffuse preface, written in a stilted and am-

[1] But are even the best novels of these days of grace marked by very much "originality"? Do not prolific novelists *repeat themselves?* Have they not, for the most part, a limited set of characters, which reappear in each succeeding novel? In short, may it not be truly said of them, as Burton (not he of *The Nights*, but he of *The Melancholy*) says of authors in general: "They weave the same web, twist and untwist the same rope, and make new books as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring out of one vessel into another"?

bitious style." In early life[1] he quitted his native place, Faráh, for Marv Sháhiján, where he entered the service of the governor, Aslán Khán, and two years afterwards he proceeded to Ispahán and became secretary to Hasan Kulí Khán Shámlú: both amírs flourished during the reign of Sháh Sultán Husain. A.H. 1105–1135 (A.D. 1693–1722). At Ispahán he heard in an assembly a pleasing tale, which, at the request of his friends, he "adorned with the flowers of rhetoric," under the title of *Hikáyát-i Ra'ná ú Zíbá*. In course of time he added other stories, until he had made a large collection, comprising no fewer than four hundred tales and anecdotes, divided into an introduction, eight *bábs*, and a *khátimah*, or conclusion, and he entitled the work *Mahfil-árá*—'Adorner of the Assembly.' After a visit to his native place, he went to Herát, where he remained for some time, and thence he set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine at Mashad. But on his way he was attacked by a band of Kuzzaks in the desert, who robbed him of everything, including the precious manuscript of his *Mahfil-árá*. Returning

[1] The following particulars regarding the author and his work are derived from Dr. Charles Rieu's *Catalogue of the Persian Manuscripts in the British Museum*, vol. ii, pp. 767-8, Add. 7619, and Or. 1370; and from Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot's useful and interesting little work, *Persian Portraits: a Sketch of Persian History, Literature, and Politics* (London: Quaritch), p. 119. The title of *Shamsah ú Kahkahah*, under which Mr. Arbuthnot describes this collection, is taken from the names of a Witch and a Vazír who figure in the second *báb*.

to Ispahán, it may be presumed, though he does not specify "the place of security," he re-wrote from memory his collection of tales, dividing the work into an introduction, five *bábs*, and a *khátimah.* The work is formed on the plan of the *Gulistán*, or Rose-Garden, of the illustrious Persian poet Sa'dí, each section being devoted to the exemplification of a special subject or theme. The introduction comprises dissertations

(1) On the necessity of Politeness;
(2) On the behaviour of a householder, so as to obtain for himself happiness in this world and the next;
(3) On the Education of Children;
(4) On the advantages of following a Trade or Profession;
(5) On Hospitality;
(6) On gratitude for the benefits received from God.

Then follow Five Chapters:

I—On Civility, Humility, and Modesty, the virtues on which amicable intercourse with all conditions of men is based.
II—On Good Manners and abstention from injuring others by word or deed.
III—On Equanimity in Prosperity and Adversity, and Resignation to the will of God in all things.
IV—On Friendship, or Association: the choice of a suitable Companion, and the rejection of an uncongenial or base one.
V—On the Advantages of Contentment and the Meanness of Envy and Covetousness.
Conclusion: Story of Ra'ná and Zíbá.

The Persian text of this large collection of Tales was printed at Bombay in 1852. There are two MS.

copies in the British Museum, one of which is described by Dr. Rieu as being embellished with two *'unváns*, or ornamental head-pieces, gold-ruled margins, and 55 miniatures in the Persian style.

In 1870 Mr. Edward Rehatsek published, at Bombay, a translation of the two Tales contained in the third chapter of the *Mahbúb ul-Kalúb* under the title of *Fortune and Misfortune*, which are reproduced in the present volume as the *History of Nassar* (properly Násir) and the *History of Farrukhrúz*, the Tales being quite distinct from each other.

I—In the HISTORY OF NASSAR, son of the Merchant of Baghdád, the *motif* is that Fate, or Destiny, is paramount in all human affairs, and so long as Fortune frowns all the efforts of men to better their condition are utterly futile: an essentially Asiatic notion, and quite foreign to the sentiments of the more manly and self-relying Western races. It must be allowed, however, that there seems to be a mysterious factor in human life which we call "luck," against which it were vain to struggle;—only it is seldom to be recognised until it has worked out its purpose! How, for example, are we to account for a soldier escaping uninjured after taking an active part in many battles, while his comrade by his side is shot dead at the first fire of the enemy? There are certainly lucky and unlucky men who have done little or nothing to bring about their own good or ill for-

tune. "Fate," says Defoe, "makes footballs of men: kicks some upstairs and some down. Some are advanced without honour, and others are suppressed without infamy. Some are raised without merit; some are crushed without crime. And no man knows, by the beginning of things, whether his course will end in a peerage or a pillory." And a Persian poet chants in melancholy strain:

Strive not to grapple with the grasp of Fate;
  Canst thou with feebleness success combine?
All vain, 'gainst Destiny thy watchful state;
  Go thou, and to its force thyself resign.

But the Bard of Rydal Mount—the Christian Philosopher, whose grand poetry is out of vogue in these "double-distilled" days—tells us that

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only: an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

And it may be safely asserted that no great things were ever done by any man whose actions were controlled by a belief in mere "luck." The great American poet lustily sings:

Let us then be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to *labour* and to *wait*.

The Sinhalese have a number of proverbs about "luck" which might very suitably serve as mottoes for the Tale of Násir and the subordinate stories of Mansúr and of Shoayb; for instance, they say: "It hails whenever an unlucky man goes abroad"; and again: "Even if the unlucky man have a gold coin in his purse, he is sure to be accused of having stolen it." In the tale of Prince Kasharkasha, when the ruined merchant comes to the young king whom he had formerly befriended, he is dismissed with a small sum of money, the king fearing lest his old friend's ill-luck should also affect him: an idea which is constantly cropping up in Asiatic stories; though, by the way, it does not appear that the worthy merchant had himself any such fear when he so generously relieved the prince from his bitter distress.

It can hardly be said that the "moral" to be drawn from the career of Násir is a very elevating one. The three pieces of wholesome advice bestowed on him by his father's ancient friend, and enforced with such appropriate stories, did the young traveller little good; for we find him go on blundering out of one scrape into another, until his "lucky star" is once more in the ascendant. And in the case of poor Mansúr, though he does ultimately attain wealth and ease through his own exertions, yet he was in the first instance indebted to sheer luck in discovering a treasure-crock in an old ruin. From one point of view, there is droll humour in some of the incidents in

these tales, more especially in Násir's unlucky exhibitions of his accomplishments before the king; and in the narrative of the misfortunes of poor Shoayb, whom another king strove so persistently to benefit, disregarding the counsel of his prime minister and setting at defiance the evident decree of Fate;—though one cannot help regretting that he should have been expelled from the country after all he had suffered. Let us believe that ere long his "run of ill-luck" came to an end!

II—The History of Farrukhruz may be considered as exemplifying the Sinhalese proverb which asserts that "the teeth of the dog that barks at the lucky man will fall out;" for did not all the vile schemes of the envious vazírs, to compass the death of this Favourite of Fortune, turn to his advantage and finally to their own well-merited destruction? True, he was very near losing his good fortune when he parted with the talismanic ring, and, by the art magic of Kashank the 'Ifrít, was changed to an old barber in Damascus; but here again have we not an illustration of another Sinhalese proverb which says that "you cannot even kick away good luck"? In this spirited little romance the interest is well sustained throughout, and the scene in Damascus will, I think, favourably compare with some of the facetious tales in the *Arabian Nights*. Variants and analogues of the principal incidents are given in the Appendix.

III—The King and his Four Ministers, which is now for the first time presented in English, has been translated from the Tamil, at my suggestion, by my friend Pandit S. M. Natésa Sástrí, of Madras, who is already known in this country to students of the migrations of popular tales from his *Folk-Lore in Southern India*, published at Bombay, and his translation of another Tamil romance, *Madanakámarájankadai*, under the title of *Dravidian Nights Entertainments*, published at Madras: London agents for both works, Messrs. Trübner & Co. The Tamil title is *Alakésa Kathá*, or Story of (King) Alakesa, and a short but not quite accurate account of it is given by Dr. H. H. Wilson in his most valuable *Descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental MSS. etc. in the Mackenzie Collection*, published at Calcutta, 1828, vol. i, p. 220. Dr. Wilson describes the work as "a story of the rájá of Alakapúr and his four ministers, who, being falsely accused of violating the sanctity of the inner apartments, vindicate their innocence and disarm the king's wrath by narrating a number of stories." It is, however, only one of the ministers who is believed by the rájá and the rání to have thus offended, and his three colleagues successively urge the rájá to inquire into all the circumstances of the affair before proceeding to punish him, and they support their arguments with Tales showing the deplorable evils which may result from inconsiderate actions. An aged minister of the rájá's father then comes before the king

and relates a story to the same purpose, and he is followed by the accused minister, who also tells a story as a warning against hasty decisions, after which he not only makes his innocence manifest, but shows how he had saved the rájá and his spouse from a terrible fatality.[1]

In the Appendix of the present work will be found abstracts of Bengalí and Kashmírí oral variants of this Tale, the frame of which was evidently suggested by that of the Book of Sindibád, of which the numerous European versions are commonly known under the title of the *History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome*,

[1] There is another, but wholly different, Tamil tale, with the same title, which is described in Taylor's *Catalogue Raisonné of Oriental Manuscripts in the Government Library, Madras*, vol. iii, page 460: "A king's daughter forms an attachment at first sight to the stupid son of another king, who cannot read the writing which she conveys to him, but shows it to a diseased wretch, who tells him it warns him to flee for his life. The king's daughter is imposed upon by the leper, kills herself, and becomes a disembodied evil spirit, haunting a choultry (or serai for travellers), whom during the night, if they do not answer aright to her cries, she strangles, and vampyre-like sucks their blood." To be brief, the famous Tamil poetess Avaiyar gets leave of the people to sleep in the choultry in order to put an end to this calamity, and having three times composed a recondite stanza from the strange cries, the evil spirit owns herself conquered and departs. She is re-born as an exceedingly clever princess, and tests the learning and poetical skill of her suitors, till at last she is won by a poor student.—It will be readily supposed that the chief merit of this story consists in the poetical contests.

where a young prince is falsely accused, as Joseph was by the wife of Potiphar, and his father the king orders him to be put to death; but he alternately reprieves and condemns him during seven days, in consequence of his Seven Vazírs, day after day, and the Lady, night after night, relating to the king stories of the wickedness of women and of the depravity of men, till at length the innocence of the prince is proved, and the wanton, treacherous lady is duly punished.—The leading tale of the Turkish *History of the Forty Vazírs* (which has been completely translated into English by Mr. E. J. W. Gibb; London: Mr. George Redway) is on the same plan, though the stories related by the Vazírs and the Lady are almost all different.

To the sporadic part of the great Sindibád family of romances belongs also the Persian work entitled *Bakhtyár Náma*, in which a stranger youth becomes the king's favourite and is raised to a position of great honour and dignity, which excites the envy of the king's Ten Vazírs, who cause him to be accused of violating the royal haram, and the young man is reprieved from day to day through his relating eloquently stories showing the lamentable consequences of precipitation, and he is ultimately found to be guiltless, and, moreover, to be the king's own son, whom he and his queen had abandoned in a desert when newly born, as they were flying for their lives.—Another group of tales pertaining to the same cycle is found in the Breslau printed Arabic text of the *Alf Layla wa Layla*

(Thousand and One Nights), under the title of "King Shah Bakht and his Vazír Er-Rahwan," where the king is induced by the machinations of some of his courtiers to believe that his favourite minister Er-Rahwan should slay him within twenty-eight days; and the Vazír, being condemned to death, obtains a respite by relating to the king each night an interesting story until the supposed fatal period is past, when the king is convinced of his fidelity.[1]

Neither the name of the author nor the date of the *Alakésa Kathá* is known, but it is supposed to have been written in the 16th century. It is one of the very few Asiatic collections in which the tales are all unobjectionable, and while these are found in much older Indian story-books, they present some curious variations, and are moreover of considerable interest as illustrating Hindú popular beliefs and superstitions.

[1] The stories related to the king by Prince Bakhtyár, though calculated to caution him against rash judgments, have nothing in common with those contained in the Book of Sindibád; while the tales told by Er-Rahwan (which have been translated by Sir Richard F. Burton, and included in the first volume of his *Supplemental Nights*) are of a miscellaneous character—grave and gay, wise and witty—his sole object being to prolong his life by thus amusing the king. The Vazír's recitals are of considerable importance to "storiologists": we find among them analogues of Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale, Pardoner's Tale, and Merchant's Tale, and of the well-known legend of St. Eustache (or Placidus), which occurs in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and from which the mediæval metrical romances of *Sir Isumbras*, *Octavian*, *Sir Eglamour*, and *Sir Torrent of Portugal* were derived.

As European mediæval writers were in the habit of piously prefixing the sign of the cross to their compositions, and Muhammedan authors invariably begin their books with the formula, "In the Name of God, the most Merciful, the most Compassionate," so Hindú writers always commence by invoking the assistance of Ganesa, the god of wisdom. Accordingly the *Alakésa Kathá* opens thus: "Before relating in Tamil the story of the Four Ministers, which is admired by the whole world, O Mind! adore and serve him who is the elder of the trident-armed and the remover of obstacles"—that is, Ganesa, who is said to be the son of Siva and his spouse Parvati, or of the latter only. Ganesa is represented as having the head of an elephant, which was perhaps originally a symbol of his sagacity, but is accounted for in one of the later legends regarding this deity as follows: The goddess Parvati wished to take a bath one day in her mansion, Kailasa, during the absence of her lord, Siva. Her female attendants were engaged in some domestic duties, but she must have her bath, and there must be a servant to guard the door. So Parvati rubbed her body with her hands, and of the scurf created a man, whom she ordered to watch outside the door, and allow no one to enter. It so happened that Siva returned before his spouse had finished bathing, and he was opposed by the newly-formed man, whose head he immediately struck off, and then he entered the bath-room. This intrusion Parvati regarded as a very great insult, and when she

learned that her guard at the door was slain her rage knew no bounds. She demanded that her first son, as she termed him, should be restored to life, and Siva, vexed at his rashness, told his *ganas* (armies of dwarfs: troops of celestials) to search for him who slept with his head to the north, to kill him, and place his head on the neck of the murdered guard. The ganas, after wandering long and far, found only an elephant asleep in that position, so they brought his head and fixed it on the neck of the man whom Siva had slain, when, lo! he at once rose up alive, a man in body, with the head of an elephant. Siva then appointed him lord of his ganas *(Ganesa)* and adopted him as his son.—This curious legend is the cause of all Hindús never sleeping with their heads to the north. Ganesa is said to have written down the *Mahábhárata* from the dictation of Vyasa, the reputed author of that epic. He is represented with four hands, in one of which he holds a shell, in another a discus, in the third a trident, or club, and in the fourth a water-lily.[1]

[1] The Tamil text of THE KING AND HIS FOUR MINISTERS has been printed. Through the kindness of the Pandit, I possess two copies, of different dates, one of which, printed in 1887, has, by way of frontispiece, four figures, in profile, like those in Egyptian paintings, all looking in the same direction, with their hands raised and the palms joined, in respect to the prayer to Ganesa, which is on the opposite page. The first is the minister; the second is the king, with a crown not unlike the Pope's tiara, and a sword on his shoulder; the third and fourth are devotees, whose clothing is rather scanty.

IV—The Rose of Bakawali was originally written, in the Persian language, by Shaykh Izzat Ulláh, of Bengal, in the year of the Hijra 1124, or A.D. 1712. It was translated into Urdú in the beginning of the present century, by Nihál Chand, a native of Delhi, but, from his residence in Lahore, surnamed Lahorí. He entitled his version of the romance *Mazhab-i 'Ishk*, which signifies the Doctrine of Love; but when the Urdú text was first printed, under the care of Dr. Gilchrist, at Calcutta, in 1804, it bore the original Persian title, *Gul-i Bakáwalí;* the second edition, published in 1814, by T. Roebuck, bears the Urdú title.

M. Garcin de Tassy published an abridgment (in French) of the Urdú version of the Rose of Bakawali in the *Journal Asiatique*, vol. xvi, 1835, omitting the snatches of verse with which the author has liberally garnished his narrative.[1] A complete English translation, with the verses done into prose, by Lieut. R. P. Anderson, was published at Delhi in 1851, and the Urdú version was again rendered into English, with the poetry done into tolerably fair verse, by Thomas Philip Manuel, and published at Calcutta in 1859. For the version in the present work I have used both G. de Tassy's French abridgment and

[1] "Abrégé du roman hindoustani intitulé la Rose de Bakâwali, par M. le professeur Garcin de Tassy": in *Nouveau Journal Asiatique*, tome xvi, p. 193ff. and p. 338ff. This has been reprinted along with other translations by the learned Professor.

Manuel's English translation, following the former when the narrative seemed to be rather prolix, and the latter when I found the French *savant* too brief in specially interesting episodes, thus, I trust, making a readable version of this charming romance.

In the Appendix will be found copious parallels, analogues, and illustrations of the chief incidents in the Rose of Bakawali, which therefore calls for only a few general remarks in this place. It cannot be said that there is much originality in the romance, most of the incidents being common to the folk-tales of the several countries of India, but they are here woven together with considerable ingenuity, and the interest of the narrative never flags. It may in fact be regarded as a typical Asiatic Tale, in which is embodied much of the folk-lore of the East. Like all fairy tales, it has no particular "moral," for the hero achieves all his wonderful enterprises with the aid of super-human beings and by means of magical fruits, etc. The various and strange transformations which he undergoes in the course of his adventures are still believed to be quite possible by Muslims and Hindús alike. We very frequently read in Eastern tales of fountains the waters of which have the property of changing a man who drinks of them or bathes in them into a woman, and of transforming a monkey into a man, and *vice versa*. But this romance is, I think, singular in representing the hero, after having been changed into a young woman, as actually becoming a mother!

In the account of his transformation to an Abyssinian, and beset by a shrewish wife and a pack of clamorous children, there is not a little humour. The magical things which he obtains through overhearing the conversation of birds are familiar to the folk-tales of Europe as well as to those of Asia, and I have treated of them fully in the first volume of my *Popular Tales and Fictions.*

We must regard the first part of this romance—down to the end of the third chapter—as belonging to the wide cycle of folk-tales in which a number of brothers set out in quest of some wonderful and much desired object, and the youngest is always the successful one; but he is deprived of the prize by his envious and malicious brothers, who generally throw him into a well, and returning home claim the credit of the achievement. In the end, however, the young hero exposes the fraud, and his rascally and cowardly brethren are put to shame. Several of the incidents in the brothers' quest of the magical Rose with which to cure their father's sight are paralleled in the story of the Water of Life, in Grimm's *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, and in the Norse and German stories of the Golden Bird. Thus in our romance the four elder princes, through their pleasure-seeking disposition, fall into the toils of an artful courtesan, while the youngest pluckily proceeds to fairyland and procures the Rose of Bakáwalí, of which his brothers deprive him on his way home. In such stories as I

have mentioned the elder brothers, if not deservedly enchanted in some manner on the road, waste their time at a wayside inn, and the younger is aided in his quest by some animal, troll, or dwarf, to whom he had done a friendly turn : in our romance the young prince is helped by a good-natured dív, or demon.

The prediction of the astrologers, with which the romance begins, that if the king should ever cast his eyes on his newly-born son he should instantly become blind, has many analogues in other Eastern tales. For example, in the *Bakhtyár Náma* we read that a king of Persia, after being long childless, one night, in a dream, is addressed by an aged man: "The Lord has complied with thy request and to-morrow thou shalt have a son, but in his seventh year a lion shall seize and carry him off to the top of a mountain, from which he shall fall, rolling in blood and clay." The vazírs say that the decrees of Destiny cannot be withstood, but the king declares that he will do so, and then summons his astrologers, who say that the king after twenty years shall perish by the hand of his own son. The king causes an underground dwelling to be constructed, in which he places his child and the nurse. When the prince is seven years of age, a lion rushes into the cave, devours the nurse, carries off the boy, and drops him down a mountain. The child is found by one of the king's secretaries, who causes him to be properly educated. In course of time the youth is appointed armour-bearer to the king, who, of course,

does not know that he is his own son, and in fighting with an enemy who had invaded his kingdom, in the confusion of the battle, the youth cuts off the king's hand, supposing him to be on the enemy's side, and before dying the king ascertains that his son had caused his death.

In the *Bagh o Bahár* (see the Appendix, page 478), a young prince, in consequence of a prediction of the astrologers that he was menaced with great danger until his fourteenth year, is confined in a vault lined with felt, in order that he should not behold the sun and the moon till the fatal period was passed. In Mr. Ralston's *Tibetan Tales*, the diviners declare to a king that he shall have a son who shall take his life and usurp the royal power, setting the diadem on his own head. And we have a familiar instance in the Arabian tale of the Third Calender, where the astrologers having predicted that the newly-born son of a jeweller should be killed when fifteen years old by 'Ajíb the son of King Khasib, the child is placed in an underground apartment in an island. In the Turkish story-book known as the *History of the Forty Vazírs*, the soothsayers predict that a king's son shall be much afflicted and wander in strange lands, with tribulation and pain for his companions, from his thirtieth till he has attained his sixtieth year. In the Norwegian story of Rich Peter the Pedlar the star-gazers foretell that his daughter should one day wed a poor man's son. And in classical legends we have the story of Danae, the

daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, by Eurydice, who was confined in a brazen tower because an oracle had said that his daughter's son should put him to death.

V—The Persian Stories have been selected from a collection translated by Mr. Edward Rehatsek, and published at Bombay in 1871, under the title of *Amusing Stories.* They occur in the Persian work, *Mahbúb ul-Kalúb*, of which some account has been given in connection with the first two romances in the present volume. The first of these stories, that of the Three Deceitful Women, is very diverting, and, as I have shown in the Appendix, has its counterparts in France and Spain. It belongs to the numerous stories of the Woman's Wiles cycle, and certainly represents the ladies in no very amiable character. But as a set-off to this tale of the depravity of women—the subject of many European mediæval stories and jests, as well as of Asiatic fictions—we have also stories of the wickedness of men, such as that of the Envious Vazír and that of the Kází of Ghazní—"blackguards both"!

HISTORY OF NASSAR.

HISTORY OF NASSAR,

THE SON OF KHOJA HUMAYUN, THE MERCHANT OF BAGHDAD.

DURING the reign of the Abbaside Khalífs there lived in the city of Baghdád a merchant called Khoja[1] Humáyún, who was very rich, highly respected, and prosperous in all his dealings. The caravan of his good fortune had for a long time travelled in the lands of success; the hand of detriment was never extended towards the skirts of his wealth; nor did the simúm of loss and misfortune ever blow in the gardens of his prosperity; so that he passed all his days in the cradle of happiness and content. One day he happened to repose in a retired part of his mansion on the couch of gladness, when he beheld suddenly two kites overhead contending for something. After the Khoja had been looking at them

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[1] A Khoja is a master of a household, also a teacher; in the former acceptation it is somewhat equivalent to the old English "goodman."—Gibb's *History of the Forty Vezírs*, p. 33.

for some time, he perceived that from the claws of one something was hanging which the other wanted to snatch away. Whilst he was wondering the object fell to the ground, and on examining it he found it to be a small bundle which contained three rubies, a diamond, and four pearls, all of unequalled beauty and price. The Khoja was at first highly pleased at this occurrence, and joyfully considered it as an additional sign of his good fortune, and recited this distich :

> Whom prosperity favours,
> Jewels rain upon his head.

But, as he was a man of great discernment and experience, he looked at this affair in another light, on second thoughts, and considered it as a mystery, which made him uneasy. He had a grown and intelligent son, called Nassar, whom he privately addressed thus : "My beloved son, it is well-nigh eighty years since I began to navigate the ocean of life in the skiff of prosperity, and it has never deserted me, nor have the autumnal blasts of reverse ever withered the freshness of my affluence. But as the splendour of every morn of happiness is followed by the darkness and night of decrease and misfortune, and the leaves of the rosy volume of comfort are scattered by the whirlwind of distress ; and as

> Fate has not lit a lamp of content
> Which the storm of adversity has not extinguished ;

I conclude from this incident that as the humái[1] of my good success has reached the zenith, the caravan of my prosperity will soon deflect from the path of my destiny: the ship of my happiness may become wrecked in the ocean of adversity; and, for all I know, the treasure I possess may become a prey to the whale of reverse, poverty and misery. This anticipation may be realised very soon, but as I have spent a life of happiness and content, and have gratified all the desires of a man, I wish for nothing more; therefore, if misfortune beset me, I trust I shall be able patiently to endure its bitterness. But since you have not seen the ups and downs of life, or experienced any reverse, I do not think it fitting that you should continue to live with me, and it is in conformity with the dictates of prudence that you spend some time in travelling; for wise men have said that travel is a polish which rubs off the rust of carelessness from the speculum of a man's mind and a sovereign cure for inexperience:

> Travel lights the lamp of perfection in a man;
> When a pearl is taken out of the sea it is appreciated.[2]

In Shíráz, the seat of learning," continued the Khoja,

[1] The humái is a fabulous bird, supposed to bestow prosperity on any person who is overshadowed by its wings.

[2] Oriental writers frequently descant on the advantages of travel; not only because it enlarges the mind (for "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits"), but as a means of acquiring wealth. For some examples, see my *Book of Sindibád.*

"I have a friend named Khayrandísh, who was my companion in several journeys, and to whom I have done some good. You must go to him and say: 'I wish you to surrender to me the deposit my father entrusted you with when you were companions on the road of Bahrayn.' After receiving that article from Khayrandísh, take prudence and caution for your guide and go to the Maghrabí country,[1] because there is much chance of acquiring worldly goods there, and no one ever returned from it empty-handed. Consider that precious object as a means to procure you a livelihood, for by presenting it to one of the kings or grandees of those parts it will soon ensure you attention; and I for my part shall make over all I possess to my relatives and friends, and shall devote myself solely to the worship of God."

Nassar made his preparations and departed for Shíráz, the seat of learning; but he had scarcely proceeded two stages in that direction when a eunuch in the Khalíf's service, intending to abscond, had at midnight absented himself from the royal haram with a casket of jewels which he had abstracted. He walked with great apprehension through the streets in search of the dwelling of his accomplice, whence he intended to proceed farther at the break of day; but as the night was very dark he missed the house, and, by the decree

[1] The name generally given by the Arabs and Persians to the districts of Northern Africa west of Egypt.

of Fate, entered the mansion of Khoja Humáyún, which happened to be open. On looking round he soon discovered his mistake, so he wandered about the house trying to find his way out, but the Khoja's slaves having in the meantime locked the entrance as usual, he had no alternative but to conceal himself in a corner and there remain till morning.

But the Khalíf's treasurer soon discovered that the eunuch had decamped with the casket, and caused proclamation to be made, that any person harbouring the culprit should at once hand him over to the police, failing which his property should be confiscated. The royal officials made fruitless search all night, but at break of day, when the eunuch of night had retired and the prince of morn established himself in the palace of the horizon, one of the attendants of the court, who was a mortal enemy of Khoja Humáyún, passing his house, perceived the eunuch and took him before the Khalíf; and, considering this a good opportunity of avenging himself on his foe, he said: "Khoja Humáyún, who trusted in his wealth and dignity, has committed this crime by instigating the eunuch to the deed and afterwards secreting him in his house." The Khalif well knew the Khoja's loyalty and honesty, had often bestowed favours upon him, and was aware that such an act was not at all consistent with his disposition; but as the sun of prosperity, in consequence of the celestial rotations, had deflected from him and set in

the west of misfortune;[1] and the night of distress was intent on obscuring the precincts of his comfort and destroying the volume of his happiness with the scissors of extinction; and as the stratagems of enemies have results like the bites of snakes and scorpions, the insidious words of the adversary so inflamed the Khalíf's wrath that he ordered Khoja Humáyún's property to be confiscated, his house razed, and himself expelled from the city without giving him the least opportunity of uttering a word in his own defence.

[1] Belief in judicial astrology—in the influence of the planets over the fortunes of men—prevails throughout the East, as it did in Europe until comparatively recent times; indeed the delusion appears to have its adherents in our own country, even in these "double-distilled" days, if it be true that *Zadkiel's Almanack* has a very large circulation. Truly "error dies hard!"—An Asiatic, before setting out on a journey, being married, or beginning any important affair, always consults an astrologer to learn the precise lucky moment. In one of the *Játakas*, or Buddhist Birth-Stories, a man having missed making a good match for his son, because he had been told by a spiteful astrologer that the day proposed for the nuptials was inauspicious, a wise old fellow shrewdly remarked: "What is the use of luck in the stars? Surely getting the girl is the luck!" and recited this stanza:

> While the star-gazing fool is waiting for luck, the luck
> goes by;
> The star of luck is luck, and not any star in the sky.

In the appendix to my edition of the Persian story-book entitled *Bakhtyár Náma*, pp. 218-223, may be found some rather droll anecdotes of the blunders of astrologers.

On the same day when the simúm of this catastrophe destroyed Khoja Humáyún's rose-garden of prosperity, Nassar's courser of safety also met with an accident on his journey. In the vicinity of Shíráz a party of robbers fell upon him and deprived him of everything he possessed; and, exchanging the robes of affluence and wealth for poverty and nudity, he arrived in the city in great distress, and having found the dwelling of Khayrandísh, he made him acquainted with his father's injunction. Khayrandísh received him in the most friendly manner possible, and said: "Dear youth, I am entirely at your service, and was desirous to be honoured by a message from your father, whose casket with his seal upon it is in my charge. But the laws of hospitality require that a guest who adorns my poor hut with the light of his presence should abide with me during three days, in order that I may entertain him to the best of my ability;[1] and this applies especially to you, whose

[1] This custom is observed by Muslims in compliance with the precept of Muhammed: "Whoever," said he, "believes in God and the day of resurrection, must respect his guest; and the time of being kind to him is one day and one night; and the period of entertaining him is *three days;* and after that, if he does it longer, it benefits him more; but it is not right for a guest to stay in the house of his host so long as to incommode him." In the introduction to the *Arabian Nights*, King Shahriyár entertains his brother, Shah Zamán, three days, and on the fourth he accompanies him a day's journey and takes leave of him.

presence I consider as a great blessing. After the expiration of three days I shall deliver the deposit into your hands." To this proposal Nassar agreed, and Khayrandísh rejoiced him with his amity, and provided him with a very handsome wardrobe.

When the golden lamp of the glorious sun entered the lantern of the west, and the amber-haired belle of evening removed the veil from her face, Khayrandísh placed the best food and drink on the table of intimacy, and after conversing on various subjects with his guest, he spoke to him as follows: "Friend, it appears that worldly prosperity has left Khoja Humáyún, and that he has sent you in pursuit of it; for I have lately had a fearful dream and was very uneasy about his circumstances. So tell me now what you intend to do with the deposit." Nassar acquainted him with his intention to go to the Maghrabí country, and with the injunctions of his father. Khayrandísh replied: "As the travellers in the path of rectitude and probity ought to guide those who wander in the desert of error and inexperience, and as I am under great obligations to your father, I consider it my duty to be useful to you. Since you have never before been from home and have spent all your days in affluence, I fear you will not be able to perform the journey satisfactorily:

> Travel is not easy—its dangers are boundless;
> Difficulties accompany it in all directions.

But as divine grace is the escort of all who intend to journey in the path of trust in God, I leave you to the guardianship of divine mercy to protect you from all dangers. I shall, however, give you three counsels, and hope you will profit by them." Nassar rejoined: "It is the first duty of young men to listen to the counsels of intelligent and upright men; therefore speak, for I shall follow them." Khayrandísh then spake thus:

First Advice.

"Though the deceitful bride of the world may look at you from the corner of her eye, and may try to bias your mind by her coquettish movements, lose not the reins of self-possession from your hands, because worldly prosperity is unsubstantial as the mirage, and the honey of its favour leaves only the bitterness of deception.

Give not thy heart to the love of the world,
For it has destroyed thousands like thee.

When the humái of worldly prosperity spreads its wings over you, covet not its favours, for it will change at last and regret only will remain.

Be not intent on riches and dignity;
For, like *henna*, they are not lasting.[1]

[1] Henna is a preparation made from the leaves of the Egyptian privet *(Lawsonia inermis)*, with which women in the East stain the tips of their fingers, the palms of their hands, etc. It imparts a yellowish red or deep orange colour, which disappears in a fortnight or three weeks, when it has to be renewed.—See Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, ch. i.

Prosperity is fickle, and when it has turned its back, all efforts to recall it are futile. The favours and frowns of the world are the harbingers of the caravan of prosperity and adversity, for both depend in every individual case from the propitious or unpropitious consequences of the rotation of the stars of the times, and are connected with them like the sun with shadows;[1] nor can they be altered by the foresight of Lukman, or by the wisdom of a thousand Platos. And such efforts may be compared to the vain longings of procuring spring in the depth of winter, or for the light of day at midnight. Thus all the struggles of Shah Manssur were fruitless, and he reaped only sorrow from them." Nassar asked: "What is the story of Shah Manssur?" Khayrandísh thereupon related the

Story of Shah Manssur.

ONCE upon a time there was a man called Shah Manssur, from the neighbourhood of Nishapúr, who lived in affluence, but deceitful fortune had spread the chess-board of hypocrisy, had mated and abandoned him in the desert of affliction. After he lost all his property, he sat down in the lap of misery, and finding all his efforts to better his condition fruitless, he set out for India. When he arrived in Kabúl he was equally disappointed, so he went one day into the

[1] See note on page 8.—We have in this passage the *motif* of the romance throughout.

bazár, hoping to find employment as a porter. There he waited till evening, and every man found occupation excepting himself. He began involuntarily to shed tears, and one of the principal merchants, who was returning home from the palace of the Amír, saw him, and, concluding that he was suffering from some wrong done to him, asked him the cause of his distress. Manssur informed him of his circumstances, upon which the merchant took him to his house, and next morning told him that as he was in need of an attendant he might stay until he could find something more to his advantage. Shah Manssur accordingly entered into the merchant's service, and gained by his diligence the approbation of his master, but raised the envy of his fellow servants and incurred the ill-will of his mistress. One day he felt somewhat indisposed, and the merchant's wife sent him some poison as a medicine,[1] but as his distemper was slight he made no use of the remedy, and kept it in his pocket. Now the merchant had a little son whom Shah Manssur was wont to carry about, and who was so much accustomed to him that whenever he cried Manssur only could quiet him. It so happened that this day the child would not cease weeping, and Shah Manssur was obliged to take him into the street, hoping to divert him by looking at the passers-by.

[1] "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned!" Besides, the virtuous youth might not keep the secret of her intended intrigue (for such is evidently to be understood) to himself.

Having a little business to despatch, he set the child for a moment against a wall, which unfortunately fell and covered him. Shah Manssur was in despair and made a great outcry, whereupon the merchant came out and asked him why he made such a noise. He told his master of the accident, at which the merchant was disconsolate, and the people flocked from all directions wishing to kill Shah Manssur. Meanwhile the ruins of the wall were removed, and on the child being extricated he was found alive and perfectly uninjured. The father and mother of the child were in an ecstasy of joy at his fortunate escape, and all the people wondered. Shah Manssur fell on his knees and thanked the Most High, and everybody rejoiced. A man in the crowd proposed that a medicine be administered to the child, and Shah Manssur immediately produced from his pocket that sent to him by the merchant's wife, and handed it to his master, but as soon as the child had swallowed it he fell into convulsions and expired. The child's parents were in despair, especially the mother, who threatened to commit suicide if Shah Manssur were suffered to live, because, as she said, he had poisoned her son. Hereupon the merchant's servants tied Manssur to a post, and ill-treated him so much that he fainted, and was abandoned for dead.

In the evening he began to revive and moaned piteously. The merchant was an intelligent man and could hardly believe Shah Manssur to have been so

ungrateful as to kill his child deliberately with poison, so he approached the supposed culprit and besought him to speak the truth. Manssur said that as he was deeply grateful for the kindness he had received from his master and greatly attached to the child, the thought of committing such a crime could not have entered his mind; and that he had only given to the child a remedy which had been sent to himself by his mistress when he was slightly indisposed. The merchant at once perceived his wife's treachery and was convinced of Shah Manssur's innocence; but nevertheless he told him that he could no longer retain him in his service; so he loosed his bonds and dismissed him. Naked and wounded, as he was, Shah Manssur walked away and took refuge in the outskirts of the city with an old woman, at whose house he used to stay in better times when on his commercial journeys. Having explained to her his case, she received him kindly and set about curing his wounds. This old woman had a son who was carrying on an amorous intrigue with a neighbour's wife. He happened to be absent on that night at a friend's house, but his paramour was ignorant of this, and having waited till her husband was asleep she hastened to her lover's house, which she found in darkness, and mistaking Shah Manssur for him she approached his couch. The wounded man thought it was his old landlady, and began to thank her for her kind solicitude. In the meantime the husband of the adulterous woman had missed her and made his

appearance in the old woman's house. She had just got up to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and on perceiving a man standing with a naked sword at the door, she concluded he was a thief, and at once ran up to the roof of her house and raised an alarm, which caused all the people of the district to sally forth with sticks and swords; but the adulterous woman ran off by way of the river, which was the shortest, to her house and went instantly to bed. In the confusion her husband was struck by many stones thrown at him when making his escape, but at last he arrived home and overwhelmed his wife with reproaches; she, however, yawned, pretended to awake from sleep, turned from one side to the other, and asked what was the hour of the night. But the infuriated husband would not be deceived by this subterfuge, but vehemently accused her of being unfaithful, and even drew his sword. Upon this the woman cried aloud: "O Muslims! my husband is killing me!" and the police officers, who were at that moment returning from the alarm that had been raised by the old woman, caught the words and ran to the house, when the husband violently struck one of them with his sword, and after a brief struggle was taken into custody.

After the woman had thus got rid of her husband the wasps of lust again stung her, and being anxious to know whether her lover was sick she once more approached Shah Manssur's couch, awoke him and

began her overtures. The old woman's son, who had been at a neighbour's, hearing of the disturbance in his mother's house, went home. On his way, however, when passing near the dwelling of his paramour, he went in, and finding the house empty he concluded that she had gone in search of himself. He was not aware, of course, of Shah Manssur being the guest of his mother, and when he reached home he lit a candle and went into his room, where beholding his paramour with a strange man, he exclaimed: "I have got a curious substitute to-night!" The woman fled in terror, but Shah Manssur fell into the grasp of the young man. The noise of the struggle again awoke the old woman, who, as before, thought that thieves had broken into the house, and ran to the roof of the house and screamed loudly. Her son, supposing Shah Manssur to be the thief, told her that he had taken him. The old woman tried in vain to undeceive him; but he, incited by his jealousy and rage, struck her, on which she raised a great noise, accusing him of wishing to kill her, till some neighbours came and dragged him off to prison.

Notwithstanding all that had taken place the adulterous woman could not rest and again repaired to Sháh Manssur, who was this time frightened at her re-appearance, ascribing to her all the mischief that had happened during the night, and believing her to be an evil spirit was considering how he might get rid of her. The old woman's sister, overhearing the

conversation, approached the door to listen. Meanwhile the imprisoned husband had bribed his jailor, escaped from custody, and made his appearance at the old woman's house, where mistaking her sister for his own wife he wounded her with his sword. The noise again made the landlady get up, and in the tumult the faithless wife took to her heels, as did also her husband, who believed that he had grievously wounded her and chuckled in his heart at the deed. She was, however, very swift-footed, and when he reached home he found her again in bed and to all appearance asleep. Pretending to be just awaking, she asked what he wanted, and he told her he was greatly astonished to behold her safe and sound after he had killed her at the old woman's house. The wife sarcastically remarked that men are once a-year subject to lunatic influences which affect their minds. Quoth the man: "Possibly this may be the case with me, as I have been greatly disturbed in my mind during the last two days; you have done well to inform me of this."

When the old woman came out from her house she saw no one except her sister, who was severely wounded. She was amazed, and said to herself: "All the tumult and mischief of this night occurred on account of the presence of this man." So when it was morning she spoke to Shah Manssur, saying: "Dear sir, as these misfortunes have happened, my son has been thrown into prison, and my sister will perchance

die of her wound; and as, moreover, my son is very self-willed and incensed against you, it will be best for you to remove from this house." Shah Manssur accordingly left the place and began with great pains to travel towards Gaznín, bearing the load of misery on the back of sorrow, and reading the threnody of his misfortunes.[1]

After some time he was overtaken by a man riding on a camel, who accosted him and had compassion for his wretched condition. The man informed him that his name was Baba Fys, that his camel was laden with silk belonging to Khoja Fyra, the vazír of the Amír of Gaznín, who was of a very benevolent disposition and would no doubt assist him. He then took Shah Manssur on his camel, and, dreading the dangers of the night, he proceeded with great speed. The swift motion and his wounds so distressed Shah Manssur that he earnestly desired Baba Fys to set him down again, in order that he might pass the night in tranquility and thus be able to continue his journey in the morning. But his companion told him that to stop at such a place was by no means advisable, since in the vicinity there was a mountain pass to which many animals resorted under the leadership of a

[1] Stories, such as this, of unfaithful wives outwitting their husbands, with similar mischances, are common in Eastern collections; and the present well-told tale would probably have been very eagerly adapted by the early Italian novelists, had they known it, among whom, indeed, it has more than one analogue.

monkey named Paykar, who had plundered many caravans. By the prayers of the Lord Sulayman, they could now do mischief only during the night, and therefore they kept the pass obstructed all day, so that travellers must necessarily hasten through it in the night, but after that the road was quite safe, and then he might rest himself. Shah Manssur, however, was in such great distress, and so determined to alight, that Baba Fys, unwilling to abandon him to his fate, was obliged to comply with his request. They agreed to sleep and relieve each other by turns, but had rested only a short time when they perceived a camel approaching them, ridden by a monkey and guided by a bear. Many other animals of dreadful aspect also came running and attacked the camel. Hereupon Baba Fys began to lament, and accused Shah Manssur of having brought him into all this trouble. This attracted the attention of the monkey, who made a sign to the wild beasts, which immediately pulled Baba Fys to the ground, bit off his ears and then retired. This incident so disconcerted Baba Fys that he was ashamed to continue his journey to Gaznín, and, after bitterly upbraiding his companion for being the cause of his mishap, he returned to Kabúl.

Shah Manssur, though wretched and on foot, resumed his journey, and at last reached Gaznín. As it was winter and the city noted for its coldness, he strolled about till he came to a bath-house, when

he said to himself: "This is a warm place, so I will spend the night in it." Accordingly, saluting the keeper, he walked in. The keeper said: "Young man, you appear to be a stranger; where do you come from? where are you travelling to? and what is your occupation?" Manssur replied: "I am a traveller, and the caravan of misfortunes has brought me to this country." The bath-keeper then asked him: "Did you happen to meet on your way a camel-rider named Baba Fys?" He replied: "We were companions, but in the desert we were attacked by wild beasts, who bit off his ears, and therefore he has returned to Kabúl." On hearing this the heart of the bath-keeper became hot as a blacksmith's furnace, seething from the flames of grief, and he exclaimed: "What more distressing news could you tell me? He is my brother; the camel was my property; and I borrowed the price of the silk. I must of necessity go home to-night and consult my relatives on this affair; and as the vazír, who is the owner of this bath and is at present sick, intends to come here in the morning, I was ordered to warm the bath well. Do you therefore put fire into it, and to-morrow I will pay you for your trouble. Take care, however, to stir up the fuel from time to time, so that the bath may become properly heated." After giving these instructions to Manssur, he departed to his house. But as Manssur was fatigued and glad to be in a warm place, he soon fell asleep; and on

awaking he found the fire was extinguished, so he got up, and in his anxiety and inexpertness he stirred the fire so as to break part of the floor above it, in consequence of which the water in the reservoir rushed down and completely put out the fire again, at the same time scalding Manssur, who fled from the place in great fear. When the vazír arrived at the bath in the morning he began to tremble from the cold, and his malady so increased that he fainted. His attendants immediately seized the bath-keeper, who asserted, in excuse, that it was all the fault of the fireman, who had run away. But the vazír suddenly dying in consequence of having caught cold, his son gave orders that both the bath-keeper and the fireman should be put to death.

Manssur, however, had made good his escape from Gaznín, and was journeying towards Lahore when he fell in with a caravan, of which one of the merchants engaged him as his servant. As Manssur was well acquainted with his duties, he diligently guarded his master's goods, and soon gained his confidence. When the caravan had entered into one of the pargannas of Lahore, as all the provisions were exhausted, each merchant gave his servant a quantity of goods to exchange for victuals. Manssur bartered the goods he had received from his master very profitably, and returned with various kinds of provisions before any of his companions, at which his master was so well

pleased that he said to him: "I hear that there are many wealthy persons in this parganna. Take therefore some goods of high price and dispose of them, and I will give you half the profits." Accordingly, Manssur selected merchandise of nearly the value of five hundred tománs,[1] which he sold for a thousand and returned. His master gave him three hundred tománs, saying: "Let this sum be the capital of your business, which you will in a short time increase and be thus enabled to return to your own country." Shah Manssur gratefully received the merchant's generous gift, and, having bought suitable goods, again repaired to the parganna, and hawked them about till he arrived at the gate of an elegant and magnificent mansion, which he concluded to be the property of some noble or grandee, and thought the owner might possibly buy all his stock of merchandise. So he deposited his wares in the shade of a wall and leaned against it, watching the door of the house. Presently a maiden resembling a húrí[2] in stature, with the serenity of the moon in her countenance, and with bewitching eyes, came out of the house with a pitcher in her hand for the purpose of taking water

[1] A tomán is a Persian gold coin which has varied much in value at different periods; at present it is worth about 7s. 2d. of our money.

[2] The húrís (or, as the term is often written, houries) are the black-eyed nymphs of the Muslim Paradise, of whom Muhammed has promised seventy to each believer.

from the river; and Shah Manssur thus addressed her: "I am at your service—

> The glances of your eyes are wonderful;
> Whoever beholds them is on the top of felicity."

But the maiden replied:

> "This is not the place where every caravan stops;
> The lion of every desert is here distrusted."

Having thus spoken the damsel went her way, leaving Shah Manssur disappointed. But after a while she returned and inquired of him: "Why do you stop here?" He answered: "I am waiting on rosy-cheeked ladies, and my heart is stored with all sorts of services for them." Quoth the damsel: "Bring your goods into the house that I may buy them." So he took up his wares and followed the girl, who walked very rapidly. They passed through a corridor with several doors, and arrived in the court-yard of the mansion, which was a great and lofty edifice of much beauty, having many apartments elegantly furnished, but untenanted. When he had looked around and rested himself for a while, he perceived that the maiden had disappeared. At last he concluded it would be best for him to leave the place; but as he was roaming from one apartment to another he lost his way, and finding no way of exit became frightened, yet continued his search until he reached a hall from the ceiling of which a golden disk was suspended by chains encrusted with precious stones. On both sides of the disk small

globular bells were dangling, and upon it there was a phial of glass. The statue of a lion of marble bound in chains occupied one side of the apartment. While Shah Manssur viewed this scene with amazement, the same girl entered with a rod in her hand. As he was about to address her, she exclaimed: "Ha! madman, you have walked into the trap at last!" and struck the lion so that he began to roar, and the disk, the chains, and the little bells shook and jingled, accompanied by great noises, shoutings, and lamentations, which terrified Shah Manssur, who anxiously wished to make his escape. Meanwhile the phial on the disk emitted a green substance mingled with flames, which ascended into the air and filled the apartment with darkness: Shah Manssur almost fainted; and when the smoke and the flame had subsided, a viper lifted its head out of the phial, from which it finally emerged and entered the mouth of the lion. Soon after this the lion sneezed, and from his brains a spider escaped, which gradually increased in size until it became as large as a sheep; when it made a still greater effort its skin burst, from which an old hag of miserable aspect, dreadful as a goblin and ugly as a satyr, came forth, embraced Shah Manssur very ardently, kissed him, and emitted from her cadaverous mouth a disgusting liquid which covered his face. Her putrid breath was like burning sulphur, and made him cough and almost give up the ghost. This dreadful hag, however, doubled her caresses, and would not leave

him until he fainted away. When he came to his senses he cried out piteously: "O most gracious lady, deliver me from this calamity!" But she replied: "Your request cannot be gratified;" and then, giving him a substance to smell at, he again became unconscious.

Thus Shah Manssur continued during nearly forty days in the grasp of misfortune. The wretched hag made her appearance once every day, tormenting him, and causing him to faint for the gratification of her wicked lust. One day, however, when she was about the same business, she pulled out a mirror from her pocket and looking into it with great consternation, was suddenly transformed into a spider, crawled into the mouth of the lion, whence she again issued in the form of a serpent, ascended to the disk and disappeared in the phial. Then Shah Manssur went into the court-yard and tried whether he could escape from the place. There the girl met him and said: "I am astonished that she has not thrown you into a trance;" upon which Manssur told her all that had occurred, and the girl said: "She has a foe in Jábolká, whose machination she learns from that mirror, because whenever he attempts to ruin this wicked fairy his figure appears in it, and the accursed one departs to combat him." Then exclaimed Shah Manssur bitterly: "O cruel and merciless woman! the torments which I have suffered in this house are the consequences of my having by your coquetry been decoyed into it;

and now perhaps you will be compassionate enough to let me depart." The damsel replied: "Young man, I have, like yourself, been caught in this shoreless whirlpool, and have been made the instrument of alluring poor victims, whom she was in the habit of using for the gratification of her wicked desires and afterwards destroying. Whenever I disobeyed her she punished me severely. Her name is Hennána the Witch, and she is a descendant of the sorcerers of the time of Kolyas, whom the accursed Pharaoh sent against the Lord Moses (salutation to him).[1] This iniquitous wretch keeps a similar establishment in Hindústán: she is able, like the wind, to transport herself in a moment from the eastern to the western parts of the world, and to carry the flames of misfortune to all places."

Shah Manssur then asked the girl: "How did you fall into her power?" She replied: "Know that my father is the chief of Agra and is possessed of great wealth. He had betrothed me to my cousin, who set out for Banáres to procure the paraphernalia of the wedding ceremony; and when the report of my beauty and other qualities had spread through that city, the Amír verified it, was desirous to marry

[1] One of the Egyptian magicians who "withstood Moses," mentioned by Arabian writers: their chief was called Simeon, and among the eminent masters of the "art magic" were Sadhúr and Ghadúr, Jaath and Mossa, Waran and Lamán, each of whom came attended with his disciples, amounting in all to several thousands.—St. Paul, in his second epistle to Timothy, iii, 8, gives the names of two of the magicians as Jannes and Jambres.

me, and said to my relatives: 'I have heard that you have a beautiful girl, and I wish to take her for a wife.' My father and my relatives consented; but as I was deeply in love with my uncle's son, I became very indignant and exclaimed: 'To how many men will you give your daughter? It is many years since you betrothed me to my cousin, and though he is absent at Banáres for the purpose of procuring the things needful for a household, I consider myself as under his protection, and shall never accept of another husband as long as I am alive. Do not try to force me, for I would rather commit suicide.' This resolute declaration had the effect I desired, and, after holding a consultation with our relatives, my father determined that we should all flee to Banáres. I was dressed in male garments, and when night approached was taken out of the city and given in charge of two confidential servants who were to explain everything to my cousin, and we began our journey on fleet Arab steeds. After we had travelled for three days a fearful wind and thunderstorm overtook us in the desert, during which I became separated from my escort and was left alone. As I was roaming about I arrived at a green spot where I discovered a fountain, and feeling thirsty I alighted from my horse, which at once took to flight, and in my vain pursuit of it I chanced to meet an old woman who was weeping piteously and crying aloud: 'O unhappy fate! have you at last in my old age

and weakness thrown me into such a state that I must become the prey of wild beasts? Would to God some friend could take me by the hand and deliver me from this danger!' I came forward and said: 'Old woman, what has happened to you?' She answered: 'I was going on a pilgrimage to Makka, and when our caravan entered this desert it was plundered by robbers. Here have I been for two days without a morsel of food. Young man, have pity on my age and helplessness; deliver me from this calamity, and convey me to a place of security, that you may be rewarded for your good act.' I had compassion on the wretched old woman and was considering what I could do for her, when she handed me an apple, of which I had no sooner eaten a small piece than I sneezed and fainted; nor was I sensible of aught until I again opened my eyes and found myself in this place with that accursed witch. When she saw me pale and frightened, she exclaimed: 'Let nothing dismay you, for your life is not in danger from me;' and thinking I was a man, she commenced to fondle me, but I soon undeceived her. Since that time four years have elapsed, during which, being myself miserable, I was compelled to entice helpless men into her snares. Nevertheless, one day I conceived that I might escape and secretly left the house, but I was instantly transformed into a she-dog, and was pursued by all the dogs in the town, so that I was again obliged to return to this place. But now

I shall propose to you a means of escape, on condition that you convey me in safety to my friends." Shah Manssur eagerly replied: "I promise to do whatever you require of me," and the girl went on to say: "When the phial is broken the witch must die; request her therefore to give you tidings concerning your family, and as soon as she disappears you must strike the phial with a stone so as to break it."[1]

Whilst they were conversing they perceived the accursed hag approaching. So the maiden left the apartment; and when the witch saw Shah Manssur weeping she asked him the reason, to which he answered: "It is now a long time since I was separated from my country, and I have had a fearful dream which afflicts me sorely." Quoth the hag: "Be not distressed; I shall instantly give you information regarding your relatives;" so saying, she went to the phial, disappeared and quickly returned, and minutely described to him the dwelling as well as the

[1] The notion of the life or heart of an ogre, witch, etc., being extraneous to the body and concealed in some object—usually very difficult to reach by the heroes who are in their power—is often the subject of the popular fictions of all countries. What is probably the oldest extant instance of this occurs in an Egyptian romance, preserved among the hieratic papyri in the British Museum, which bears to have been written more than 3000 years ago, or about the period when Moses was, in his youth, at the court of Pharaoh. The "curious" reader may find numerous other examples cited in my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, pp. 347-351.

condition of his parents and relatives. Manssur was astonished at the accuracy of her description, but, dissembling, said to her: "I cannot believe all this, because my country is far distant and you have returned in half a minute. Unless you bring me a token that you have really been there I cannot trust you." Quoth the witch: "What kind of token do you desire?" Manssur replied: "In the garden of our house is a tree on which I once climbed, when a portion of my belt was torn off, which I tied to a branch. If you bring me a rag of the belt I shall then believe you." When he had said this the witch went again to the phial, and, as before, disappeared. This time the girl brought Shah Manssur a stone; he invoked the aid of God the Most High, and striking the phial, it flew into pieces. Then the lion roared, the chains clanked, the little bells jingled, a fearful noise was heard, some blood dripped from the ceiling of the apartment to the ground, and the magical apparatus, the furniture, the chambers, and the entire edifice vanished, leaving Shah Manssur and the maiden standing together in a cemetery, and both poured forth their thanks to the Most High. Then the girl said: "My dear friend, from hence to Agra is ten days' journey;" and handing him some costly pearls she added, "try to convey me quickly to my parents, and buy with these pearls all that is necessary for me on the way." Shah Manssur purchased a camel with a litter and a slave for the damsel, and sent her

off to her own country, after which he set out on foot, and in a destitute condition, for Burhanpúr.

When Shah Manssur arrived at his destination he heard that the Amír of Burhanpúr, while hunting, had lost a precious gem from the hilt of his sword, and had issued an order that all the citizens should go next morning to the hunting ground in search of it. So rich and poor, gentle and simple, left the city and roamed about. Shah Manssur joined the crowd, and was fortunate enough to find the lost gem. On presenting it to the Amír he was highly pleased, praised him greatly, and questioned him as to his connections and circumstances; after which he gave him in charge of one of his chamberlains to provide for him as soon as possible. It happened, however, that the Amír died suddenly, and the reward promised to Manssur came to nothing.

The son of the Amír succeeded his father. One day a merchant presented him with a parrot that could speak with great eloquence, and the new Amír entrusted it to the care of the chamberlain, who took the bird home, and having sent for Manssur said to him: "Take the utmost care of this parrot, for it may become the means of introducing you to the Amír, and of your obtaining the reward which his father promised you."[1] Manssur took charge of the

[1] Parrots often play important parts in Asiatic tales: here, however, the "intelligent" bird, as will be seen presently, works only mischief.

bird and carried it away; but when he got into the street the people were all so anxious to see it and pressed so much upon him that he thought it would be better to take the parrot out of the cage and carry it in his hand. But unluckily it escaped from his grasp and flew to the top of the chamberlain's haram. Manssur had great trouble in climbing the wall, and just as he had succeeded the parrot again flitted away and alighted on the roof of one of the haram apartments. Shah Manssur was so frightened that he said nothing to the eunuch and other servants, but threw up a cord, by means of which he contrived to reach the spot; but once more the parrot started off, and in so doing moved a tile which fell on the head of the chief lady of the chamberlain's haram and killed her there and then. The eunuchs and maid-servants, on discovering this fatal mishap, raised their voices in lamentation, which caused the chamberlain to leave his office and run into the haram, where he found everyone in a state of great agitation, and Shah Manssur a captive in the hands of the eunuchs, and he at once ordered the culprit to be beaten and thrown into prison, where the poor fellow was kept for some time and tormented every day until he found a favourable opportunity and escaped.

Shah Manssur fled to Guzerat, where he wandered about in great distress, sometimes hiring himself out as a labourer and sometimes as a porter. One day, when he was unable to obtain either food or employ-

D

ment, he determined to sell the ring with which the neighbour's wife had presented him.[1] He was chiefly induced to take this step by sniffing the appetising fumes of roast meat in passing a cook's shop, the owner of which he approached, and requesting something to eat offered the ring in pledge for the price. But when the cook looked at the ruby set in the beazle and then at the poverty-stricken figure of Shah Manssur, he felt sure that he could not be the lawful possessor of such a gem but must have stolen it, and that, not knowing its real value, he was ready to part with it for a meal. Now it chanced that during the preceding night some thieves had broken into the treasury of the Amír and stolen a great quantity of gold, silver, precious stones, and valuables of all kinds; and this audacious robbery had become known throughout the city and the police were busy searching the bazárs and private houses for the thieves. So the cook said to Shah Manssur: "Friend, you do not look like the owner of such a ring as this;—come, tell me where you got it?" "What business have you thus to question me?" replied Manssur. "Either give me something to eat or return me the ring." These words gave rise to a dispute, which culminated in a fight, wherein the neighbours took the part of the cook, and on the arrival of the police on the scene

[1] It does not appear from the preceding part of the narrative that the hero received any ring from a "neighbour's wife." Perhaps something has been omitted by a copyist of the Persian text.

they took the ring from the cook, and thinking it to be one of the articles stolen from the treasury they dragged Shah Manssur before their superintendent, and reported that they had recovered a portion of the stolen treasure and captured the thief.

It happened that a notorious robber named Obayd was at that time, with forty companions, carrying on great depredations which the police were unable to prevent, and his fame had so widely spread through Hindústán that day and night no one could breathe in peace. It is even said that a few days before the robbery of the Amír's treasury Obayd sent a message to the police superintendent, to be on his guard, as he was coming. Consequently, when the superintendent saw Manssur he supposed him to be Obayd, loaded him with heavy chains, and sent him to the Amír, together with the ring, for the purpose of ingratiating himself and displaying his zeal in the service. But when the Amír looked at Shah Manssur, he said: "I have always heard that Obayd is a powerful and strong man; this fellow is weak and looks like an arrant coward: he may possibly be an accomplice, but he cannot be Obayd himself." The superintendent, however, replied: "May your highness live for ever! This man, who seems so feeble, is strong and bold, and so nimble that he can jump through a finger-ring. But now that he has been captured by me his powerful limbs have shrunk together from fear; and I shall put him to the torture forthwith to compel him to tell

the truth." Said the Amír to Shah Manssur: "Who are you? and whence have you obtained this ruby?" He replied, "May the Amír live long! I am a stranger, and the ring is my own property. I have come to this country on account of the great name and the good report which I have heard of the Amír. I have fallen into the hands of the police, but I have no knowledge at all of the robbery of your highness' treasury." The apparatus of torture was then brought, and Shah Manssur, being suspended by the heels of punishment, forgot in his misery the name of Obayd and said, "I am Zubayr, and have robbed the treasury." Now there was a famous robber of the name of Zubayr, so the Amír believed the poor fellow's statement and remarked: "He may be Zubayr." The superintendent said to his men: "Take good care of this man to-night, and in the morning we shall again examine him." Accordingly they took Manssur to prison, all believing him to be the robber Zubayr. On the way all the people who had been robbed by Zubayr rushed up to Manssur and demanded their property; but the superintendent said: "Do not be uneasy. I shall get back to the last farthing everything he has taken from you."

When night set in special watchmen were appointed to guard the prison, and vaunting their own bravery and fidelity, they took charge of the four corners thereof. Shah Manssur was unable to sleep, and was thinking how the morning would dawn on his innocent

head, when he heard sounds of striking and digging. It was midnight, and he hearkened to the sounds with fear and trembling, till suddenly the wall opened, from which a hand grasping a sword protruded, at which Manssur became so terrified that he nearly fainted, for he weened it was a man belonging to the police. A voice, however, exclaimed: "Friend, be not afraid. I have come to save you. We have no time to lose in explanations;" and with these words a strong man seized Shah Manssur with his fetters and chains, carried him out of the prison, let him down the wall of the fort by a rope, and conveyed him quickly to a ruin at a distance of nearly three farasangs. When he arrived there he placed Manssur on his feet, and raising a great stone which covered the entrance to an underground chamber, they descended into it, and there he set poor Manssur free from his heavy bonds, after which he thus addressed him: "Young man, be comfortable and rest yourself, for I know you have suffered much." Then placing before him different kinds of delicious food, he added: "Eat cheerfully, for your misfortunes are now ended."

After Shah Manssur had eaten he went to sleep; and when he awoke he spoke thus to his deliverer: "Generous and kind man, although honesty radiates from your august countenance and I feel happy in your company, yet, as it is my fate to wander in the desert of grief and to fall perpetually from one calamity to another, you would greatly relieve my apprehensions

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by informing me of the motives of your kind act." The man replied: "I am the robber of the Amír's treasury! But when I learned that you, an innocent man, had been imprisoned in my stead, I considered it my duty to liberate you, and for that purpose I have been obliged to kill many of the watchmen. To-morrow, when everything becomes known, there will be great excitement and the police will be in pursuit of me. This is a secure refuge where no one can discover you; and when the storm is over I shall find means to convey you out of all danger." Shah Manssur replied by expressing his deep feeling of gratitude to his deliverer.

Next morning at sun-rise the superintendent was informed that a number of watchmen had been killed and that Zubayr had been carried off through an opening in the wall. At this unpleasant news he was much disconcerted, and ran at once to the palace to make his report. The Amír was furious and exclaimed: "You rascal! is this how you have taken care of your prisoner? This comes only through your gross negligence. I shall hear none of your excuses. Produce the man, else I shall punish you and ignominiously expel you from my service."

When the people of the town learned what had happened, all who had been plundered by Zubayr accused the superintendent of having connived at the prisoner's escape and clamoured for the restitution of

their property. So he asked for a month's respite and despatched three thousand men in search of the robber. But after vainly searching in all directions they returned, and those who had been robbed confiscated the superintendent's property, and the Amír expelled him from the city.

Meanwhile the deliverer of Shah Manssur kept him company during the day and went forth at night in order to ascertain what was going on in the city; and when he heard of the superintendent's downfall he hastened back and said to Manssur: "Praise be to God! the danger is over, and it is time for me to send you to your own country." But quoth Shah Manssur: "Dear friend, I have a difficulty which I wish you to solve for me." Said the man: "Speak." Shah Manssur continued: "Since I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, I have discovered nothing improper in your character; but it is utterly incomprehensible to me how you, who are endowed with such noble sentiments, can have selected the occupation of a robber." His liberator answered:

"My occupation was formerly quite different. Know that my name is Junayd Muhtashim, and I am a scion of a noble and opulent family. In this neighbourhood there is a tract of country with flowing rivers, spacious meadows, fertile lands, many houses and numberless gardens. All that district belonged to me and was inhabited by my retainers and servants, and I cheerfully paid all taxes to the Amír, who was

for many years my friend. In course of time, however, the exactions of the government officials became very heavy; judges, tax-gatherers, and accountants were sent to me whose rapacity it was difficult to satisfy, and I became greatly distressed. I repeatedly made complaints to the Amír, and endeavoured to convince him that he could be powerful only so long as he treated his subjects with justice, and that oppression could result in nothing but unhappiness and confusion. But all my advice proved futile, and when his delegates came again I took refuge in a fort and answered therefrom. After several days had passed in this way, I heard that it was the intention of the Amír to plunder me, so I conveyed all my moveable property into the stronghold and prepared to stand a siege. When the Amír became aware that he could not very easily get at me, he seized the sheep and cattle which I possessed outside of the city, and ultimately I was able to take refuge with my retainers in Hyderábád, whither some persons came and bought of me all the landed property I had in Guzerat; but as I could in no other way recover the value of the goods and cattle which the Amír had forcibly taken from me, I secretly returned to Guzerat to pay myself from his own treasury or in any other way, and no one has been able to interfere with me.[1] But you, my

[1] Many an honest fellow, besides the generous-hearted Obayd, having been thus beggared by the rapacity of an Asiatic despot, has turned robber in self-defence.

friend, must no longer remain in this place. I have a courser, swift like lightning, to whom fifty farasangs are an easy stage: mount and ride on him to Hyderábád, where I shall induce my friends to send you comfortably to Nishapúr."

Having written a few words to his relatives, explained to Shah Manssur the position of his house, and presented him with a costly diamond, he took affectionate leave of him, wished him God-speed, led him out of the underground apartment, and said: "Wait a moment till I bring you a horse." He presently returned with a steed, which when Manssur had mounted, "This courser," said his deliverer, "well knows the road, and when you reach Hyderábád you must throw the reins on his neck, and he will carry you without fail to the threshold of my house;" so saying, he led him on to the highway and again bade him farewell.

Shah Manssur prosecuted his journey with great rapidity till he arrived at Hyderábád, and remembering the injunctions he had received, allowed the horse to go where it pleased. Thus he rode through the streets till suddenly a man recognised the horse, and proceeding to Junayd's house intimated that a stranger was coming mounted on his horse. Some of Junayd's relatives at once went out and asked Shah Manssur where he got the animal he bestrode. He replied: "The horse is my own, and you have no right to question me." These words so incensed the people

that they instantly surrounded him and pulled him off the horse, saying: "This animal belongs to us. Come—tell us the truth as to how you obtained it." Shah Manssur, believing them to be a pack of rascals who wished to deprive him of the horse, began to use insulting language towards them. By this time a great number of people had gathered round the horse and they cried out: "We know this animal: it belongs to Junayd, and these are his relatives. You must produce some token of your honesty." As soon as Manssur learned that these were the friends of Junayd he began to fumble in his pocket for the letter he had received from him, but could not find it—on the road he had lost both the letter and the diamond; so all his assertions that the horse had been given to him by the owner were discredited. They declared to him plainly that he had either killed Junayd or robbed him; and then they beat Manssur most cruelly and imprisoned him until the matter could be cleared up. He was kept in confinement till one of his accusers fell dangerously ill, and tormented by the stings of his conscience, when he was set at liberty.

Shah Manssur now reflected: "My remaining in Hindústán is of no use, for calamities dog me at every step. Alas for the time which I have lost in roaming about in this country! It were better that I should return home, and if the Most High please, he can make me happy and cause me to prosper there."

A caravan was proceeding from Hyderábád to Irán,[1] and Manssur, sad and disappointed, travelled along with it. On reaching the outskirts of Nishapúr, he said to himself: "To make my appearance in this destitute and miserable condition, after a journey from Hindústán, would distress my friends and cause my enemies to rejoice. Therefore I will remain here until nightfall and then enter the town and go to my friends." He took refuge in a dilapidated building, where he mourned and wept over his sad fate. After a while an owl flew in, pursued by an eagle, and sought protection of Shah Manssur, who took up a stone to throw at the eagle. The stone, however, struck the wall and displaced a brick, when a quantity of gold ashrafís[2] fell to the ground. Shah Manssur ran to the place and there found a pot full of gold and silver. He stuffed his pockets with gold coins and then concealed the pot in an obscure corner of the ruin, fervently thanking God for this happy termination of his travels and misfortunes.[3]

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[1] *i.e.*, Persia.

[2] An ashrafí is worth about ten shillings.

[3] It is a favourite plan for extricating an impecunious hero out of his difficulties in Eastern fictions to represent him as finding a great treasure in a ruin. And no doubt such an incident has often occurred in Asiatic countries, where—in the absence of such institutions as banks—money and jewels are usually concealed in the earth, old wells, etc., lest the sovereign or one of his greedy ministers should come to know of any person possessing much wealth, and forthwith confiscate it.

He remained in the ruin all night, and in the morning he did not enter Nishapúr but went to Kazvyn, where he took an apartment in the caravan-serai, changed his habiliments, and bought a large quantity of the finest merchandise, a string of camels, and three slaves, and made his entrance into Nishapúr rejoicing. He was most kindly received by his relatives and friends, and in course of time he removed the whole of the treasure from the ruin to his own house. Thus he lived in comfort and prosperity, made several journeys to the country of Rúm and to that of the Franks,[1] by which he obtained large profits, so that he finally became the owner of seven hundred strings of valuable camels.

One day when he was sitting with his friends and relating his unhappy adventures in Hindústán, he mentioned also the affair of the witch, and asked whether they had seen her about the place. They replied: "We were sitting together one day in this very house, when a strange cat made its appearance, looked at each of us attentively, and instantly vanished. Not long afterwards it came again, ran with great speed up yonder tree, and immediately falling down, seemed to be in the agony of death, but when we went up to the animal it had already expired." Quoth Shah Manssur: "That was the same witch whose

[1] By "Rúm" (or Roum) Asiatics generally mean Europe, at least Eastern Europe, and "the land of the Franks" has the same meaning.

captive I had been for some time, until at last I contrived to send her here and escape;" and at this explanation they were greatly amazed.[1]

Shah Manssur once took a large quantity of merchandise, with many attendants, to the country of Tabríz, which was at that time under the Turkish government. He waited on the Amír of Tabríz, associated with him, and so gained his favour that he made him his vazír; and when the Amír died, the citizens, being pleased with the kind and just disposition of Shah Manssur in his capacity of vazír, petitioned the sultan to make him Amír, a request which was readily granted, and Shah Manssur governed in Tabríz for many years until he died.

"My dear Nassar," continued Khayrandísh, "I have related this narrative to make you understand that a man cannot attain the object of his desires by irregular wanderings and inordinate appetites; but if he be patient he will succeed. The world is a coquette, and the more she is courted the more coy and prudish she becomes, but if left unnoticed she will try to gain our favours."

[1] This incident recalls popular tales current in our own country of witches turning themselves into cats, and some bold fellow smiting off a paw of one of the unholy sisterhood thus transformed, and next day a woman suspected of witchcraft being found in her bed with one of her hands apparently newly amputated.—Similar stories are told of *werwolves*, or men having the power of transforming themselves for a time into wolves.

Second Advice.

"It is necessary to guard oneself from the wiles and snares of our fellow-beings, and not to trust implicitly in persons whose character is neither known nor tried. Whoever walks among thorns must do so with great care and precaution. This world resembles a picture-gallery with many apartments, each of which has its own peculiar attractions; but a man who should spend all his time in the contemplation and enjoyment thereof, to the neglect and disregard of his daily avocations, would injure his own interests. Therefore he is prudent who runs not after every fleeting illusion, but bridles his desires lest he be disappointed and rendered unhappy, like the geomancer, the washerman, and the painter, who lost control of their passions and were drowned in the ocean of misfortunes and errors, grieving over their troubles, which they were unable to remedy." Then Khayrandísh told Nassar the

Story of Hatim Taï and the Benevolent Lady.

It is related that when Hatim Taï[1] was dispensing his bounty one day in a hall which had forty doors, by every one of which the destitute might be admitted,

[1] Hatim was chief of the Arab tribe of Taï, shortly before the advent of Muhammed, and so highly celebrated for his boundless generosity that at the present day in Muslim countries no greater compliment can be paid to an open-handed man than to call him "another Hatim."

a darvesh entered and thus addressed him: "O vernal cloud of liberality! the mead of hope expects to be irrigated by you. O husbandman of the field of beneficence, the aspirants to your favours are in attendance to receive your refreshing showers, and this gleaner from the store-houses of your bounty was by the guide of hope directed to the prosperous mansion of your generosity!

> Bestow gifts, O noble individual,
> For liberality is the lamp in the assembly of Faith.
> Whoever gives a dirham to a mendicant
> Is favourably regarded by God.
> The umbrella of victory, in both worlds,
> Overshadows the glorious heads of the liberal."

Hatim ordered one hundred dínars[1] to be given to the darvesh, who again entered by another door and reiterated his petition, and again obtained one hundred dínars. Thus he repeated his request until he had come in by all the forty doors, and had obtained the same sum at each of them. After that he reappeared at the first door and proffered the same request, upon which an attendant said to him: "Darvesh, you have made the round of all the entrances and were disappointed at none. How is it that your greediness is not yet satisfied, and that you have exposed yourself to a refusal?" The darvesh heaved a deep sigh and replied: "The fame of Hatim, which extends over the whole

[1] A gold dínar is worth about ten shillings.

world, has induced me to travel from China to this place. But in that country there is a lady more liberal than he, inasmuch as her largesses surpass the most extravagant expectations of those who receive them, so that a hundred Hatims could not equal in many years the sums which she disburses in one day." When the darvesh had thus spoken he disappeared, and Hatim became desirous of ascertaining the truth of his statement, so he departed for China, and, arrived there, considering how he might accomplish his object, he walked about the streets.

He perceived great crowds of people hastening away and inquired the reason, when a man answered: "In this city there was a man of the name of Nassar-ullah, who possessed immense riches. He left a daughter who distributes in great profusion—and has done so for several years—money to all persons. If you wish to know whether I speak the truth, you have only to follow the crowd." Accordingly Hatim went along with the people, and arrived at a beautiful palace where servants dressed in rich garments received everyone who wished to enter. Within the palace Hatim saw a large assembly reposing on silken couches, with tables before them on which the finest dainties were placed in rich variety and abundance. After the repast was over a confidential servant appeared with a platter full of pieces of paper on which different sums were written; and to every person who was about to depart he

handed one of those papers. When Hatim's turn came he also received one, and the assembly broke up. As the people arrived at the gate each man handed his paper to a servant, who gave him in return a bag full of gold according to the amount specified on the little ticket. Hatim was so much astonished at what he had seen that he was constantly thinking of the immense riches of the lady, and was extremely anxious to obtain an interview with her. So he requested a chamberlain to procure him the honour of an audience, and on being admitted into the presence of that queen he addressed her as follows: "Most exalted lady of the mansions of liberality, and húrí of the castles of felicity!

May the rose of your nature constantly
Be blooming joyfully in the spring of generosity!
The hand of your liberality, beauteous fairy,
Is shedding jewels like the vernal cloud.
Your servant has a difficulty,
Which causes him great anxiety:
If you grant my petition,
I shall humbly explain it."

That idol of high prosperity gave permission, and Hatim spake thus: "I hear that the stream of your extraordinary liberality has for several years flowed with undiminished vigour, and I am curious to know how you obtained such enormous wealth." Quoth the lady: "Every assembly receives light from its lamp, and the destiny of every individual is traced

out on his forehead by the hand of divine providence.

> Love was the bulbul's, and beauty the rose's share ;
> Liberal persons are the treasurers of the mercy of God.

The state of my affairs is connected with a tale which I shall communicate to you on two conditions : First, I am informed that at present there exists a man of the name of Hatim, whose liberality is so far famed that in spite of my having for a number of years made it my business to grant to all persons the richest and most abundant gifts, my name is not even heard of except in this country ; therefore I am so jealous of Hatim that I wish you to kill him. Secondly, I have heard that in the neighbourhood of Khatá there is an exceedingly high mountain, in a cave of which a blind man has dwelt for many years, who never utters any words save these :

> ' If you possess one barley-corn of justice,
> You will never have half a grain of sorrow,'

and I desire to know his reason for constantly repeating these words."

Hatim drew the finger of acquiescence over the face of content, took his leave, and set out for the cave indicated by the lady. There he found a blind man, whom he requested to relate his adventures. But the blind man replied : "My good friend, what can have instigated you to make such a request? I have no doubt that your mind is often exercised

with problems which you cannot solve; and I pray you to consider this question as one of them." Hatim, however, went on to say: "Persons of a kindly disposition generally comply with the requests of the importunate, and I hope you will not allow me to depart from this place without affording me the desired information." Then quoth the blind man: "I shall withdraw the veil from the surface of the mystery on one condition: It is long since I heard that there is a washerman in Khatá who goes every morning to the bank of the river and does nothing but look at a tree which is there, leap about like a madman, sigh deeply, and repeat these verses:

'Alas, that your picture has left my sight,
And left my golden chalice empty of the wine of joy!
It is the wish of my heart that once more I may meet her.'

Now, my good friend, if you acquaint me with the story of that washerman, I shall have no objection to relate to you my own history."

Accordingly Hatim proceeded in quest of the washerman, and finding the blind man's account of him perfectly accurate, he was not a little astonished at his actions and said to him: "Friend, if you would kindly inform me why you act in this strange manner, I might be able to help you in your troubles and perhaps liberate you from your affliction." But the washerman sighed and only said in reply: "The wound of my heart no medicine can heal, nor can any advice help me. I am incurable,

and the grief of my heart would only be augmented were I to reveal it.

> I had better hide my sorrow from empirics ;
> Perchance the divine mercy will cure my grief."

Quoth Hatim: "Young man, stand not on ceremony with me, for I shall not quit hold of your skirt until you have told me your adventures." Then said the washerman: "I also have a great curiosity regarding a certain matter, and if you will satisfy it I shall relate to you my story. Know that in Máchin there is a man who paints on a board, during the whole year, a picture of the handsomest kind, which he sells in the bazár at the end of the year for a thousand dínars, and then returns the money and breaks his picture to pieces. I wish to learn the reason of this proceeding." "Alas, and woe is me!" exclaimed Hatim. "Into what a labyrinth of troubles have I fallen, to be thus required to solve one enigma after another!" He had, however, no alternative but to go to the city of Máchin, and it so chanced that he arrived there at the time when the painter had brought his picture to the bazár and was surrounded by such a great crowd of people that Hatim could only get near him as a bidder, and assisted at the sale until the painter broke his picture and gathered up the fragments, when the crowd dispersed with exclamations of regret. Hatim then visited the painter and addressed him, saying: "Young man, what is

your opinion regarding hospitality?" In reply the painter recited these verses:

"A guest is a flower from the garden of prosperity and mercy;
He is the fruit of the spring of happiness.
Whoever is inhospitable injures his own soul."

He received Hatim in a very friendly manner, and inquired of him: "To what circumstance may I ascribe the happiness of being visited by you?" Quoth Hatim: "The mysterious force which attracts kindred spirits to each other has made me trespass on your retirement." After an interchange of courtesies they became quite intimate, and Hatim, anxious to attain his object, said to the painter: "Dear friend, I conjure you, by the obligations which you have already conferred on me, to explain the cause of what I have witnessed this day," and he thus complied:

The Painter's Story.

In former times, when the refreshing clouds of youth and strength watered the grove of my life, I decked out my imagination with the variegated robes of pleasure, and during the greater portion of that period the buds of all kinds of desires blossomed, and the ardent longings to embrace the fairy of enjoyment took possession of my heart. I had a delightful garden in which I walked about one day according to my usual custom, when I beheld two serpents fighting. One was black, the other white; the latter seemed to

be the weaker and about to succumb to its antagonist; and, as every one who removes a thorn from the path of a bare-footed person performs a good action, I drew my scymetar and struck off the head of the black serpent. That very moment the sky became darkened, something roared in the air, a phial fell to the earth and was shattered to pieces, at the same time the white serpent disappeared. I was astonished at what had taken place, but again returned to the garden next day to walk about in it. In passing near the bank of a river I observed a white hand protruding from the water, each finger of which was adorned with a ring set with precious stones of a brilliancy never before seen by the eyes of man. The desire of possessing such gems incited me to seize one of the fingers, when the hand drew me instantly into the river, and on opening my eyes I found myself in a garden like Paradise, full of the most beautiful flowers and trees. When I had recovered from my confusion and astonishment I began to stroll about that spacious garden until I reached a splendid building, which I entered, and discovered a person seated on a throne surrounded by attendants. I approached and humbly saluted him; he received me kindly, called me nearer, and said: "I am surprised to behold you in this place." To which I answered: "May it please your exalted majesty, I have not intruded, but was forced to come into this region," and I explained the whole affair. Then quoth he: "On account of the benefit

you have conferred on our family, we were extremely anxious to see you." On hearing these words I began to consider to what nation this man might belong, and what good service I could possibly have rendered him, when he proceeded to say: "I know that you are thinking of me. My name is Zayn al-Mafakhir. From Ma-varannahr, which is inhabited by men, the country as far as China is in my power; and, except my ancestors, none of the fairies or genii can enter it. I am obeyed by more than thirty thousand genii and fairies. I have a daughter called Subayha, who is innocent and beautiful. One of the chief genii had fallen in love with her and wished to marry her, and with this object had sent a messenger to enter into negotiations; but, as enmity and strife existed between us, I refused to have anything to do with him. This so incensed the suitor that he despatched a genie to steal my daughter; but my spies having informed me of his proceedings, I constantly watched the girl. She was, however, wont to visit your garden, and two days ago she happened to be there when Jarbua assumed the form of a black serpent, and had almost effected his purpose when you passed by and killed him. Subayha told me of this, and I resolved to make you her husband."

When the maiden was shown to me, her bewitching eye at once captured the fawn of the repose of my heart; and on beholding the extraordinary attractions of her person I fell ardently in love with her; and

Zayn al-Mafakhir said: "Subayha belongs to you. But, as the nature of a fairy is entirely different from that of a human being, you must never contradict or irritate her, but obey her in all things, lest the thread of your affection be snapped in twain." I promised to follow these injunctions most faithfully; married Subayha; obtained all the necessaries for house-keeping; and Zayn al-Mafakhir went to reside in another place, leaving his palace with all its furniture and servants for our use. In due course my wife gave birth to a son, and at the moment a wolf appeared, to whom she threw the infant, and he walked off with it. On seeing this act of cruelty my heart was sorely grieved for my child, but on account of my promise I could not say anything, and renewed my intimacy with her. After this we had three more children, two of whom she threw to wolves and the third into the fire; and each time I was overwhelmed with sorrow, until one day, when a grandee of that region sent me some rich food, and I was just about to begin to eat it with perfect zest when my wife dashed it from me, at which patience forsook me, and I said to her: "Darling, in every thing my only desire is to please you, and I have never failed in my duty towards you. But what gave occasion for your unkindness? Three of my children you have given to wolves, the fourth you have cast into the fire, and sorrow for their loss had well-nigh killed me, though I did not complain to you; and now you have thrown

away the most delicious food. Surely these are all tokens of your displeasure and even hatred!" The fuel of these words set the oven of the lady's anger in a blaze, and she exclaimed:

> "To expect fidelity from a weak man
> Is like mistaking a drop of water for a pearl.

Young man, on the day of our union you promised not to ask the reason of anything I should do. The children whom you thought I had given to wolves and thrown into the fire were simply delivered to their nurses, and all are alive and well." Hereupon she showed me our four children, who were extremely beautiful. Then she continued: "The food which I threw away had been poisoned by a malevolent genie, and had you eaten of it you would have immediately perished. But now that you have been so thoughtless I can no longer remain with you." Having thus spoken, she became suddenly changed into a dove and darkness covered the sky. When it was daylight, the palace, with its furniture and ornaments, its garden and servants, had disappeared, and I found myself in a cemetery, dressed in the same garb as on the day when I went to walk in my garden.

For some time after this event I wandered about the streets and bazárs like a madman, until my relatives applied various remedies which quieted the excited condition of my mind; but no medicine could heal my grief. In our neighbourhood there dwelt a painter who was well skilled in drawing portraits, and I

became his pupil to enable myself to perpetuate the memory of my love and soothe my grief. I attained skill to paint the likenesses of my wife and children, in which occupation I take such delight that I complete every year a large picture and sell it for a high price; but, as my jealousy does not allow me to let such precious treasures fall into the possession of strangers, I break the picture to pieces. O my friend, the felicity I enjoyed is gone for ever, and I spend my life in misery.

As soon as Hatim had heard this narrative he hastened back to the washerman and related it to him, who in his turn now told Hatim the story of his adventures, as follows:

The Washerman's Story.

I HAVE followed the business of a washerman for many years. My occupation brought me every day to this place, and once, when I was here as usual, I observed a dove alighting on a tree. The bird was so beautiful that I left off my work to admire it. After a while it shook its wings, its skin opened, and a húrí-like damsel was revealed to my sight. She descended from the tree and seated herself in my lap. I rubbed the sleeve of astonishment over my eyes and exclaimed: "What happiness has fallen to my lot! O most beauteous lady, I am ready to sacrifice my life to you, and to make you the companion of my joys and

sorrows." But the damsel replied: "Young man, this is not a fitting time for jesting. I have come a long way, and feeling very weary I wish to repose for a while." So she laid her head in my lap and fell asleep, while I pondered my good fortune and future enjoyment. Meantime another and still more beautiful dove settled on a branch of the tree, and presently turned into a heart-ravishing maiden. Desirous to please her, I expressed some compliments, to which she thus responded: "Men are of weak intellects and so fickle that they bestow every moment their affection on a new object. One eye needs not two pupils and one scabbard cannot contain two swords. Let no one be thirsty in a river, or wish for flowers in a garden." On hearing these sarcastic remarks I gently removed the head of the first lady from my lap and said to the second: "I renounce a thousand mistresses like this for half a glance of your eyes," adding many other complimentary expressions which pleased her so much that she also laid her head in my lap and fell asleep. Soon afterwards a third dove alighted on the tree, and was like the others transformed into a beautiful girl. Forgetting what I had said to the other ladies, I fell violently in love with her, but while I was trying to ingratiate myself with the new comer, the two others awoke, and all three upbraided me in this strain: "O faithless and ignorant wretch! are you not ashamed of your unsteady and chameleon-like nature, and do you not know that the first condition

of love is fidelity! Who could ever expect attachment from thee?

> The morning brings light, the evening night;
> Nor can a bat perceive the sun."

When they had thus spoken they assumed the forms of doves again and flew away, leaving me to regret my folly and repent of my fickleness. Many years have come and gone since then, but I can never forget the happiness which I might have enjoyed, and so I roam about in despair.

Hatim took leave of the washerman and proceeded to the cave in the mountain where he related the history of the fickle lover to the blind man, who now told him his own history in these words:

The Blind Man's Story.

In former times I was a skilful geomancer,[1] and one day I visited a tradesman in the town with whom I had some business, on the conclusion of which he requested me to cast his horoscope. I complied, and it appeared that he was to find a treasure. I informed him of this, but he smiled incredulously and said: "I am too well acquainted with my own destitute

[1] "*Darb er-Ramal*, or geomancy, by which, from certain marks made at random on paper, or on sand (whence, according to some, its name), the professors pretend to discover past, passing, and future events, is, I am informed, mainly founded on astrology."—Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, ch. xii.

condition. What you say is impossible, and I cannot permit you to jest at my expense." I repeated the operation, and the result being the same, I swore that there was no joke at all in the matter. Quoth he: "Where, then, is this treasure?" Said I: "In this very house." The door was then locked and we both began to dig with great energy until we came upon a large stone, which having removed, we found that it had covered a well. After consultation it was agreed that he should go down and I was to remain above to receive the treasure. Accordingly, my friend having provided himself with a basket, I let him down by a rope, and when he had filled the basket with gold, I drew it up, and thus we continued until an immense heap of gold and gems lay beside me. Then I thought to myself: "It is possible that if I pull him up again he may try to get rid of me, and so deprive me of my life as well as of a share of this treasure. I had better leave him in the well, remove these riches privily, and pass the rest of my life in comfort." When my friend found that I did not again lower the basket he began to suspect my design, and cried to me from the bottom of the well: "Brother, do not harbour any evil thoughts about me, for I shall never forget your kindness, and we shall make an equal division of the whole treasure. Draw me up, I beseech you." But I would not comply, because I considered that a secret in the possession of two persons is soon divulged, and both are disappointed. I therefore

took no notice of his lamentations, and was thinking how I might remove the treasure without the knowledge of any one, and concluded that the first thing to be done was to cover up the well so that I should be freed from any apprehensions concerning my partner, and then carry off the gold and silver by piecemeal. With these ideas I walked about the house and considered that it would be advisable to wait till nightfall, when I should cover the well and take away a portion of the treasure. But when the night set in it occurred to me that I might be attacked by robbers or that some other mishap might befal me, so I thought it would be more prudent to wait for the break of day, and then with a quiet mind carry off my wealth, and thus thinking, I fell asleep.

Now my friend happened to have a mortal enemy who was waiting for an opportunity to kill him, and being desirous that night of giving effect to his purpose he came to the house, fastened a rope to the wall, and by means of it climbed to the roof, from which he descended into the apartment where I was sleeping. The sound of the man's footsteps awoke me, and I leapt up affrighted, crying: "Who is there?" The man, mistaking me for the owner of the house, caught hold of me and threw me violently on the floor. "Friend," said I, "if you want gold and silver, take it, but spare my life." "Do you wish to deceive me," said the ruffian, "and escape by such a subterfuge? You are as poor as a beggar, and I shall make you

walk the streets as one." Thereupon he took an awl and piercing both my eyes with it blinded me for ever, he being in the hand of Providence the instrument of punishing me for my covetousness. After having thus avenged himself on his enemy, as he thought, the man wished to leave the house, but in the darkness he tumbled into the well and broke his leg. The tradesman, supposing it was myself who had thus fallen into the well, exclaimed: "Friend, you are wonderfully covetous, and thereby have not only brought me to this misery but have yourself now become my partner in misfortune." But his enemy, mistaking him for some one whom the tradesman had thus confined, said to him: "I have punished the man who has imprisoned you in this well." Presently, however, he began to cry out from the pain occasioned by his broken leg, when the tradesman at once discovered it was not I who had become his fellow-prisoner. I need hardly say that I passed the night in great pain from my blinded eyes.

Next day the tradesman's son returned home from a journey to foreign lands, where he had gained much wealth. On entering the house he was astonished to find me holding both my hands to my eyes and a heap of treasure by the side of the open well, and to hear me exclaiming: "I was comfortable without this treasure, but my covetousness has for ever deprived me of my sight," and the lamentations of the two men at the bottom of the well. He ordered a

slave to draw them up, and to his surprise and joy the first to appear was the young man's father, who told him all that had occurred, and when the other man had also been pulled out, he discovered that his enemy was uninjured and that it was I whom he had blinded. The tradesman forgave us both, but his enemy died soon after these occurrences.

I was conveyed to this cave, and every day, morning and evening, two small loaves are thrown in to me. I have been in this place many years, but have never ceased to repent of my covetousness.

Hatim, having thus ascertained the histories of those three men, at once returned to the bountiful lady and related them to her, after which she told him her own story, as she had promised:

The Benevolent Lady's Story.

My father was a wealthy merchant of this country, and very intimate with all its ruling powers, until he died, when I inherited his property and lived in comfort. One day as I was sitting at a window I observed a large company of devotees, preceded by a man reputed to be of great sanctity, who bore the marks of piety in his countenance. Whenever he stopped a chair was placed for him, and the people stood reverently around him, wiping with their sleeves the dust from his skirts and shoes; and in this manner the procession entered the city. Seeing the stature

of that person invested with the robe of piety and devotion, I was curious to ascertain what famed hermit or saint he might be, and despatched a servant to make inquiries. He returned soon and said: "This is Múllah Tamurtash, the ascetic, who has in the school of abstinence studied the divine laws and performs his devotions in the hermitage of Abú Tuchmah and is now come to the city at the invitation of the people to preach and pray." On learning this I considered it incumbent on me to pay a compliment to so holy a personage, so the next day I made up a few presents and said to a slave: "Take this to the holy ascetic, and request his prayers for me at the throne of Grace." My messenger was received with great kindness, and examined on every circumstance connected with my affairs. During the ensuing night an alarm of "thieves" was raised in my house, and when I awoke I found that a number of men had walked off with all the valuables they could lay hands on, and I sent a servant in pursuit of them to discover where they deposited my property. The servant on his return informed me that everything had been conveyed to the abode of the ascetic. I immediately proceeded to the king's palace and stated my case to him, but was not a little surprised to receive this reply: "This foolish and impudent woman," said the king, "speaks like an infidel, and ought to be expelled from the city lest some calamity should befall us on account of her wickedness. To asperse the character of a man who

has all his life walked in the path of virtue is enough to call down the wrath of God on our own heads." I was accordingly driven out of the city, poor and helpless, and journeyed on foot till I reached a village, where I obtained shelter in the house of a respectable man; and having, as my sole property, a ruby ring, I managed, by means of my host, to sell it for ten thousand dirhams, and as one of the agents of my father was established in Hindústán I determined to go to that country. Having purchased a camel and a slave, I set out on my journey and in due time arrived safely at the house of my father's agent, to whom I related my misfortunes. In short, I remained some time in Hindústán and engaged in commerce, through which I accumulated immense wealth. I then resolved to return to China, and, having provided myself with seventy powerful, valiant, and intelligent slaves and put on men's attire, proceeded to trade from town to town until I reached my native city. I readily obtained an audience of the king, to whom I presented a number of valuable gifts, and soon it was reported far and wide that a very rich merchant had arrived from Hindústán with a great company of attendants. One day I gave a quantity of gold and silver to a slave and ordered him to carry it to Tamurtash the ascetic, with my humble request that he would remember me in his prayers. At night I ordered all my attendants to arm themselves and to be on the alert, but keep quiet and concealed. I was not deceived in my expectation,

for about the middle of the night the ascetic with his followers came, and throwing ropes over the wall got into the courtyard with the design of plundering my house. Suddenly my servants leapt forth from their ambush and captured the ascetic with his forty accomplices, all of whom I caused to be confined in chains. As soon as morning dawned I went to the palace and made my statement, when the king ordered the police immediately to search for the thieves. "O King," said I, "all the robbers are already captured, and if you will permit, I shall bring them into your presence." When the king and his courtiers beheld Tamurtash the ascetic and his disciples they were amazed, and the king straightway caused them all to be put to death, saying: "That woman stated the truth the first time also, but we gave no credit to her words; she has suffered innocently, and now we have no means to make good our error." But I replied, smiling: "That poor woman am I, O King," and related the whole affair. The king approved of what I had done, and made over to me all the property of the ascetic.[1]

[1] In the East, as in the West, religion is often assumed as a cloak of villainy; and the half-naked darveshes who prowl through Muslim towns and villages, blowing their horns and bellowing their eternal "hakk! hakk!" are for the most part lewd rascals; and not a whit better are most of those who affect to live as hermits. Muhammed said that "there is no monkery in Islám," which is true in one respect, viz., that while a monk must remain a monk all his life, a darvesh may at any time toss away his begging-bowl and return to his former station in society.

"Now, my friend," continued the lady, "years have passed since I commenced to bestow the most abundant gifts from that property, and no diminution appears in it. But in spite of all my liberality my fame is not known beyond this country, while that of Hatim is patent and manifest in the world like the sun. You have promised to bring me the head of Hatim, but you have not kept your word." Hatim answered: "I am myself Hatim, and my head is at your disposal," and drawing his sword he laid it before the lady. She was greatly moved and said: "True greatness consists not merely in liberality but in hazarding our lives for those of our friends, and that you have done. The pre-eminence is therefore yours. Hitherto I have abstained from accepting the addresses of any man, but your beauty and liberality induce me to offer you my hand." Hatim was highly pleased, drew the hand of response over the eyes of acquiescence, married her, and lived with her happily for many years until they were parted by death.

When Khayrandísh had ended this tale he said to Nassar: "I have related these stories to impress on your mind the fact that whoever abandons the reins of his heart to the promptings of foolish illusions, and the vain imaginings of his animal passions, will fare like the Painter, the Washerman, and the Blind Man, will reap only disappointment, carry on his back the

load of bitter memories, and during his whole life taste nothing but the beverage of shame and repentance."

Third Advice.

"Although Fortune may smile on a man," continued Khayrandísh, "and distinguish him above his peers, he should be provident and prudent, and must not despise the counsel of his friends. He must also be on his guard against enemies, else he will, like Kasharkasha the son of the king of Fars,[1] fall into the power of his foes, and the rose-grove of his contentment will be withered by the autumn of grief, and all his life he will be a wanderer in the deserts of repentance." Nassar asked: "How was that?" And Khayrandísh began to relate the

Story of Prince Kasharkasha.

There was a king of Fars called Farídún[2] who had a son named Kasharkasha, whom he educated and kept with himself till he was seventy years old. The young prince then, wishing to visit India, said to his father: "Since travel enlightens the understanding and entails

[1] Fars, or Farsistán, is a province of Persia, the capital of which is Shíráz, so much celebrated by Háfiz and other Persian poets. As the Neapolitans have their favourite saying, "See Naples, and die," so the Persians say that "If Muhammed had tasted the pleasures of Shíráz, he would have begged Allah to make him immortal there."

[2] This monarch is not to be confounded with that Farídún who was the sixth of the first dynasty (Píshdádí) of ancient Persian kings.

experience, it is my desire to wander by land and sea in the capacity of a merchant." Quoth the king: "Beloved son, I would please you in all things, but separation from you will break my heart, and I am unwilling to part with you." But neither these words nor any other entreaties could induce the prince to forego his purpose, and he was at last allowed to depart. His father gave him abundance of money and a number of faithful attendants, and said to him: "Travelling, my son, is often attended by misfortunes; and in case you should fall into distress, I advise you to visit the merchant Sadullah, who lives in Baghdád, and is greatly devoted to and willing to do anything for me." Then giving his seal-ring to Kasharkasha he added: "Show Sadullah this signet as a voucher for your family and connections."[1]

Kasharkasha bade adieu to his father, assumed the dress of a merchant, and journeyed to India, where he acquired large profits by commerce, and then went to the country of the Franks, and became so rich that he bought a thousand Indian and Turkish slaves, who constantly waited on him. But a craving for dominion and power is inherent in the nature of all scions of royalty, and therefore

[1] Signet-rings were commonly used throughout the East from the earliest period of which any records have been preserved. When a king gave his signet to any one he was thereby empowered to act in the king's name. Thus in the Book of Esther we read that King Ahasuerus took his ring from off his finger and gave it first to Haman and afterwards to Mordecai.

all Kasharkasha's great wealth could not satisfy him, and he coveted a crown. He said to himself: "Every undertaking must succeed if the proper means be employed in its pursuit. A kingdom is gained by valour and a good army; and, thanks be to God, I possess both, and prosperity will second my efforts. Indeed, which of my ancestors ever debased himself by trading? I cannot live in such an unworthy manner; for voluntarily to descend from a high to a lower position is against common sense and betokens a mean disposition. In these regions there are many towns and principalities which I may easily conquer, and in truth most of the royal personages who attained great fame began only on a small scale and enlarged their possessions by degrees." After this Kasharkasha travelled from place to place in the country of the Franks, seeking for an opportunity to carry out his design. One day he approached a great city, and beheld an army composed entirely of cavalry, which belonged to the king of the city, who, on discovering the squadron of Kasharkasha, imagined it to be that of an enemy and sent a messenger to make inquiries. The young prince stated to the envoy that he was a merchant from Hindústán, and in his turn asked some questions, to which the envoy replied: "This is Tytmyran, and this is the Jalyák of Tytmyran, who is on a hunting excursion." When the messenger returned with the answer of the young prince, the Jalyák of Tytmyran rode to visit Kasharkasha, who

met him half-way and saluted him courteously, because the lamp of politeness emits so great a glare as to conceal and overshadow any plans that men harbour in their minds.

On seeing the courteous demeanour of Kasharkasha the Jalyák at once concluded that he could not but be of lofty birth, and invited him to make an excursion into the surrounding country. The young prince gracefully complied, and their intimacy increased more and more during the day. They came to a high building, near which the king alighted, and went into it. After a short space he again came out, and in tears. Kasharkasha asked the cause of his grief, but the king replied that on another occasion he would acquaint him with the particulars. When they entered the city a suitable place was assigned to the young prince and his followers, and the king taking the hand of Kasharkasha thus addressed him: "Every man bears in his countenance signs of his character, and in our first interview I discovered you to be of noble descent and the scion of a royal family. I also had a son of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments. He was very fond of hunting and roaming everywhere, and once he took leave of me for two months and departed with a number of trustworthy attendants. I counted the days of his absence impatiently, and when the time for his return elapsed I dreaded that some misfortune had befallen my son, and despatched some

of my officers in search of him, all of whom returned without success. I was so overpowered by melancholy that I wept day and night, until at last, after a whole year had passed, my son made his appearance quite alone, in a destitute condition and almost naked. As soon as I saw him I exclaimed: 'Beloved son, how has the dust of this languidness settled on the skirts of your happy disposition? and how has your beauty faded? What has become of your servants and goods?'

"My son replied: 'Dear father, my heart suffers from a wound which no medicine can cure. Do not ask me any questions, because my case is a sad one.' Then he took from his bosom a portrait, which he contemplated, saying:

> 'When I began to worship the person of my love,
> My soul ascended to my lips and I lost my peace.
> A ray of love's favour had alighted on my head,
> But, alas! I have lost my love!'

'Dear father,' he continued, 'after we embarked in our boat we sailed pleasantly for almost a week, when a contrary wind arose and we lost all control over our vessel. Thus we were tossed about during forty days, when the tempest ceased and we came in sight of land. We made haste to go on shore, but we knew not to what country or nation it belonged. We strolled about and came to a beautiful meadow luxuriant with vegetation, where we hunted and thus advanced till we arrived at a cultivated

tract of land in which was a magnificent palace. On asking a man for information regarding this country he answered: "You are in Kashmír, and that palace is the abode of the daughter of Khoja Fayssur, the vazír of Kashmír. She is wont to pass a few months here every year during the season of flowers." In one of my rambles I chanced to meet a lady of exquisite beauty, and though I had fallen in love with her I did not dare to address her, but sent her a fervent declaration of my love through an old woman, requesting the favour of an interview. The reply which I received was most discouraging; nevertheless I continued my rambles in the grounds of the palace to enjoy the happiness of an occasional glance at my idol. While I was thus standing one day, she dropped a paper from above, and on opening it I found it contained her portrait. This was a great joy to me, but it was soon turned to grief when I heard that the lady had departed to the city. I could do nothing better than follow her and endeavour to obtain a meeting. At last my passion became a mania, and as I cared nothing for money affairs my attendants gradually deserted me, so that I was at last left alone and fell into a state of the utmost destitution. The dominant idea, however, still supported me that I should yet be happy although at present a houseless beggar in the streets. One night the police were about to seize me, but I ran off at the top of

my speed and sought refuge in a house, exclaiming: "Is there anyone here who possesses kindness enough to save a man from the whirlpool of misery?" A person opened the door and admitted me, saying: "Rest yourself here this night, and trust in the mercy of God." I was tired and reclined against the wall, when suddenly I heard the tones of a harp and of a woman's voice in the adjoining apartment, and my curiosity prompted me to look through an aperture at the scene. I beheld a húrí-like maiden playing on a harp and warbling like a nightingale. The amorous melody and the tones of the instrument produced such an enervating effect on me that I could no longer stand, and falling on the floor, which was of weak construction, it gave way and I was precipitated with it on the master of the house, who was sitting in the room below, and he was killed on the spot. The girl who had been singing rose up and cried: "A robber has killed my master!" This soon brought all the neighbours into the house: they instantly seized and bound me, and gave me so many blows that my whole body was a mass of bruises. Then I was dragged before the Amír, who ordered me to be taken to prison. It chanced that the jailer was a man who had formerly been in my service, and he burst into tears on seeing me in such a condition. When I had informed him of my reason for coming to Kashmír and of the unhappy accident, he said:

"Fear nothing—you are safe." He dressed me in other clothes and sent me out to a friend of his own; while he put my garments on the corpse of a man who had died that day and been buried in the cemetery. When the police came in the morning to take me before the Amír to be beheaded, they were disappointed, and reported that the culprit had been so severely beaten on being captured that he had died during the night. The Amír remarked: "If the man was innocent, the guilt of his death cannot be attached to me," to which the chief of the police rejoined: "That is true; but the people had no right to kill the man. This affair ought not to be lightly regarded, for those who beat him are guilty of murder." The Amír then ordered him to carefully investigate the whole affair. Accordingly the chief of the police assembled all the inhabitants of that quarter of the town, intending to fine each one of them in a sum of money, and having caused the corpse to be brought before him, he said: "Ye impudent fellows, how many kings or governments are in this city?" They replied: "One." He continued: "If there be but one king here, why have you taken justice in your own hand and killed this man?" The people asked in amazement: "Whom have we killed?" "This man," said he, "who was captured on suspicion of being a robber and whom you have ill-treated so as to cause his death." But when the people looked at the dead man they

declared: "This is not the robber whom we seized and beat. He was a young man of fair complexion and having black hair; of strong make and healthy appearance. This is the body of a man who was of middle age and sickly; we know not who has killed him." Quoth the superintendent: "There is no use in denying the matter," and he called for the instruments of torture for the purpose of eliciting a confession; when one of the bystanders, having examined the features of the corpse, suddenly cried out: "This is my father, Khoja Fays, the gladiator, who not long since performed before the Amír of Kabúl, and returning home, drank some arrack, which gave him the colic, so that he was obliged to take to his bed. He was visited by some friends, who advised him to send for Ratyl the glazier, who is so famed for his skill that he excels all the physicians of the age. I brought him to the bedside of my father, and he prescribed something which was of no avail: my father died, and we buried him." Here the superintendent exclaimed: "You stupid fellow, who asked for your testimony?" But the man would not submit to be brow-beaten, and said: "See what our chief of police has come to! For the sake of gain he takes believers who have died out of their graves! I shall at once bring the doctor, the muezzin, the grave-digger, and the múllah. To-morrow we shall bring the affair before the Amír, and you, my friends, will be my witnesses. Come

with me." A number of persons followed him, which vexed the superintendent, who said to those that still remained: "Do not be deceived by the ravings of that fool; for I shall not let you escape without a fine." At these words another section of the crowd became excited and cried: "The superintendent is in league with a pack of scoundrels whom he sends out in the night to rob people, and gets his share of the plunder. When any robbers are caught he allows them to escape, and in their stead he substitutes disinterred corpses. Is there no king in this place? Is it not enough that one of us was killed, and now we are to pay a fine besides?" Just then the son of the dead man returned with his witnesses, all of whom accused the superintendent, who, however, was supported by his own officers and another crowd of armed men; so that presently both parties came to blows, blood was shed, and several men were killed and wounded. When the Amír heard that the superintendent was the cause of the disturbance, he was displeased, and his enemies so worked on the mind of the Amír that the superintendent was ordered to be hanged and the jailer who had saved my life was installed in his place. One day after these occurrences I perceived a multitude of people assembled in the streets and asked the cause of my friend, the new chief of police. His answer was: "To-day the daughter of the vazír has died, and all this popular excitement is on that

account." This news upset all my hopes and I at once quitted my friend's house and journeyed till I came to the sea-shore where I found some men embarking for the country of the Franks; I accompanied them, and finally arrived here.'

"When my son had ended his recital," continued the king, "he sighed heavily and added: 'Beloved father, as a dutifnl son I should have obeyed and never left you, and thus I should not have fallen into the misery I endure. I beseech you to sweep away my transgressions with the besom of kindness, and to wash away the filth of my sins with the limpid stream of pardon.' Having uttered these words he expired. My grief for him can never be appeased, and the edifice from which I came out weeping is his tomb. As I have now no son, I often wonder which of my enemies will succeed to my kingdom when I am no more. You are, I am sure, a man of noble blood and good disposition. May I request you to acquaint me with your affairs?" Kasharkasha most willingly complied, and when he had concluded, the king spoke as follows: "I am prosperous in all things and respected by friend and foe. But I have passed the meridian of life, and purpose devoting the remainder of it to the duties I owe to my Creator. And though I have meditated about and sought for some one who might take upon himself a portion of my royal affairs and be a companion of my solitude, I have found none so worthy as yourself." As Kasharkasha was ardently

wishing for such a high station, he joyfully replied: "May the beautiful leaves of the king's book of life never be scattered as long as the world-illuming sun moves in the firmament! I am ready to obey your commands." Accordingly the Amír assembled the grandees of his kingdom and spake to them thus: "I inform you that this royal prince, Kasharkasha, who has dwelt for some time in this city, is by me appointed to be my successor, as I have no heir. Therefore I desire every one who loves and obeys me to obey him likewise." All the vazírs and grandees drew the finger of acquiescence over the eyes of affirmation, and the Amír dressed the prince in the costly robe of a viceroy and said to him: "Dear friend, I have seven vazírs, yet I trust the direction of all important affairs to Khoja Bihrúz, whose sincere friendship I have tried on the touchstone of experience and never discovered a flaw in his noble character. Therefore, though you are endowed with the innate sagacity of noble personages, as you are not familiar with the laws and customs of this country, I recommend you never to act without his advice, in order that the affairs of our kingdom may prosper." Then the Jalyák divorced the bride of royalty, married her to Kasharkasha, and retired to a corner of repose.[1]

[1] In other words, the king resigned his throne in favour of the prince. It seems to have been a common practice for Oriental potentates, at a certain period of life, to retire from the cares of state and turn ascetics—which was very proper, if all the tales be true of their sanguinary doings!

Kasharkasha, who had been so greatly favoured by his good luck, without any efforts on his own part, sat very joyfully on the throne of dignity and power, when, by the decree of Providence, the Jalyák was removed from this terrestrial abode; and as the desire of self-aggrandisement, coupled with unlimited dominion, destroys contentment and begets an inordinate longing for greater power, Kasharkasha indulged in ambitious schemes and resolved to conquer some of the neighbouring kingdoms. On this project he consulted all his vazírs, who readily approved of it, and even still more inflamed his ambition. When the turn of Bihrúz came he said: "May the ready-money of prosperity be always present in the treasury of the hopes of the king, and may the joyful season of perpetual spring always gladden his heart! This is not the time for attack, but rather for defence. Many potentates of the country of the Franks have attempted to conquer this land; they came with countless hosts, but were all repulsed by the Jalyák, whose fame is yet remembered among them: soon, however, they will learn of the change which has taken place, and your majesty will have enough to do in warding off their attacks." Kasharkasha paid no attention to this warning, and, confiding in the approbation of all the other vazírs, he marched to Ráml, which is a country belonging to the Franks, and when he arrived there he halted, and despatched the following letter to Futtál Sháh, the king of Ráml:

"The title-ornament of this epistle is the name of that Sovereign of the volume of whose world-adorning book of omnipotence of existence of all creatures is but one dot. Secondly, as all nations of men are connected by the sameness of their species, and as it is incumbent upon the mighty to protect the feeble; and if they treat their subjects well they will reap blessings; therefore we send you our kind salutations, and inform you that as it is our intention to hunt in these regions, and as you would be unable to endure the brightness of our countenance, even as a bat cannot look at the sun, and we fear that if you were to behold a part of our army and warlike preparations, bodily and mental diseases might befall you;—we advise you to surrender the keys of your fortress to the bearer of this letter, on pain of incurring our displeasure."

Futtál Sháh read the letter and returned his answer as follows: "We were astonished at the folly and presumption of your missive, and defy you to do your worst." After despatching these lines the king hastened out with his forces to attack Kasharkasha, who had in the meanwhile received information from his spies that in his rear another king of the Frank country was in ambush. He was considering how to act with one enemy in front and another in his rear when the countless hosts of Futtál Sháh came in sight, and there was no option but to await the issue. The enemy advanced, attacked Kasharkasha, and the

battle raged fiercely, for both armies fought with great bravery; at last, however, Futtál Sháh prevailed and Kasharkasha fled. In the morning he was a king, and in the evening a beggar, fleeing from his pursuers. On the second day his horse was so exhausted that he was obliged to walk on foot until he arrived at a spring, where having quenched his thirst he lay down and slept. A shepherd who had been searching for a lost sheep happened to come to the spot, and seeing a young man in costly garments stretched at full length, his covetousness induced him to throw a stone, which, however, missed the intended victim. Kasharkasha jumped up, and seeing a man of helpless appearance he asked: "Who are you?" The man replied: "I am a shepherd. Who are you yourself? and what right have you at the spring where I daily water the sheep of the king? Your inauspicious presence here has caused the water to become muddy. All my sheep are scattered over the desert, and how shall I answer for them to the king?" So saying, he suddenly leapt on Kasharkasha, divested him of his fine clothes and left him his own rags in exchange; then tying both the hands and feet of the prince, he went his way.

After Futtál Sháh had won the battle, captured the army of his foe, and plundered his treasury, he could find no trace of Kasharkasha; so he sent off a number of men in search of him, some of whom arrived at the spring, and discovering a man

there with his hands and feet tied, asked him who he was. Kasharkasha guessed they were servants of Futtál Sháh who had come to look for him, and replied: "I am a shepherd, and came here with my flock, when a young man, from whose forehead the marks of royalty radiated, approached and asked me for a sheep, but I said they all belonged to the king and I was not at liberty to dispose of any of them. Upon this he became so incensed that he tied my hands and feet and then walked off with a sheep. Since you have arrived here so opportunely, I request you to liberate me from my bonds." The men believed that he had given them information about Kasharkasha, so they loosed him, and giving him some food, hastened off in search of the fugitive. For this lucky escape Kasharkasha thanked the Most High, and speeding to a mountain not far from the spring, he found there refuge in a cave.

Meanwhile the emissaries of Futtál Sháh were scouring the plain and at length caught sight of the shepherd while he was trying to catch the horse of Kasharkasha. They said to each other: "We must not allow him to get at the horse;" and when the shepherd perceived that they meant to seize him he thought that they were the servants of Kasharkasha who had come in pursuit of him, so he cried out: "My good friends, I have committed an error. I hope you will pardon my transgression;"

and he began to undress himself. But they replied: "Kasharkasha, we are not such fools as to let you go if you give us your clothes. We have been in quest of you for the last three or four days and have taken no rest. Your garments alone cannot reward our pains, and Futtál Sháh will require an account of you; so come along with us." Quoth the shepherd: "The affair between your master and me has only taken place to-day; why should you be seeking me these three or four days?" The pursuers said to one another: "He has lost his kingdom and become crazy. We must convey him at once to our king." On hearing these words the shepherd wished to make use of the sword of Kasharkasha, but being too awkward to do so, he threw it on the ground and wielded his own staff in such a manner as to kill one of his captors, when the others closed round him, tied his hands, and set him on a horse, saying: "Kasharhasha, do not struggle now that the boat of your prosperity has become a wreck and is sunk into the ocean of misfortune, for it will be of no use." Quoth the shepherd: "I swear by the souls of Pir Siah Posh, Baják, Baba Ali Mest, and Mezar Mongal, that I had no idea he was a king. My covetousness induced me to rob him of his clothes; I hope you will pardon my incivility." "You simulate folly," they replied. "Do you not remember that you wrote a letter to the king, and after marching with so large an

army against him do you not know that he is a sovereign? You say that you have robbed him of his clothes; but these words are very silly, considering that you were of elegaat speech and great intellect, and that you sat on a royal throne." "You are talking book-words," said the shepherd: "I have never learned to read—what do I know about letters and armies? I have done no farther harm than taken his clothes. Besides, it is not usual for kings to come into the desert alone and on foot. As it is, he might have met with a worse man than myself, who would have killed him. I beseech you, for God's sake, take the clothes and let me go; because there is no one to take care of my sheep, and if anything happen to them I shall have to atone for it by the loss of all that I possess." The men now looked at each other and smiled. They then said: "Kasharkasha, if you have gone mad on account of the loss of your kingdom it is no wonder, but it is a marvel that you are still alive." Quoth the shepherd: "Why have you changed my name? I am called Kallam ed-Dín Ahmed and you hail me always by the name of Kasharkasha. Perhaps you mean to sell me?" While they were thus going along, talking and laughing, they came to a small village, some of the inhabitants of which recognised the shepherd and asked him: "Where have you got these fine clothes? Who are these men? Why have they tied your hands?" He said: "I have robbed a man of these

clothes, and these men have caught me and are taking me to the king. I am willing to abandon the clothes but they will not abandon me. I beseech you, by the favour of Pír Muhammed Jendah Poosh, to give them anything they ask for my freedom, and I shall repay you in goats." Several of the headmen of the village now stepped forward and addressed the king's messengers: "Good friends, Kallam ed-Dín Ahmed confesses his fault, and he has acted wrongly. But of what use would it be to take him before the king? We have agreed to prepare a good roast for you if you will let him go." But they laughed and said: "This is Kasharkasha, the king of Tytmyran, who succeeded the Jalyák, and having wantonly attacked our sovereign was put to flight. The king has sent a thousand men in pursuit of him, and has promised to confer dignity and wealth on his captor. We have searched for him without resting for more than three days, and it is not likely that we shall now let him go free. All his speeches come from a disordered mind." Hearing this the villagers were astonished and silenced.

The messengers of Futtál Sháh proceeded to the city, and on their arrival the rumour soon spread that they had taken Kasharkasha. The shepherd was brought into the presence of the king, and the splendour of the court so dazzled him that he lost his speech, and the king thus addressed him: "You fool, do sovereigns and high personages indite such

letters? Now shall I ignominiously kill you, as a warning to all presumptuous and foolish persons." When the shepherd heard this sentence he was roused, and exclaimed: "O king, I swear, by the soul of Baba Nasym Sermest, that I made that very day a vow of repentance to go on pilgrimage to the tomb of Baba Jany and never again to commit such an act. Indeed the clothes are present and at hand. I possess several ewes big with young which I shall give you if you set me free. I have the sheep of one hundred men under my charge, and were any accident to befal them all my friends and relatives would be unable to make compensation on my account," and he wept bitterly. Futtál Sháh asked in astonishment: "How does this reply agree with our question?" Upon this all the assembly smiled, and a merchant present, who had been at Tytmyran and knew the person of Kasharkasha, kissed the floor of civility, and said: "O king, this is not Kasharkasha. He is a man of handsome appearance and fair speech; this is an ignorant boor." Hereupon the king first questioned the shepherd closely and then his captors, who stated their case, after which he declared: "Both parties are right; Kasharkasha was at the spring and has purposely misled you. At present there is no use of making further efforts, because he has gained time to go wherever he pleased." Then he gave the shepherd five thousand dirhams and dismissed him.

Soon after Kasharkasha had concealed himself in the mountain cave he was driven out of it by hunger, and descending into the plain wandered from town to town, scratching the wound of the loss of his kingdom and of the treasure of prosperity with the nails of regret and sorrow, and keeping it fresh with the salt of repentance, until he arrived in Turkey. There it occurred to him one day that his father had told him, in case his good fortune should desert him, to visit the merchant Khoja Sadullah, who would aid him. So he proceeded to Baghdád and found the house of the merchant, who was a very kind-hearted man, and happened at the time to be going on a visit to the Khalíf, with whom he stood in high favour. On seeing Kasharkasha he concluded from his mean attire that he was a mendicant and ordered one of his attendants to give him alms, on receiving which the prince burst into tears. When Khoja Sadullah asked him why he wept, he produced his father's signet, which when the Khoja examined, "This ring," said he, "belongs to King Farídún of Fars. I gave it to him; but how came it into your possession?" Kasharkasha replied: "He is my father. The desire to travel has separated me from him, and the instability of fortune has reduced me to this pitiable state." Khoja Sadullah warmly embraced and welcomed him, saying: "Forget all your troubles and be comforted; because you will again become lucky, and this unpropitious condition will

depart from the horoscope of your felicity. All men are subject to reverses of fortune, but the end is frequently very happy. My life and property are at your service." Then he sent the prince to the bath, provided him with a costly wardrobe, assigned to him a number of apartments fit for a royal personage, and appointed fifty slaves to wait on him, all of whom he ordered to obey and try to please him. Thus Fortune again smiled on Kasharkasha and he spent his days in comfort and felicity.

One day he was walking on the roof of the house and chanced to look into the haram of the Khoja, having mistaken it for that of another dwelling. The wife of the Khoja was in the open court-yard when his eye alighted on the countenance of that heart-ravishing beauty, which so captivated him that his person became more attenuated every day. He kept the matter to himself, but one of his attendants reported it to the Khoja, who seemed to pay no attention, but nevertheless went to his wife and said to her: "Darling of my soul, I have a request to make to you, but on condition that you swear to comply with it." The lady took the required oath, and the Khoja continued: "I divorce you." She asked: "Of what fault has the bud sprouted in the rose-grove of my imagination? And what crime have I committed to deserve your abhorrence and to be separated from you?" Quoth the Khoja: "God forbid that I should have experienced from

you anything save kindness and love; but I have been compelled to part with you."

The Khoja, having thus divorced his wife, went to Kasharkasha and spoke to him as follows: "I have been made aware of your condition, and your wish shall be gratified in a few days. The woman whom you have seen is the foster-sister of Farrukhzád the merchant. Her husband died a few days ago, and her time of mourning is not yet over. Her brother, my most intimate friend, is in Basra, and I have sent a man to him to sue for her hand in your behalf—be of good cheer." Kasharkasha was highly pleased, and the Khoja amused him until the time required by the law was expired. Then he sent for the Kází, and Kasharkasha was married to the lady in due form. In the evening the Khoja led his former wife to the apartments of the prince; and, when she beheld the unparalleled beauty and comeliness of her new husband, she whispered to the Khoja: "Although you have divorced me, I thank God that I am to be the spouse of this youth." When the Khoja had taken his leave, the prince asked the lady: "What did you just now whisper to the Khoja?" She replied: "Young man, I was the wife of the Khoja and we lived together very happily, but he has without any cause divorced me and married me to you; so I said to him, when I beheld you, and he had no longer any power over me: 'Although you have divorced me without cause, I am delighted to be the wife of

this young man, who seems to be a great deal better than yourself.'" As soon as Kasharkasha learned that she had been the wife of the Khoja he drew the hand of refusal over the breast of his desires and said:

"To overcome one's own lust is victory;
To master one's own passion is bravery indeed.

God forbid that I should touch this woman, for I consider her unlawful to me." So he slept that night alone, and in the morning apologised to her, saying: "I was somewhat indisposed and unable to keep your company. Pray have patience for a few days till I recover fully."

In this manner some days passed, when the prince, conversing with the Khoja about his own country, said to him: "It is now a long time since I left my dear father, and though I have in your company and by your kind services forgotten all my misfortunes, I nevertheless feel a very great desire to rejoin him." Therefore the Khoja loaded twenty strings of camels with costly goods and sent them under the care of fifty trustworthy slaves with Kasharkasha. Taking affectionate leave of his benefactor and promising always most gratefully to remember his great kindness, the prince departed on the road to Fars. When he arrived in the vicinity of the capital he sent the glad tidings to his father, who hastened to meet him. They entered the city together, and King Farídún was so rejoiced at the happy event that he opened

his treasury and distributed much money among the people. After some time he abdicated the government in favour of his beloved son, and died, leaving him his sole heir and successor.

In the meantime Kasharkasha's kind-hearted benefactor suffered a reverse of fortune. One day Sadullah was informed that an agent whom he had despatched to Hindústán was returned, but had been shipwrecked and lost everything. The Khoja piously observed: "He from whose favour all that is in this world depends is able to make good this loss." But a week later news reached him that another of his agents had been plundered by robbers. Soon after this second calamity the Khalíf of Baghdád died, and was succeeded by Mutassim,[1] who had long nourished ill-will against the Khoja, therefore he confiscated all the merchant's property. Khoja Sadullah, now reduced to absolute poverty, determined to go to

[1] Al-Mu'tasim Billah, was the fourth son of the Khalíf Harún er-Rashíd, and succeeded his second brother, Al-Mámún, A.D. 833. He was the first of the Khalífs who added to his name the title of *Billah*, which is equivalent to the *Dei Gracia* of Christian sovereigns. Al-Mu'tasim was the 8th Khalíf of the house of Abbas; was born on the 8th month (Shaban) of the year; ascended the throne in the 218th year of the Hijra; lived 48 years; and died on the 18th of the month Rabi I: he fought 8 battles; built 8 palaces; begat 8 sons and 8 daughters; had 8,000 slaves; and had 8,000,000 dínars and 80,000 dirhams [a dirham is a silver coin of the value of sixpence] in his treasury at his death;—whence Oriental historians gave him the name of Al-Musamman, or the Octonary.

Fars and take refuge with Kasharkasha. He contrived to collect a sum of money among the merchants for the expenses of his journey, and quitting Baghdád proceeded as far as Tabríz, where he fell sick and spent all his little store of money. At last he recovered his health, but being unable to proceed on his journey he resolved to apply to the Amír for some assistance. During the preceding night a robbery had been committed in the Amír's treasury, and a number of suspected persons were brought to the palace, among whom Sadullah unwittingly took his place, and was along with them committed to prison to await the trial. They were all kept in confinement for several months, and tortured daily to draw from them acknowledgment of their guilt, until at length the real thieves were discovered in another quarter and the suspected persons were all discharged.

With a broken heart Sadullah resumed his journey to Fars, and chanced to arrive at the royal palace at the time when Kasharkasha was holding a levee and receiving petitions from his subjects. He entered the hall of audience and made his obeisance, but, as Kasharkasha did not recognise him in his wretched plight, Sadullah's salutation was not returned. After trying in vain to attract the notice of the king, Sadullah stepped a little apart from the crowd and thus addressed Kasharkasha: "O King, why does your highness disdain to look at me? I am Khoja Sadullah, the merchant, of Baghdád, who was always

devoted to your family. But now fortune has turned its face from me, and I am come to seek refuge at your court." The king turned to one of the attendants and said: "Give one hundred of the government sheep in charge of this man, and give him also two loaves every day." Then he said to Sadullah: "My good friend, we have appointed you to be one of our shepherds; take good care of your flock." Khoja Sadullah thought this proceeding very strange, and said to himself: "What meanness is this on the part of the king, to appoint me to be a shepherd! However, though I have occupied a high station, I must obey and perform the duties of a shepherd till something better turns up." So he took a staff, a sling, a bag, and a dog, and went every day with the other shepherds to pasture his flock, and soon learned the business. But an epidemic broke out which carried off daily several of his sheep until every one had perished. Then thought Sadullah: "Since my entire flock has died, it seems that I am not even fit to be a shepherd." One day the king observed the Khoja approaching with a great load on his back, and asked him: "How are the sheep?" Quoth Sadullah: "May the flock of the king's health and comfort be always on the increase and remain unscathed by the touch of the wolf of misfortune, and abide under the protection of the Shepherd of divine favour! Thanks to my unlucky destiny, an epidemic has carried off all the sheep, and

I have brought their brands." The king smiled and said: "Give him another hundred sheep." These, however, also died, and likewise a third hundred, so that the Khoja was ashamed to show his face. But the fourth flock entrusted to him became more plump every day; no evil befell them; all the ewes threw twin lambs; and when the king next called for the Khoja he made his appearance with a number of sprightly and nimble lambs, and a quantity of butter, cheese, and milk. The king said to him: "O Khoja, what do you now think of your sheep?" He answered: "May the game of prosperity and the fawn of life remain within the grasp of the brave lion of the king's happiness, as long as the flock of stars browse in the meadow of the sky, and as long as the sun continues to travel in the firmament! Thanks be to the Most High, by the blessing of the king's good fortune, the contrary wind of my ill-luck has become appeased, the lamp of success has been kindled, the sheep of the king are all safe and sound, and my disgrace is wiped off." At these words the king rose from his place, fell on the Khoja's neck, and exclaimed: "Dear friend, your fate had taken such a mischievous turn that had I entrusted you with my kingdom you would have lost it, and it was prudent to wait till your luck changed. It was against my will that I kept you in so mean an occupation until that calamity withdrew its foot from the circle of your destiny. But now the obscurity of

misfortune has disappeared and the light of prosperity illumines the speculum of your hopes. Do whatever you please; you are welcome to govern my kingdom." So saying, he seated the Khoja on the throne of intimacy, overwhelmed him every moment with renewed kindness, and said to him: "I have a foster-sister seated within the curtains of innocence and modesty; if you marry her you will oblige me greatly." The Khoja consented, and was for the second time espoused to his own wife. When night set in the lady was brought to the Khoja, who recognised her with no little astonishment, exclaiming: "My love, I meet you again!" Said the lady: "Khoja, the prince learnt the first night the true circumstances and has never touched me, or even seen my face till the moment when he surrendered me back to you." Kasharkasha made the Khoja his vazír, and they all lived happily together for many years until they at last quaffed the beverage of death, left this rewardless abode, and departed to the mansions of eternal joy.

When Khayrandísh had concluded this story he said: "Nassar, I have related this narrative to impress on your mind that self-conceit and presumptuousness are very great obstacles to happiness. Had Prince Kasharkasha followed the advice of his minister Bihrúz when he succeeded to the kingdom of Tytmyran, and not attacked Futtál Shah, his dominion would have been permanent, and the

autumnal blasts of misfortune would not have injured the rose-garden of his comfort and happiness:

> You will be happy in both worlds,
> If you moderate your desires."

Continuation of the History of Nassar.

After the usual three days of hospitality had passed and Khayrandísh had imparted his counsels to Nassar, he brought forth the deposit entrusted to him by Nassar's father, and handing it to him, said: "Almost twenty years have elapsed since your father gave this casket into my charge, but I know not what it contains; if you have no objection we will see what is in it." Nassar at once opened the packet and took out a mirror cut out of a piece of emerald and surrounded with a number of other precious stones. In the centre of the mirror was a peacock whose eyes were constantly moving and whose feathers changed their colours every moment; and the workmanship was so exquisite and delicate that Khayrandísh and Nassar were perfectly amazed, while the former exclaimed: "My dear friend, no sovereign has ever possessed so admirable an object, and it is probable that you will not be able to sell it to a private individual except at a price far below its real value. Therefore you should present it to some mighty king, and it may thus become to you the cause of great prosperity. Show it to no one during your journey, lest it should excite the cupidity of some person."

Nassar most willingly promised to follow his friend's advice, and received from him a ring with the injunction that should any calamity befall him he must go to Aleppo and show it to a pious recluse called Abú Jurjás, who would do his utmost to help him. After taking leave of Khayrandísh he departed in the company of some men who were travelling to Egypt, where they all arrived in safety. Nassar happened to meet the king of that country, who was on a hunting excursion with a very numerous retinue. He saluted the monarch very humbly and presented to him the mirror as a gift, which the king accepted, and on his return to the capital invested Nassar with a robe of honour[1] in full court, and also took into his hand the mirror, the workmanship of which he greatly admired, as did also his courtiers. Then the king said to Nassar: "You appear to be well educated. Pray, what is your greatest accomplishment?" He replied: "Your majesty's humble servant is skilled in several arts, but especially in archery." After this the king gave him in charge of one of his officials, who took him to his house and showed him much attention.

During the night the official felt very unwell, and there being no servant at hand, he went to a cupboard and taking out an apple began to peel it; and while thus engaged some plaster fell down from the ceiling,

[1] When a Persian monarch desires to show his special regard for any great man who has come to his court, he presents him with a *khil'at*, or robe of honour, which is often very valuable.

which caused him to run out of the room in great fear, and stumbling in the dark he fell on the knife which he still held in his hand, and received from it a wound in consequence of which he expired on the spot. When this accident became known, the eunuchs, the servants, and the inmates of the haram were so confused that they accused each other of having murdered their master, and at last they came to blows, and several of them were wounded and killed. In the morning the unfortunate occurrence was reported to the king, who was much grieved at the loss of a most faithful minister, and appointed his son to succeed him in the service.

Some time afterwards Nassar ventured to make his appearance at court, and was respectfully standing in the line of persons near the throne, when the monarch observed him and exclaimed: "Young man, we have heard of your archery but have never seen it. Now we wish to have a proof of it." Nassar desired that a ring should be tied to a hair and suspended at a distance of seventy paces. Then he shot an arrow through the ring without moving it, and repeated the feat thirty-nine times more.[1] The king and his

[1] Compared with this what was the archery feat of Locksley (*alias* Robin Hood), as described in *Ivanhoe?* It seems to have been a common practice in Persia to suspend a finger-ring as the mark and prize in an archery competition. A story is told of a Sháh who, while on a pleasure excursion to Massala Shíráz, appointed an archery contest for the amusement of himself and his courtiers. He caused a gold ring, set with a valuable gem,

courtiers were astonished at his skill, while the spectators uttered shouts of approbation; and the king was considering how to reward him when an explosion of gunpowder took place in the manufactory close by, which destroyed the building and killed more than a thousand persons; but Nassar escaped unhurt. This catastrophe so occupied the mind of the king that he rose up in a melancholy mood, forgot Nassar, and retired to his private apartments.

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to be fixed on the dome of 'Asád, and it was announced that whosoever should send an arrow through the ring should obtain it as the reward of his skill. The four hundred skilled archers forming the royal body-guard each shot at the ring without success. It happened that a boy on a neighbouring house-top was at the same time diverting himself with a little bow, when one of his arrows, shot at random, went through the ring. The boy, having thus obtained the prize, immediately burned his bow, shrewdly observing that he had done so in order that the reputation of this his first feat should never be impaired. (Sa'dí's *Gulistân*, or Rose-Garden, ch. iii). The famous Persian poet and robber-chief Kurroglú had a band of 777 men under his command, and Demurchy-oglú (*i.e.* the son of the blacksmith) offered himself for a vacancy. Kurroglú, in order to test the nerve of the candidate, bade him sit down; then taking an apple from his pocket and a ring from his finger, he stuck the ring in the apple, and ordered one of his men to remove the cap from the head of the new comer. Having placed the apple on the young man's head, Kurroglú rode to one side and bent his bow and continued to pass one arrow after another through the ring. Out of sixty arrows that were shot not one went astray. (Chodzko's *Popular Poetry of Persia*, pp. 88, 89). Here we have the feat of William Tell—with a difference.

In course of time the king resumed his customary duties and amusements, and it happened one day while engaged in the chase that an eagle flew near him, when he called out: "Is there any one who can strike that eagle while he is flying?" Nassar immediately responded to the call, and the eagle fell to the ground pierced through by his arrow. The king wished to reward him on the spot, but the arrow, after passing through the eagle's body, having struck the eye of the king's horse it became restive, began to gallop, and a helter-skelter race followed, but the horse could not be stopped, until, one of its legs going into a hole in the ground, it threw its rider, and dragged him hanging by one foot in the stirrup, into a very rapid stream. When the attendants beheld their sovereign in such great peril they hastened to save him, which they did, but not before he had swallowed a great quantity of water, was wounded, and more dead than alive, and about five hundred men had been drowned. One of the king's servants said to Nassar: "Your archery is very unlucky, since for every arrow that you shoot hundreds of men lose their lives." The king was taken in a litter to the palace, and only recovered his health after forty days' medical treatment.

When the bodies of the king's followers were taken out of the water the other attendants pierced the heart of Nassar with the shafts of irony and disapprobation, and he concluded that, as he had been so

many times thwarted in his purpose of deserving the favour of the king, it would be advisable for him to quit the scene of his exploits lest his life should be endangered. He was yet undecided where to go when he perceived on the opposite bank of the river a village, which he resolved to visit. The current was very rapid, but he entered the water saying to himself: "Let happen what will, my cup of bitterness is already brimful." As he was crossing, the water became so deep that his horse began to swim, and the violence of the flood soon swept Nassar from its back. He was a good swimmer, but his arms and accoutrements were heavy, so that he was obliged to throw away everything, and landed on the other side in a state of nudity. He waited for the evening, being ashamed thus to enter the village, and when it was dark he roamed about the streets until he found a mosque, in a corner of which he concealed himself, naked, starving, and tired as he was. It happened that a party of thieves had plundered the house of the village headman, and about midnight brought their booty into the mosque for the purpose of dividing it. They kindled lights and made some noise, and Nassar, awaking from sleep and dazzled by the lights, fancied it was morning and that the people had come to prayer. As he had a good voice, he said to himself: "Great blessings and rewards are in store for those who call the faithful to prayer, and if I do so, possibly the Most High may open the portals of abundance

to my destiny." And so he ascended to the minaret and pronounced the usual form of invocation, which when the robbers heard they weened that the morning had already dawned while they had been so deeply absorbed in dividing their plunder as to forget the lapse of time. Therefore they made haste to finish the division, then extinguished the lights, and with their bundles on their backs were flying from the mosque when they were met by Nassar, who stopped them and said: "O ye bouquet-binders in the garden of piety and devotion, now is the opportune time to seek the benefits obtainable in the house of God, and this is the place for kindling the lamp of prayer and supplication! Whither are you going? Have you not heard that any person coming to the mosque for the performance of his matutinal duty must remain there till sunrise?" The thieves took him for the muezzin,[1] who wished to detain them till he could hand them over to justice, and, one of them having given him a box on the ear, they all ran off at the top of their speed. Nassar, now certain that they could not be of the pious, ran after the thieves, and being an excellent boxer and swordsman, attacked them boldly, and snatching the weapon from one of them he struck

[1] The duty of the muezzin is to chant the call to prayer *(adán)* from the minaret of the mosque five times every day. Blind men are generally employed as muezzins, in order that they should not overlook the terraces, or flat roofs, of the houses, where the inmates generally sleep during very hot weather.

about him to such purpose that he killed one and wounded several of the others, upon which they abandoned their plunder and fled.

Nassar was at a loss what to do with the booty and the corpse, fearing lest he should be held responsible for all that had occurred, and thus fall into fresh danger. Some people, who lived near the mosque, having been aroused from their slumbers by the untimely call from the minaret, said one to another: "Surely that fellow has gone mad, since he calls to morning prayer before midnight is past;" and when they heard the noise of the scuffle they imagined that some vagabonds of the village, whom Satan had seduced to adopt the doctrines of the Súfís, were holding their nocturnal assembly in the mosque.[1] So they hastened thither to expel the intruders; but when they entered they saw only Nassar, who was saying to himself: "I wonder from what poor fellow the thieves have stolen this property." When the folk beheld a man standing alone and muttering to himself they at once concluded he was a súfí in one of his ecstacies, who had thus stripped himself naked; and as they

[1] The Súfís are the mystics of Islám, and profess to have attained, by meditation, so advanced a stage of spiritual perfection as to render the teachings of the Kurán and the ordinary religious observances quite unnecessary to them. They are generally considered by the "orthodox" as arrant infidels. For an interesting account of some of their public "religious" performances, see the chapter on the Dancing Darveshes in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*.

walked according to the commandments of the Most High and in conformity with the holy law of the Prophet, and hated all súfís, innovators, and enthusiasts, they burst into reproaches against them, crying: "O ye transgressors of the divine commands and destroyers of the ordinances of the Refuge of Prophecy;[1] who degrade the house of God to a brothel, by the wiles of Satan, who has made you his own, and is your guide in irreligious proceedings! What breach is this that you wish to make in Islám?" Nassar mistook them for the thieves who had come back to recover their plunder and wished to deceive him with such speeches, so he said: "You rogues, I shall not be circumvented by your tricks," and seizing the sword which was still near him he wounded one of them and put the others to flight. Then he tied a rope to the neck of the wounded man and said: "Come, tell the truth. From what house have you stolen these goods?" But the man, knowing nothing of the robbers, believed him to be a súfí in a trance, speaking nonsense, and replied: "O you wretched vagabond and fanatic and transgressor of the divine commands! I know not what you say. Have I not come hither from my house on account of the tumult which you made?"

Meanwhile the other villagers who had been driven away by Nassar went to the officials and thus addressed them: "Is Islám no longer dominant in this country, that hypocrites and infidels are allowed to enter the

[1] Muhammed.

mosque and desecrate it with their orgies? People who live near the mosque hear every night the diabolical revellings of a pack of vagabonds. Last night they again entered the mosque, and, contrary to law, shouted the call to prayer in the middle of the night. They have even sorely wounded one of the faithful, and we do not know what has become of him." The officials ordered a party of constables to accompany them and to seize the law-breakers; and when they entered the mosque they found Nassar still engaged in examining his prisoner, and mistaking them also for the thieves he wounded one of them likewise. "Súfí," they exclaimed, "what impudence and wickedness is this? Do pious and virtuous men ever fight and kill the servants of God in the mosque?" Quoth Nassar: "You vile robbers! you cannot deceive me. I intend to slay you all this night, to deserve the reward of God." When they saw him speaking so boldly, naked as he was, they said: "Look at the presumption of this súfí, to behave in such a manner in the mosque!" By this time, the morning having dawned, numbers of the people came to prayer, and Nassar fled, with the sword in his hand, and wounded several persons who attempted to stop him. But he ran so fast that no one was able to overtake him, and his pursuers then returned to their homes. Soon afterwards, however, a company of súfís came into the village and were at once accused of having committed the robbery; a general tumult ensued and many men were slain or

wounded. Ultimately the affair came before the king of Egypt, who caused the súfís to be punished and fined, although they were entirely innocent of the crime laid to their charge.

Nassar now wandered from town to town, pursued by misfortunes. One day the king of Egypt asked his courtiers what had become of him, but they could only reply that in consequence of the various calamities that followed his archery feat he had disappeared. His majesty observed that for these accidents Nassar was in no way accountable, because they had all occurred by the decree of Fate, and he despatched messengers in every direction to search for him. Nassar was at last discovered in a village, in a very destitute and miserable condition. He was carried to the capital, and before bringing him into the king's presence it was necessary to take him to the bath, after which his majesty received him with great kindness and inquired of him: "Are you skilled in any other things besides archery?" Nassar bowed his head and replied: "I am acquainted with military tactics, mathematics, commerce, mineralogy, boxing, fencing, and also with cooking."[1] Quoth the king: "All these

[1] In primitive times even kings were proud of their skill in the art of cookery. Thus in the charming story of Nala and Damayanti (an episode of the great Hindú epic, the *Mahábhárata*) the good Rájá is recognised by his devoted wife, who had been long separated from him, by some meat of his dressing. And in the other grand Indian epic, the *Rámáyana*, the demi-god Rámá

accomplishments adorn the character of a man, none of them, however, can equal your skill in archery; but when you acquired it your destiny was unpropitious and the moon was evidently in the mansion of the Scorpion.[2] It will therefore be proper for you to abstain from shooting arrows and to practice other arts until the lucky hour comes when these calamities have disappeared from your horoscope. This day I wish to give a banquet, and you must exhibit your skill in boxing; and as you tell me that you also possess a knowledge of the art of cooking, I give you leave to prepare any dishes you please, for it is long since I was able to relish any kind of food."

Accordingly Nassar made various savoury dishes, and when he had finished his work the king commanded him to show his skill in boxing until the dinner hour. Nassar said that he was ready to box and wrestle with two hundred men who excelled in these arts, and when they were produced he very

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is represented as killing and cooking the dinner of his spouse Sitá and himself:

> Their thirst allayed, the princes ply the chase,
> And a fat stag soon falls beneath their arrows.
> A fire they kindle next, and dress their prize;
> Then, offering to the gods and manes made,
> With Sitá they the social banquet share.

And readers of the *Arabian Nights* will remember how young Bedr ed-Dín Hasan was discovered by the delicious tarts for the making of which he had been always famed.

[2] One of the signs of the Zodiac.

easily vanquished them one after another.[1] The king gave orders that more men should be brought, but to his astonishment none could be found willing to encounter such a formidable antagonist. But recollecting that he possessed a Circassian slave named Fírúz Bakht, lately presented to him by the Sultan of Turkey, who was skilled in wrestling, he ordered him to attack Nassar. The slave caught Nassar about the loins so forcibly that his own hands bled, but he was unable to move him a hair's breadth from the spot where he stood. To be brief, they wrestled long and skilfully, the Circassian trying two hundred different tricks without effect. At last, however, Nassar turned the game and lifted Fírúz Bakht from the ground with as much ease as if he were a child; but the slave so firmly grasped a pillar of the shed in which the sport was taking place that Nassar could not pull him from it; and making a final effort he tugged so hard that along with Fírúz Bakht he wrenched the pillar away, which killed the slave and about twenty of the spectators by a portion of the roof falling down on them after its support had been thus withdrawn.

[1] Wrestling has been from the most ancient times a favourite sport in Persia, as it has also been among the Japanese. Due allowance must, of course, be made for the Oriental exaggeration here indulged in, of representing our hero as throwing two hundred men in succession;—still, the author is not inconsistent, for did not he, single-handed, lay about him boldly and scatter the gang of robbers in the mosque and prove more than a match for the townsfolk?

The king, with all his attendants, fled from the place in alarm, and the banquet, which was to be one of joy, became one of mourning.

Although the king was greatly affected by this sad accident he said to his courtiers: "As this event only took place by the immutable decree of Fate, I can in no way blame the young stranger; and if I lose my life together with my kingdom, a thousand accidents such as this will not influence me against him." The courtiers tried to comfort the king, but as he was very melancholy their efforts were fruitless. When the table-decker made his appearance and announced that the dinner prepared by Nassar was ready to be served up, the king said: "Though we have at present no inclination to eat anything, yet, as the dinner is prepared, cause it to be brought in." When, however, the king had tasted some of the dishes he found them to be more delicious than aught he had ever eaten before; and, thus seduced, he ate so heartily that he became ill, and having but lately recovered from sickness he was unable to digest the food, and only recovered after a long course of medicine.

But that magnanimous and kind-hearted monarch, albeit he had never been sick before he had come in contact with Nassar, would ascribe neither his indisposition nor the other calamities to that circumstance, but to the decrees of Fate, and bore him no ill-will. He invested Nassar with a robe of honour, made him

various presents, and was about to appoint him to a high office, when one of the vazírs, who had by his natural sagacity guessed the king's purpose, said that, although his majesty was of a liberal and kind disposition and Nassar a deserving person, yet it would be inadvisable to bestow on him any great favours at the present time, because experience had abundantly shown that the withering blasts of his unfortunate destiny had not yet ceased to blow, and only mischief would be the result. Therefore, he went on to say, it would be better to give him a considerable sum of money and dismiss him, with the injunction to remain in some other place until his destiny had changed for the better, when he might return to the service of the king, whose favours, if now bestowed, would be thrown away. He continued: "It is also certain that in the same way as all efforts to aid persons who are predestined to be unfortunate are in vain, so also the devotional and religious wishes of silly though well-meaning men are of little avail to them." The king asked: "How is that?" Upon which the vazír related the

Story of the Foolish Hermit.

At the time of the rising of the Sun of Prophecy, the glance of an angel of the Court of Unity[1] chanced to alight on the hermitage of an ascetic, whom he be-

[1] I presume by the "Sun of Prophecy" is meant Muhammed. The "Court of Unity" is Heaven.

held sedulously engaged in all the duties of religion; and he was so pleased that he was curious to know what should be the reward of all this piety. Then the allocution reached him from the Lord of Omniscience: "Angel, pray that this mystery be revealed to thee." Accordingly the angel made his supplication and was informed that the reward of the ascetic should be very inconsiderable; whereat he was so astonished that he said: "O God! how can this be the reward of a whole life of piety? I consider it as insufficient for a single day. What wisdom is concealed in this matter?" Then he heard this order: "Visit him in human form, and learn the state of the case." The angel obeyed, and, after being by the power of the Most High transformed into a man, he visited the hermit and became so intimate with him that he lived for several days in his cell, which being situated in a pleasant and fertile region, with abundance of springs and flowers, the angel said one day to the hermit: "Arise, let us enjoy a walk in this delightful place." Accordingly they went out together, and when they entered a paradise-like meadow, and beheld the freshness of the parti-coloured vegetation, they praised the Almighty. Said the angel: "Hermit, be grateful to God for having adorned the neighbourhood of your cell like a paradise with springs and flowers and crowned every blade of grass with the diadem of loveliness and fertility." The ascetic replied: "My dear brother, I always enjoy

the pleasantness of this locality because it abounds in grass and water, so that many animals might be fattened here. But I am constantly burning with grief that God has no ass whom I might comfort and feed in this place, and might for his sake acquire a higher merit in the next world." When the angel was thus made aware of the littleness of the hermit's mind, by this silly wish, he left him, and resuming his proper form the divine allocution reached him: "Have you seen the intelligence and wisdom of the hermit?"[1]

The vazír continued: "A sovereign must also use very great care in the choice of his ministers, otherwise he may fare like the king of Basra, who had a very ambitious and wicked vazír." Quoth the king of Egypt: "How was that?" and the minister began to relate the

Story of the Treacherous Vazír.

In ancient times there was a king of Basra who was very kind-hearted and liberal. He had a good vazír, worthy of his confidence, who assiduously attended to all his duties and was very faithful; but death overtook him, and the king, who was for some time undecided what to do, ultimately appointed in his

[1] This little story is evidently intended as a satire on ascetics whose notions of religious duties spring from their own foolish minds, and who are often held up to ridicule by the most eminent Persian poets and moralists.

place a man of great ambition, who secretly entertained a design of usurping the throne: and being in want of an accomplice he bribed a eunuch to introduce him to one of the ladies of the haram. But when he had become accustomed to the pleasures which awaited him in the fond embraces of love, he thought that it would be dangerous to carry out his purpose very hastily, so he drew the lady into his secret, and now neglected the eunuch who had assisted him thus far and who consequently made a vow to avenge himself on the ungrateful vazír.

One night the king had a very unpleasant dream: a scorpion crawled from his sleeve into his shoe, and when he attempted to take it out it bit him. In the morning the sultan related his dream to some of his courtiers, and as they could offer no satisfactory explanation of it he said: "You are only groping in the dark, and we must wait till a skilful interpreter can be found."

The eunuch, who had heard the attendants conversing on the subject and thought this a favourable opportunity to revenge himself on the vazír, said that he was able to interpret the dream; and on being brought before the king spake as follows: "The interpretation is, that one of your majesty's highest officials has withdrawn his head from the circle of obedience: by means of a eunuch he has gained admission into the royal haram, which he visits every night, and carries on a love-intrigue with one of the

ladies; and moreover he entertains the most wicked design, at a fitting opportunity, of depriving your majesty of life (which God forbid!) and usurping the throne himself;—and there is a high degree of probability that the official is no other than the vazír." On hearing this the king was wroth, but concealed his feelings, so that he should not compromise his dignity, and exclaimed: "Base wretch! there is nothing to warrant such a suspicion, unless, perhaps, some spite which you harbour against the vazír, and in consequence of which you malign him;" and he ordered the eunuch to be instantly put to death. But the king, though inclined to give some credit to the eunuch's story, could hardly believe that a man such as his vazír, whom he had raised from a low position and made a sharer in the government of the kingdom, could be so ungrateful as to covet his throne and purpose depriving him of life.

During the past night the vazír had as usual visited his paramour, and they had then agreed to murder the king on the following night, but they wot not of what was in store for them. The king, who had been rendered uneasy by the revelation of the eunuch, entered his private apartments in the evening, and then secretly despatched a confidential servant to see whether the vazír was in his own house. When the messenger returned with the information that the vazír was not at home, the king had no longer any doubts, and knew that if the vazír had entered the

haram he must have done so from the water-side. He quietly summoned all the watchmen and said to them: "Last night I dreamt that thieves entered the haram, and I am very uneasy; therefore I command you to kill any person either entering or issuing from it." After the sentries had returned to their posts the king himself went into the haram, and, accompanied by some trusty eunuchs, rushed into the room where he supposed the vazír and the lady slept, and there discovering another guilty couple he slew them, and the former escaped.[1] While a eunuch ran after the vazír and his paramour, the king went out to see whether all the sentries were at their posts; and as soon as they perceived him they stabbed him to death, according to his own order. Meanwhile the eunuch pursued the vazír, who also went out by the water-side, was also mistaken in the darkness for a robber, and met the same fate as his master. Then the other eunuchs who were in search of the vazír, and were not aware of the king's order, also issued by the same door and were all killed by the guards; so that in the morning when the dead bodies were counted they amounted to forty. On discovering the

[1] In spite of the vigilance with which women in the East are guarded from communication with lovers, it is said that men frequently gain access to harams disguised in female apparel, with or without the connivance of the "neutral personages" who are appointed to keep watch and ward over the private apartments.

body of the king the people greatly deplored the misfortune, and, considering that he with all his attendants had been killed in consequence of a conspiracy, they laid hold of the watchmen and put them to death, after which the kingdom fell into a state of anarchy.

The vazír added that this narrative exemplified how one individual may become the cause of the death of many, and that from the misfortunes which followed Nassar's exploits it plainly appeared that he was also one of the number of those ill-fated wretches, and that the misadventures of Shoayb of Baghdád likewise supported his statement. Quoth the king: "How is that?" whereupon the vazír related the

Story of the Unlucky Shoayb.

In days of yore there dwelt in the city of Baghdád a rich man called Shoayb, but various calamities befell him so that he became extremely poor and quitted the country, and his ill-luck followed him wheresoever he went, and in spite of all his diligence and skill he was unable to succeed in any affair which he undertook. One day he approached a river and discovered three men engaged in fishing, and as he had never seen this occupation exercised he looked on with much interest. The three fishermen, seeing that he was in a very destitute condition, easily induced him to enter their service, on condition

that they should give him as his wages one fish for breakfast and another for supper.[1] After he had been a few days thus employed the river began to decrease in volume and also the fish in number, so that they caught only a tenth of the quantity which they used to get formerly. At last they could catch only one fish in a whole day, and were reduced to such straits that they resolved to go in quest of some other kind of work.

One day the sultan happened to pass that way and perceived to his great astonishment that there was scarcely any water in the river. He questioned the fishermen, who stated their case, when the vazír of the king, who was a very intelligent man, asked them: "Has any stranger come among you during these days and been taken into partnership with you?" They pointed to Shoayb and said: "This man is a stranger among us." Then Shoayb was examined, and he recounted his former wealthy condition and his present destitution in such appropriate and eloquent language that the king and his vazír, as well as all the attendants, were greatly amazed, and when he had ended his narrative the vazír said: "To stay any longer in this place is contrary

[1] This recalls an incident in the Muslim legend of King Solomon's temporary degradation, in consequence of his having fallen into the heinous sin of idolatry—a legend adapted from the Jewish traditionists—when "the wisest man the world e'er saw" became an outcast and a vagrant, and took service with a fisherman; his wages being two fishes each day.

to the dictates of prudence!" So they all returned to the city, and on their way the king asked the vazír: "Why did you make those inquiries and then become so disconcerted by the answers you received that, by your declaration that it would be unsafe to stay any longer there, you almost forced us away from the place?" The vazír saluted the king and thus replied: "Most gracious sovereign, when your majesty asked for the cause of the river's decrease I thought of three causes: First, that perhaps these fishermen had for several days forgotten God and the Prophet, and that therefore such a calamity had befallen them; because it is certain that when men give way to evil habits, the genii and demons are permitted to injure them and to destroy their prospects even as the withering blasts of autumn deprive the roses of their freshness and bloom. Secondly, that perchance these fishermen had in some way injured either your majesty or the inhabitants of this district, for which they were thus punished. Thirdly, that possibly a stranger had come amongst these fishermen, and that on account of the misfortunes which follow his heels they as his partners are compelled to participate in them, and therefore I questioned that stranger regarding his history; when I discovered that he had brought his ill-luck with him, in consequence of which the river itself has nearly dried up." Quoth the king: "I have full confidence in your

intelligence and experience, but I put no faith in your theories of good and ill-luck, because both are mere expressions and depend entirely upon circumstances. Thus, for instance, if a man be intelligent and honest, and manage his affairs properly, he will certainly have good luck, but a careless fool must naturally meet with ill luck:

> Every man is master of his own fortune
> According to his character and strength of mind:[1]

[1] The wise and witty author of *Hudibras* partly expresses the same sentiment in these lines:

> Man is supreme lord and master
> Of his own ruin and disaster,
> Controls his fate, but nothing less
> In ordering his own happiness:
> For all his care and providence
> Is too feeble a defence
> To render it secure and certain
> Against the injuries of fortune;
> And oft, in spite of all his wit,
> Is lost with one unlucky hit,
> And ruined with a circumstance
> And mere punctilio of a chance.
>
> Butler's *Remains*.

But the Hindú sages give forth no uncertain sound on this subject, as may be seen from these verses, which are cited in the *Hitopadesa*, a Sanskrit version of the celebrated Fables of Bidpaï:

"As from a lump of clay a workman makes whatever he pleases, in like manner a man obtains the destiny prepared by himself."

"Fortune waits upon that lion of a man who exerts himself. Abject fellows say: 'It is to be given by destiny.' Put forth

One, as Lukman,[1] wise and opportune;
The other as crazy Majnún[2] you will find.
The bulbul[3] among roses dwells,
The owl in ruins dark abides;
But intellect every ascent tells,
And the fool his own folly chides."

The vazír responded: "What your majesty says is but the sequel of my assertion, because the intellectual qualities of every individual depend upon his horoscope and the propitious or unpropitious positions of the stars, and according to these a man is either lucky or unlucky. Moreover, we frequently see that intelligent and good men do not prosper, while fools and rogues

manliness with all your strength. If when effort has been made it succeed not, what blame is there in such a case?"

[1] Muslims regard Lukman as the type of human wisdom. He is said to have been an Ethiopian slave and served in the army of the Hebrew king David. Many striking sayings and fables are ascribed to him, but it is more than doubtful whether he composed any apologues.

[2] The loves of Laylá and Majnún—the Romeo and Juliet of the East—have formed the theme of several very beautiful Persian and Turkish poems. Majnún (which means "mad from love:" his proper name was Kays) was the son of an Arab chief and deeply enamoured of a maiden of another tribe; and on her being married to a foreign and wealthy suitor he became distraught, and fled to the wilderness. When Laylá became a widow and met her lover once more she found him a raving maniac and died soon after. Majnún expired on her tomb.

[3] Muslim poets are never weary of harping on the fancied love of the nightingale *(bulbul)* for the rose, to which he is supposed to pour out his nightly plaint.

succeed in all their undertakings."[1] Quoth the king: "This I believe, because sometimes an intelligent man has not that practical turn required in the management of affairs and is thereby unable to overcome difficulties."[2] To this the vazír rejoined: "What argument can your majesty adduce in favour of the prosperous condition of Hindús, Jews, Christians, and infidels, who are more powerful than the professors of Islám, most of whom are in need of the aid of those nations addicted to error?" To this question the king could give no satisfactory answer, but he nevertheless said: "No matter what arguments you may bring forward, I shall not believe your assertion." The conversation was still turning on this subject when they entered the city, and the king said: "Let this matter stand over until I can prove that I am right;" to which the vazír replied: "If your majesty can prove the contrary of what I have stated, I am willing that my blood be spilled and lapped by the dogs in the streets."

Next morning the king secretly called one of his confidential servants, and handing him a bag of gold

[1] "The philosopher," says a Persian poet, "died of grief and distress, while the blockhead found a treasure in a ruin."

[2] It is rare indeed to find in Eastern tales such sensible observations put in the mouths of sultans, who are for the most part mere lay figures or credulous fools. Mr. R. L. Stevenson has happily described the monarchs that figure in the *Arabian Nights* as "wooden kings." Here, however, we have in this sultan a really sagacious man.

said: "Go without the knowledge of any one to the river, take the young stranger to whom we spoke yesterday apart, and give him this gold. Bid him leave the company of the fishermen, go to the bath, put on good clothes, and wait the day after to-morrow on horseback in such a place until farther orders." The attendant set out with the gold, and on coming up to the fishermen he was perplexed, as he could not distinguish which of them was the stranger. At last he called one of the fishermen aside and asked: "Which is the young stranger with whom the vazír conversed yesterday?" Quoth the man: "Why do you want him?" "I have some business with him," answered the king's messenger. The fisherman, who was a cunning fellow, suspected that the vazír had sent the stranger something, so he assumed a doleful aspect and said in a melancholy voice: "I am that poor stranger," on which the servant took out the gold secretly, and giving it to the man, at the same time delivered the king's message; and the fisherman did not return to his companions, but immediately ran to the city, where he purchased a fleet horse and fled in the direction of Tabríz.

On the appointed day the king took the vazír towards the river, and looked in all directions for Shoayb, whom they could not discover, until, reaching the bank, they saw him with two of the fishermen. The king at once surmised that the absence of the third was to be ascribed to the mistake of his servant;

accordingly he said nothing to his vazír, but when he returned to the palace he reprimanded the careless attendant and sent him to prison. Then he took another bag of gold and delivered it to an intelligent servant with the same directions as before. He went to the river, and calling Shoayb privately apart, asked him: "Are you the stranger among the fishermen?" But Shoayb, suspecting that this man might be the precursor of a caravan of fresh misfortunes, answered: "I am one of the fishermen." Then said the man: "Go and send the young stranger to me." Shoayb went and told one of the fishermen that a servant of the king wanted to see him, and when he came the man handed him the bag of gold, without asking any questions, delivered the king's orders, and departed. The fisherman was at first astonished at his good luck, but afterwards said to himself: "Gifts such as this are merely tokens of the munificence of sovereigns. Probably when the king was here and saw our distress the Most High inspired him with pity for us." So he concealed the bag at a distance from Shoayb and his companion; but the latter, having watched all his movements and observed that a servant of the king had given him something which he was now hiding, resolved to make away with him and possess the treasure. Accordingly, having sent Shoayb to the city on some errand, he took the net and said to his comrade: "Come, let us throw the net, for I have just seen a very large fish." His unsuspecting partner

complied, and when he drew near, the intending murderer pushed him into the river, but his own hand becoming entangled in the net he also fell into the water and both perished.

It happened that the fisherman who intended to flee to Tabríz was not well acquainted with the road, and after travelling all day lay down to sleep. When he awoke he found that his horse had strayed away and went in pursuit of it; but having proceeded some distance he recollected that he had left the bag of gold, which was under his head while he slept, and returned for it, but in his haste he missed the spot, not only for an hour or two but he was utterly unable to discover it after three days' search, during which period he had nothing to eat or drink. He found his way back to the capital in a state of great exhaustion, and had no alternative but to betake himself again to his old business on the river. When he arrived there he beheld Shoayb alone and asked him where his two comrades had gone. Shoayb told him that they had sent him four days ago to the town on an errand, and when he returned they were absent and had not yet made their appearance.

Meanwhile the king again made an excursion with the vazír, and when they reached the bank of the river they saw Shoayb with another man. Therefore the king concluded that the gold had been again received by the wrong person and he became very angry. On his return to the palace he punished

the servant, and said to himself: "I am surely singular among kings, not to possess a man able to execute this business properly." Then he despatched a third attendant to the river, telling him that he would see there two men, one of whom belonged to the country, the other was a stranger, and to be sure he brought the latter with him. When the servant came up to the two men he asked: "Which of you two is the stranger?" The fisherman, having obtained the second bag of gold on pretence of being the stranger and believing that the king was conferring gifts on such persons and that the servant had brought more money, replied: "I am the stranger who has no share in the comforts of this world. What do you want with me?" Quoth the servant: "The king wishes to see you." But when the fisherman heard the king mentioned, reflecting that he had received the bag of gold on the previous occasion without having a right to it, he began to tremble; he had no excuse, however, and followed the messenger. When he was brought into the royal presence the king at once saw that he was not the man he had sought to benefit and resolved to punish him. "Are you," demanded he, "the stranger who lives with the fishermen?" The man replied: "Yes." Then quoth the king: "As you are the fellow in consequence of whose unpropitious advent the water of the river has become diminished and the fish in it few in number, you are worthy of death." On seeing his joyous ex-

pectations come to such an end the fisherman began to moan and said: "May it please your majesty, I am not that stranger. But as this world is not our permanent abode, and we are all sojourners in it, I said that I am a stranger." But the king's wrath was not appeased by the man's supplications, and he was immediately made to drink of the beverage of death. Thus on account of the misfortunes of Shoayb all the three fishermen lost their lives.

Shoayb, who had remained by the river, now reflected that, as the king's messengers had several times been there and always asked for the stranger, and as his companions had disappeared, it would not be safe for him to continue longer in that place, especially as it appeared probable that the king bore enmity to strangers; and therefore he betook himself to the city, so that when the king again sent a messenger he could find no one, and his majesty was once more disappointed in his well-meant efforts to assist the poor stranger.

One night the king was walking about the city in disguise,[1] accompanied by some of his courtiers, when he saw a crowd in the bazár assembled round

[1] The renowned Harún er-Rashíd was not the only Oriental monarch fond of prowling through his capital after nightfall in disguise: Indian kings of the olden time, long before the Muhammedan invasion and subjugation, are said to have made it their regular practice. King James the Fifth of Scotland was wont to adopt all sorts of disguises and go about in quest of *amorous* adventures.

a man whose hands were tied, and addressing him in this strain: "In consequence of the unpropitious sight of your unhallowed person, that misfortune has befallen Khoja Naym. He was so rich that every morning and evening one thousand men partook of the banquet of his liberality, and by your ill luck he was overwhelmed by such a calamity." When the king looked well at the man he recognised Shoayb as the object of the reproaches and vituperation of the crowd. So he went aside and said to his attendants: "Save this man in any way you can from the grasp of this mob; for he is the individual we are in search of." The courtiers mixed with the crowd and asked: "Who is this man? And what has he done to Khoja Naym?" The people answered: "Yesterday morning the Khoja was riding out to meet the caravan from Egypt, with the intention of purchasing some goods, and as soon as his eye caught sight of this fellow he immediately fell down from his horse and expired.[1] We have been some time in search of him, and now that we have found him we are going to retaliate on him the death of Khoja Naym." The royal attendants said: "Such events take place by the decrees of Providence. You persecute this guiltless man in vain, for according to the law no crime can be brought home to him. You ought rather to give alms and solace the poor,

[1] Blighted, as they firmly believed, by the mere sight of the *unlucky* man.

to please God, and for the pardon of the Khoja. Indeed, should any evil happen to this man you will have to account for it to the king." But the people of Khoja Naym would not listen to reason, and pulled the man on one side while the courtiers, who were not recognised in the darkness, pulled him on the other side, and the quarrel resulted in a fight, during which several persons were wounded and one of the courtiers was killed. Amidst the confusion, however, Shoayb contrived to make his escape.

When the people of Khoja Naym had fled and the crowd was dispersed, the king walked away with his attendants, who carried the body of the slain courtier along with them. On their way to the palace they were met by the police, who mistook them for robbers carrying a dead comrade, and attempted to arrest them. The king and his men drew their swords and resisted, so that a fight again ensued, which ended in the whole party being captured after several persons had been killed and wounded on both sides. On taking their prisoners to the guard-house the police discovered that they had arrested their own king and became so terrified that they took to their heels. The king arrived at the palace, with his courtiers, so fatigued and wounded that he was unable to rise from his couch for several days. Nevertheless he issued orders to fine, imprison, and punish the people of Khoja Naym, who had during

the night attacked certain persons in the bazár and had even killed one of their number.

On the following evening the king ordered two intimate friends to come to his private apartments, when he spoke to them as follows: "Although at present all appearances are in favour of the vazír's assertion, yet I am unwilling to concede that it is true. You must go again in search of that stranger, and possibly we may at last get hold of him." But the courtiers replied: "It is not advisable that your majesty should take any more trouble in this matter, lest it should result in greater misfortunes." "I see," said the king, "that I cannot entrust this service to any one, and therefore I must go myself." Accordingly, when evening was somewhat advanced, he set out with a number of attendants, and while strolling through the bazárs, he chanced to look into the public bath-house, and there he saw Shoayb sitting in earnest conversation with the fireman, and sent a servant to call him out. When Shoayb had come into the street his majesty said to him: "I am in great favour with the king. I had a brother resembling you in stature and features who was also in the royal service, and just when he had been appointed to a high office an accident hastened him to the next world. No one, however, knows of this but myself; and as I am very desirous that the position to which he was promoted should be enjoyed by a member of my family, I propose to

substitute you in his stead, and present you to the king; and after you receive his favours you will be sent to your post in the country, whereby the dark night of your reverses will be changed to the bright morning of happiness." Shoayb joyfully agreed to this proposal, and the king, handing a purse to an attendant, said to him: "Take charge of this man; to-morrow take him to the bath, and purchase with this gold whatever is required. I shall also send the necessary costume and on the following day present him to his majesty."

As Shoayb and the royal servant were proceeding along together, the latter asked Shoayb to carry the gold for a short while, and just then one of the king's elephants, that had become mad and broken loose, rushing through the street overthrew the servant and trampled him to death. This so frightened Shoayb that he would not remain in the place, and having no other acquaintance, he returned to the fireman of the bath-house. When Shoayb entered, the man perceived the bag in his hand, and fancied he had brought some delicious food; but as Shoayb showed no signs of wishing him to partake of it, he resolved to possess it by a stratagem. He kindled some dry wood over the bath, and, suddenly affecting to be in great distress, exclaimed: "Woe is me! the roof has caught fire, and as the bath-house is close to the bazár it will also become a prey to the flames!" Then handing

a bucket to Shoayb, he said: "Brother, fill this bucket at the river and come back quickly that we may extinguish the fire, from which the whole world is in danger!" Shoayb took the bucket and went out; but as soon as he had disappeared the cupidity of the fireman would not allow him first to extinguish the flames, but impelled him to examine the bag, and when to his astonishment he found it full of gold he exclaimed joyfully: "This is indeed great luck!" But while he was concealing the treasure in an aperture in the wall the flames increased so much that they enveloped the whole roof, and some sparks falling on the heaps of fuel around the building kindled them, and attracted the people of the quarter to the scene, where they found the covetous man burnt to a cinder. Meanwhile the conflagration increased, being fanned by the wind, and it was only put out with great labour, and after much property was destroyed and many persons lost their lives.

While Shoayb was going to fetch water he lost his way, and met a party of thieves carrying on their backs the plunder which they had just taken from a house. As soon as they caught sight of him they compelled him also to carry a burden, and proceeded to the town-wall, which they scaled by throwing up a rope-ladder, and in the same manner they descended on the other side. They walked on until they reached a cemetery, where they deposited their

booty, and then proposed to kill Shoayb, but one of the gang, more merciful than his comrades, said: "Friends, is it not enough that we steal, but we must also commit murder? This man can do us no harm." Others, however, replied: "A head which is cut off cannot speak;" and the discussion was becoming very warm when one of the king's spies chanced to pass by, and hearing voices issuing from the vault, he listened and soon ascertained what was going on. Then he rode quickly to the town and brought a number of armed men, with whom he rushed into the vault, and killed all the thieves. After they had examined the plunder and were beginning to remove it, they discovered in a corner a man crouching down, with his hands tied, and asked him: "Who are you?" Shoayb replied that he was a poor stranger who had been robbed and was just about to be killed when they arrived. The men bade him take of the plunder whatever belonged to him, and he was not slow in appropriating a Kurán[1] with several other articles and walked away. As soon as the morning dawned and

[1] Copies of the Kurán are always very beautifully written and often illuminated with great taste and splendour, and are very costly. Poor Shoayb may, however, have been induced to select a Kurán out of the robbers' booty rather from motives of *piety* than from any desire of gain.—I may mention that, although the art of printing is now practised both in Persia and Turkey, copies of the Kurán are still multiplied (or were so till very lately) by handwriting, from a superstitious notion that the impure materials employed in printing would profane the sacred text.

the city gates were opened Shoayb entered; but as the householder who had been robbed immediately gave notice to the authorities, they were on the alert; and he himself happening to be near the gate by which Shoayb entered at once recognised his own Kurán and the other things the unlucky man was carrying. The servants of the householder caught hold of him and said: "Where have you got these articles?" He replied: "They are my property." Shoayb was, of course, taken for a thief, and the servants tied his hands and were about to bring him before the authorities, when the armed men who had slain the robbers returned, after having secreted the plunder and thrown the bodies into the river. When they found Shoayb in this difficulty, they knew that if he were tortured he would make a confession and bring all of them into trouble, and that they would not be credited with having taken their plunder from the thieves but would be considered as robbers themselves, and thus forfeit their lives. So they determined to liberate Shoayb, and, assembling a great number of their friends, they demanded that the innocent prisoner should be delivered to them. This was refused, and a fight ensued which swelled to such dimensions that about a thousand men were killed, and a rumour spread that an enemy had invaded the capital. The king at once despatched a body of ten thousand men, with orders to quell the tumult at any price, which they did, and brought a multi-

tude of prisoners, including Shoayb, into the presence of the king.

Now the vazír, when the king discussed the subject of Shoayb's misfortunes with him, knew that his majesty would endeavour to disprove his assertions, so he had appointed some men to watch occurrences day and night, and to keep a record of every misfortune which should befall the people on account of Shoayb. They performed their duties very faithfully, and had by this time compiled a document of considerable length. And when the king discovered Shoayb among the prisoners and the wounded who had been brought before him, he inwardly acknowledged his error and was convinced that the vazír was right. The first man whom he called forth from the assembly was the owner of the stolen property, which he identified in the hands of Shoayb of Baghdád, and many others bore witness to the truth of his statement. Then quoth the king to Shoayb: "I know that you are not a thief and a robber, and it is probable that he who is not a thief is also not a liar. I therefore command you to give a true account of this business." The poor fellow in reply related every circumstance from his going to fetch water till his falling among thieves, and so on to the end. Then the king thus spake to the armed men of his spy: "Cupidity spoils everything in this world. Had you simply captured the thieves and brought them to me you would have deserved a reward. But by taking their plunder you

have become their accomplices and the cause of so great confusion and slaughter. You are worthy of death, but as you have slain the thieves I pardon you; at the same time I command you to restore the goods to the owners and leave the city together with Shoayb." After the people had been dismissed the vazír produced the document in which the calamities connected with Shoayb were recorded, and it was found that within the space of twelve days one thousand five hundred men had lost their lives, besides the injuries suffered by those who had been wounded and had lost their property.

Conclusion of the History of Nassar.

Having thus ended his third example, the vazír added: "As this story likewise clearly shows the truth of my assertion, your majesty would do well to dismiss Nassar to a distant country until the rust of his misfortunes is wiped off the mirror of his circumstances, when you may safely receive him again into your royal favour." The king of Egypt approved of this advice, and ordered the vazír to give Nassar a thousand dínars and send him away. The vazír immediately sent for Nassar and gave him the money; he even apologised to Nassar, and desired him to return after his fortune had become more propitious, when his majesty would receive him most graciously, and reward him handsomely.

Nassar was very sad and knew not where to go, till

he recollected that Khayrandísh had given him a ring which he was to show at Aleppo to his friend Abú Jurjas, if he should fall into any troubles and be in need of assistance. So he set out for that city. On the way he came to a delightful meadow, adorned with trees and flowers, and as he was fatigued he lay down near a beautiful spring, and, placing the gold he had received from the vazír under his head, soon fell asleep. Presently he was awoke by a voice exclaiming: "Young man, this is a perilous place for resting or sleeping in. Arise, and save your life!" He leaped up hastily and fled. After a while he recollected that he had forgotten his gold, but was afraid to return; and considering this also as a consequence of his ill-luck he continued his journey.

When he arrived in the vicinity of the hermitage of Abú Jurjas, he beheld it in a state of neatness and cleanliness. From its walls blessings and felicities radiated; but he could find no trace of the hermit. After looking all round, he perceived a man sleeping on a couch, and said to himself: "This must be the hermit, who has probably spent the night in devotion and is now sleeping." Accordingly he waited till evening, but the hermit did not move. Then thought Nassar: "Although it is uncivil to awaken any one from sleep, yet as this man would be sorry to miss the time for evening prayers I must disturb him." He therefore went forward and shook the hermit slightly, but still he did not move. He perceived

a slip of paper on the pillow which contained these words:

"Fortunate youth! on the bank of the river of life no tree grows which is not blown down by the wind of Fate. In a vision I was informed that you would come hither, but whilst I was alive I expected you in vain. But since the goblet of my existence has become filled to-day, I could not postpone my departure, and, bowing my head obediently to the summons of the omnipotent Sovereign, I laid myself down on my death-bed. I am perfectly aware of what you have come to seek. Dread nothing: all your reverses will soon be turned to prosperity. Friend, I have three injunctions to communicate to you: First, that you wash my corpse and bury it in this place; secondly, that as soon as you have the means you build a chapel here, so that whenever people see it they may remember me, and their kind wishes may rejoice my soul, for nothing is more useful to those who sleep on the pillow of death than the prayers of the living for their pardon; and, thirdly, that every Friday[1] night frankincense or other perfumes be burnt over my tomb,

[1] Friday is the Muslim Sunday—called *El-Jum'á*, or the Assembly; but it is not observed as a day exclusively devoted to religious exercises, like the "Lord's Day" among our Protestant "evangelicals," whose motto seems to be, "Let us all be unhappy together," on that day which they ought rather to regard as a day of pious rejoicing, could they be consistent; nor are the superstitious notions associated with the Sabbath in Jewish minds entertained by Muslims regarding the day of *El-Jum'á*.

because wherever that is done angels of mercy alight. On account of the hardships which you have hitherto suffered, your fortune will henceforward be very great. In the neighbourhood of this spot there is a spring called the Fountain of Al-Kamyss, which was a place where Muslim fairies were wont to amuse themselves, and therefore infidel genii have dried it up. You must during the space of forty days[1] go to that place every

[1] The number *forty* seems to have been always a favourite among Eastern peoples, and it occurs in the Bible many times in connection with important events. Thus the Flood continued *forty* days (Gen. vii, 17); Joseph and his kinsmen mourned *forty* days for their father Jacob (Gen. l, 3); thrice Moses fasted *forty* days (Exod. xxiv, 18, xxxiv, 28, and Deut. ix, 9-25); during *forty* days the Hebrew spies searched Canaan (Numb. xiii, 25); Goliath defied the Hebrew army for *forty* days (1 Sam. xvii, 16); Elijah fasted *forty* days (1 Kings xix, 8); Nineveh was to be destroyed after *forty* days (Jonah iii, 4); *forty* days Ezekiel bore the iniquities of the house of Judah, a day for a year (Ezek. iv, 6); Christ was tempted by Satan during *forty* days (Matt. iv, 2, and Mark i, 13), and he continued *forty* days on earth after his resurrection (Acts i, 3); the Israelites were condemned to wander in the wilderness *forty* years (Numb. xiv, 33).—Muslims mourn *forty* days for their dead; and they deem a woman ceremonially unclean during *forty* days after childbirth: among the Israelites the period was forty days when she had given birth to a male child and eighty days in the case of a female child.—In the present romance, our unlucky hero, Nassar, is directed by the hermit's "last will," as above, to spend *forty* days in prayer for the restoration of the fairies' fountain; he shoots an arrow through a finger-ring *forty* times (p. 100); but his too expert archery caused an accident to the king, from the effects of which

day and pray God to cause the water again to flow. As soon as by divine command the water reappears, you must perform the sacred ablution of gratitude to the Almighty, when all the filth of your misfortunes will be removed and the fairies will everywhere shower happiness on your head."

After Nassar had read the paper he washed and buried the body of the hermit. Then he betook himself to the fountain and prayed during forty days, at the end of which period the water again began to flow and fishes appeared in it, by order of the Almighty, and each fish bore a jewel in its ear and a ring in its mouth. The fishes exclaimed: "Praise be to the Most High!" and saluted Nassar, who was very much astonished at the spectacle. Then a white fish more beautiful than all the others raised its head from the water, brought the purse of gold which Nassar had left in the meadow when he was scared away by the warning voice, and said: "Happy young man! this is your property. Be not amazed at the sight of us, for,

his majesty did not recover until he had been "*forty* days under medical treatment" (p. 102); poor Shah Manssur was in the power of the cruel sorceress for nearly *forty* days (p. 26); and the son of the king of Tytmyran was tossed about on the sea in a boat for *forty* days (p. 73). To conclude this long note: *forty* is the usual number of a gang of robbers in Eastern tales—that of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" will at once occur to the reader; and we have another example in the diverting story of "Ahmed the Cobbler" (Malcolm's *Sketches of Persia*), where the king's treasury is plundered by *forty* robbers.

though we are now in the form of fishes, we are in reality fairies, and live according to the ordinances of Islám; and for this reason we usually assume the shape of fish, because they are the most innocent of God's creatures.[1] This fountain is our abode and place of amusement. When the malevolent genii had, on account of their enmity towards us, dried up this spring, we were compelled to wander about; but now that, by the blessing of your advent, the water has again appeared, we are engaged in praising God and in thanking you. Young man, in the meadow where you slept near a fountain we warned you to depart, because that region is the abode of a tremendous dragon which has destroyed numberless people by its fiery breath, and no one has been able to kill it. The astrologers have predicted that a stranger will destroy the monster, and the king of the country, who has no offspring, has made a vow that he will abdicate the throne in favour of that fortunate stranger. We shall reward your good deed by killing the dragon and bringing you a sign, whereby you shall obtain the bride of royalty and gain every day a hundredfold more than your father Khoja Humáyún has lost."

Then the fairies brought forth various savoury dishes, of which they invited him to eat, while they went and slew the dragon, after which they vanished. But soon a great tempest and dust enveloped the whole firmament in confusion and darkness; and when

[1] Excepting, surely, "the shark and the sun-fish dark"!

all the noise and turmoil had passed away, the surface of the fountain became slightly agitated, and the fishes again appeared, and placed the head of the dragon, which was of monstrous size, on the brim of the spring. Then one of the fairy fishes addressed Nassar, saying: "This dragon was sleeping in the shadow of a mountain; we went with seventy thousand fairies to the spot where the monster lay, and separating half of the mountain threw it on the dragon, which immediately perished—its last agonies caused the tempest and darkness. Although the service which we have thus done to you is as nothing compared with the favour you have conferred upon us, yet as every return, be it ever so slight, is acceptable, we have been happy to serve you; and, please God, we shall hereafter consider it as our highest pleasure to gratify every one of your wishes. And now you may depart to the city."

Nassar went away accordingly; and when the people saw the head of the dragon they notified the event to the capital, from which immense crowds issued, so that not less than twenty thousand persons met Nassar and escorted him with great pomp into the city, the people constantly bowing and thanking him for the great benefit he had conferred on them. Just then the good king was on his deathbed, and, having no son, his ministers did not know who should be his successor. But when they heard of Nassar's entrance into the city they instantly conveyed him before the dying king, who was rejoiced to learn that the dragon

was slain, kissed Nassar on the forehead, offered his thanksgivings to the Most High, murmuring: "If I must die, I have now no other wish." Then he handed his diadem and royal signet to Nassar, and said to the vazír: "He is indeed a good servant who obeys his sovereign on his deathbed; therefore now let every one who loves me pay his allegiance to Nassar." With one accord the ministers and others who were present did homage to Nassar and elevated him to the throne of royalty.

When the king died Nassar began to govern. He fulfilled the last wishes of the hermit. He sent messengers to Baghdád to bring his father Khoja Humáyún with all his relatives, and on their arrival, with great ceremony and pomp, the father rejoiced to meet his son like Jacob when he was brought to Joseph. Nassar appointed his father to be his vazír and bestowed high stations on all his kindred; he also wrote a letter to the king of Egypt, which he sent with many gifts, informing him of the happy turn his destiny had taken. Thus Nassar, although for some time in the gripe of various misfortunes, became ultimately very happy and spent his life in great comfort.

HISTORY OF FARRUKHRUZ.

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HISTORY OF FARRUKHRUZ,

THE FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE.[1]

CHAPTER I.

HOW THREE BROTHERS SET OUT ON A TRADING JOURNEY—HOW THE YOUNGEST IS CRUELLY ABANDONED BY HIS ELDER BRETHREN—HOW HE MEETS WITH ROYAL FAVOUR.

IN ancient times there lived in Kashmír a jeweller called Khoja Marján, who was very lucky in all his dealings and amassed great wealth. He had three sons, the two elder of whom were of a foolish and lazy disposition, and one day the Khoja said to them: "According to the requirements of this

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[1] "Sometimes it happens," says our author, "that a man is such a favourite of fortune that if another try to injure him even that will turn to his advantage. Good men refrain in thought and word and deed from injuring their fellow men; but evil-minded men resemble scorpions in their nature, stinging everybody without cause, and with no profit to themselves, while the objects of their hatred nevertheless prosper;—as will appear from the following story of the adventures of Farrukhrúz, whose success was promoted by the enmity which the vazírs of the king of Yaman entertained against him."

world, everyone must do something for his living. You may have heard that at first I was only the servant of a jeweller, yet I have, by dint of industry, overcome all obstacles, so that in this city there is no person who is richer than myself. It would be a pity if you were, in your folly, to trust in my opulence and engage in no occupation, because in this way many who had the greatest expectations were disappointed and reduced to misery. If any man, though he be rich, knows only how to spend and never to gain, it is very probable that he will exhaust all his resources. Therefore as our business is commerce, which is promoted by trading in different places, I desire you to gain your livelihood in that manner as long as I am alive, and for this purpose I shall give to each of you some goods, and thus you may carry on business."[1]

The name of the Khoja's third son was Farrukhrúz; he was a great deal more intelligent than his brothers and therefore loved his father more; so, after the Khoja had delivered the promised goods to his two elder sons, he privately handed to Farrukhrúz a small casket, saying: "My dear son, the true touchstone of young men is travel, by which their ability

[1] A sensible man! He was well aware that frequently "riches take unto themselves wings and flee away." The sons of "self-made" men seldom turn out to be of much account—probably because fathers such as Khoja Marján are not often found among those whose sole aim in life has been to "mak' siller"!

appears. Although none of you has yet made a journey, the results of which might show your skill and intelligence, yet my paternal love whispers to me that you are the worthiest of my sons. In this casket there is a cock which skillful artisans have carved from a single ruby and inserted inside of it various contrivances, so that it is such a great curiosity that its like has not been seen in the world. Keep it secret from your brothers, so that should you fall into trouble you may still help yourself by presenting it as a gift to some king."

The three brothers, having received each his portion of goods from their father, began to journey to Irán, and arrived first at the city of Herát, which was at that time governed with justice and equity. In that delightful place the two elder sons of Khoja Marján spent all their time in pleasure, but Farrukhrúz engaged himself in business. One day he ventured to admonish his brothers, but they stretched forth the neck of impudence and refused to listen to his advice. At last, however, their dissipated ways reduced them to poverty, and such was their misery that they purposed committing suicide. Farrukhrúz took pity on them and gave them some of his own goods, saying: "Dear brothers, you have only yourselves to blame for what has happened." They soon squandered their brother's bounty, and when he requested them to continue the journey, they replied that they had no resources at all and

would not move from that place. So Farrukhrúz was obliged to leave them and proceeded to the city of Shíráz, where he traded for some time, gained much wealth, and became acquainted with a most excellent man named Zayn al-Mofáherin, who presented him with a ring when he was about to depart and said: "As men are everywhere beset by dangers, especially in travelling, I give you this ring, and in case you should fall into distress you must show it to a friend of mine in Mosúl, whose name is Habíb, and he will aid you."

Farrukhrúz then departed for Tabríz, where he opened a shop, and having made very large profits he resolved to proceed to the country of the Franks, and purchased various kinds of merchandise required in that part of the world, which he placed on the backs of twenty strings of camels. On reaching Baghdád he stopped there for some time on account of his commercial transactions; and it happened one day, when he was walking about the bazár as usual, that he remarked among the porters two men exactly resembling his brothers, but they were so dirty and ragged, with their hair and beards unkempt, that he was at first unwilling to approach them, and they did not appear to recognise him. He ordered one of his servants to call them aside, and when they came he burst into tears, and they also wept and were ashamed to look in his face. He gave to each of them a quantity of goods, saying: "My dear

brothers, those that walk in the streets of safety will never be assailed by the dust of trouble. You may return home with the goods I have given you." But they replied: "Why should we separate from so kind and loving a brother? We wish to obey and follow you wherever you go."

In short, the three brothers left Baghdád together and travelled towards the country of the Franks. But when the two ne'er-do-well brothers discovered the wealth of Farrukhrúz the flames of envy and cupidity were kindled in the oven of their hearts, and one said to the other: "What is the use of such a life, that we should be subject to our younger brother? We shall earn only shame in the sight of our father and everybody, and so long as we live the stain of despondency and poverty will never disappear from our characters, while he will always enjoy honour and respect. We must in some way cause his death, so as to obtain possession of his property, after which we may return home and say that a fatal mishap has befallen him." Thus did those two ungrateful men wipe from the tablets of their minds, with the water of treachery and faithlessness, the benefits they had received, and having agreed about the crime they watched for an opportunity to perpetrate it.

On arriving in the vicinity of the Frank country they embarked in a vessel, which carried a skiff, and one day the brothers said to Farrukhrúz:

"Come, let us all three get down into the boat, which is quite empty, and we may rest ourselves better in it than in this ship." Farrukhrúz consented, and when they had all gone down into the skiff the two seniors said it would be more comfortable to have some bedding, and went back into the ship to fetch it, leaving Farrukhrúz in the little boat, who presently perceived to his great consternation that it had been cast loose and was gradually drifting away from the vessel. The sailors noticed this occurrence when it was too late to recover their boat. Farrukhrúz at once concluded that this had been done by his brothers, but, considering that lamentation is of no avail, he thanked God that he had nothing more to fear from his brothers, and trusting to the mercy of the Most High, who is able to deliver us from all dangers, he fell asleep. Nor did he indeed encounter the least peril, for on the third day his skiff arrived safely on the coast of Yaman.[1]

Farrukhrúz went on shore, hoping to discover some inhabited place, when the king of Yaman, who happened to be on a hunting excursion, came in sight with a splendid cavalcade, so he drew near the prince, made his obeisance, and spoke as follows: "Your majesty's humble servant has tasted of the bitterness of misfortune, and hope impels him to prostrate himself at your feet." The king stopped and looked at

[1] Or Yemen: the ancient Arabia Felix.

Farrukhrúz, who took out the cock given to him by his father and presented it to his majesty, who was greatly pleased with the gift. To all questions Farrukhrúz returned very intelligent answers, and in a few days he so won the affection of the king that he said to him: "I thank God for having become acquainted with such a prudent and honest man as you are. Speak your mind freely to me on all subjects." Farrukhrúz replied: "May the light of your majesty's most happy government always remain shining in the assembly of prosperity, and may it always be protected in the lantern of divine favour from every wind of adversity! Your humble servant desires only to behold the glory of your majesty; and, as he has experienced reverses of fortune, he craves merely permission to sojourn for a time under the protection of this government." The king readily agreed to his request, and assigned a lodging with the means of subsistence to Farrukhrúz, who was assiduous in attending court, and succeeded in ingratiating himself so well that he became one of the favourites of the king, and was appointed to so high a station that the other counsellors, secretaries, and great officials became such in name only, because the authority of Farrukhrúz had in all matters become paramount.

CHAPTER II.

THE HERO'S QUEST OF A THRONE OF MARVELLOUS GEMS.

This elevation of a stranger to the highest post did not fail to excite universal jealousy and envy, and all the courtiers sought an opportunity of removing Farrukhrúz. On a certain occasion the king gave a great banquet, at which the wonderful cock was exhibited, and when the repast was over the king thus addressed his guests: "You have all seen the world, but you have at no royal court beheld a curiosity such as this which Farrukhrúz has presented to me." The envious courtiers replied: "That is true; but we conceive that if your majesty were to order a throne to be constructed of white chrysolites, yellow emeralds, and red diamonds, it would surpass anything ever possessed by any sovereign." Quoth the king, smiling: "You are wishing for an impossibility, because I have never heard that there exist white chrysolites, yellow emeralds, or red diamonds; but if so, they are probably so rare that sufficient of them could not be obtained for a ring, not to speak of a throne." The courtiers rejoined: "Any affair that can possibly be accomplished is open to the competition of skilful and experienced persons." In this strain they continued until they succeeded in exciting in the king a desire to possess such a throne, so he asked them: "Who then can procure a sufficient quantity of such

precious stones with which to construct a throne?" To this question they unanimously replied: "The business may be accomplished by a very intelligent man, and we know of no other than Farrukhrúz who is qualified to undertake it, seeing that he has already brought a curiosity the like of which is not to be found in the world." But the king said that, as Farrukhrúz had become so useful to him, he could not dispense with his presence. Farrukhrúz, however, rose from his place and offered his services, promising to return within the space of forty days.[1] So the king gave him the required leave of absence, and he proceeded, according to the advice of Zayn al-Mofáherin, to Mosúl, in search of the hermit Habíb, whom he found in a cave near that town.

The hermit was a devout old man, reposing himself in perfect innocence and piety in the mansion of tranquillity and asceticism, with a mind free from the shackles of animal passions, and engaged in humbly praising and worshipping the Bestower of all gifts. Farrukhrúz made his salám, presented the ring of Zayn al-Mofáherin, and was welcomed by the hermit, who said: "I am glad to see you—I know the ring of my friend; and as it has been during my whole life a pleasure to assist all true believers, I request you to inform me of your wants." Farrukhrúz explained his case, after which the hermit continued: "Although no one has ever returned disappointed

[1] "Forty days" again!—see *ante*, note on pp. 140, 141.

from this place, I must inform you that your enemies have contrived to send you in search of objects the attainment whereof they conceived to be impossible, and indeed the affair is a very difficult one. Let us however trust in God, who is able to help us."

About sunset the hermit offered up the customary prayers, after which he said to Farrukhrúz: "By divine inspiration I learn that in Syria there is a mountain near which is a spot inhabited by genii and fairies, who possess many of the precious stones you require. They are stored in the treasury of their king, but no man has dared to approach the place since the time of King Sulayman (on whom be blessings!). At present, however, a son of the king of the fairies is suffering from lunacy, which greatly distresses his father. All physicians who tried to cure him entirely failed; but I shall teach you a prayer which will restore him to health, and the king will very gratefully reward you." Then the hermit taught Farrukhrúz the prayer, and giving him a staff, said: "This staff is made from the cocoa-nut tree of Ceylon, one of whose numerous properties is that it conveys its owner safely through all dangers to the place of its destination.[1] The various genii and sorcerers

[1] A kind of witch's broomstick, apparently. It is to be regretted that our author (or the holy hermit) did not specify the other properties of this wonderful staff! Doubtless it also provided the possessor with "meat, drink, and clothing," in common with similar magical articles which figure in the fairy tales of all peoples.

harbouring enmity towards mankind assume different forms and infest the road, and accomplish the ruin of many travellers. There is no doubt but they will also lay snares for you, and should you be so foolish as to lose this staff you will fall into troubles from which you may never escape."

Farrukhrúz then took his leave of the hermit, started on his journey, and arrived after several days within the dominions of the fairies, entering a pleasant meadow adorned with beautiful flowers and rivulets. The fragrant vegetation and salubrious air which he inhaled exhilarated Farrukhrúz, and invited him to walk about in that delightful spot. He soon perceived a group of beauteous fairies sitting around one of their own sex, who seemed to be their queen, on seeing whom he was so fascinated by her attractions that he stood still as if petrified, but his heart palpitated violently. A fairy presently approached him, and taking him by the hand drew him into the circle. He completely forgot the admonitions of the hermit, and chatted with the fairy damsel very pleasantly, till they all leapt up nimbly and taking him along with him, walked till they came to a palace which the ladies entered, but Farrukhrúz was turned away by the male attendants with these words: "This is not a place where any stranger may freely go in and out." Accordingly he sat down in melancholy and expectation, and after a short space one of those heart-ravishers issued forth to call him. Farrukhrúz

quickly arose to obey the joyful summons, but a gate-keeper met him half-way, saying: "The laws of courtesy prohibit any one from entering the private apartments of high personages armed; it would be highly improper for you to pay your respects to the queen of this country with a staff in your hand." Then he took the staff from Farrukhrúz, who rushed in as if intoxicated with the desire of beholding the object of his adoration. When he entered, he found himself in a paradise-like place containing a throne ornamented with innumerable gems, on which that beauty reposed like the world-illuming sun, with all the attendant ladies seated around her, conversing, playing on musical instruments, laughing, eating, and drinking.

Farrukhrúz was rejoiced at beholding this scene, and flattered himself that he might soon become more closely acquainted with the occupant of the throne, considering himself as already happier than a thousand kings of Yaman. Nor was he disappointed in his expectations; for the charming queen addressed him in the most gratifying terms; dallied with him amorously; and having asked for a goblet of wine she sipped some of it, and handing it to him desired him to quaff the contents. But no sooner had Farrakhrúz done so than he became transformed into a monkey, with dugs full of milk, and several young monkeys tugging at them, in the midst of a shoreless ocean, and floating on a piece of timber. He looked in all

directions, but perceived no land, and awaking, in his bitter grief, from his sleep of carelessness, he recollected the advice of Habíb the hermit and the loss of his staff. But his self-reproaches availed him nothing, while the little monkeys pulled away at the teats and were even manifesting their enmity; but the maternal kindness of a monkey, with which he had been invested, prevented him from retaliating. In this manner he spent several days without food, drink, sleep, or rest, suffering from the burning heat of the sun, and imploring the mercy of the Almighty to rescue him from this peril, till at last after the expiration of seven days a ship came in sight, from which a beautiful lady descended into a skiff with two attendants. The skiff was rowed about the sea till it approached the piece of timber on which Farrukhrúz was sitting, when he began to moan most pitifully after the manner of monkeys, which attracted the attention of the lady and she said to her attendants: "Unless I am greatly mistaken, I again behold an effect of the wickedness of that God-forgetting fairy, who has changed this poor wretch into a monkey." Then she uttered a magic spell, upon which Farrukhrúz sneezed and immediately recovered his human shape. The piece of timber drew near the skiff, and as soon as Farrukhrúz stepped into it he perceived he was in a garden with the beautiful lady and several other persons, when he exclaimed: "Praise be to God! I experience

wonderful changes!" The lady took him by the hand, congratulated him on his delivery, and said: "Be of good cheer. I have, by divine Providence, been guided to this spot, and have thus been enabled to save you. Others have fallen into the same snare like yourself and have lost their lives, while you have come forth unscathed from the whirlpool of calamity."

For a while the lady promenaded with Farrukhrúz, and then they proceeded to a splendid mansion, wherein was a throne encrusted with jewels on which she took her seat, and was waited upon by legions of attendants. Presently most delicious food was brought to Farrukhrúz, who broke his fast of seven days, and having satisfied his hunger and recovered his strength he was obliged to relate his adventures. Then quoth the lady: "Since cunning and hatred have brought so much trouble on your head, perhaps kindness may now do somewhat to aid you. Know that the wicked fairy who has injured you is my sister. Her name is Nafísa, and we are both the daughters of King Núbahár, who reigned supreme over all the fairies of this country; but after our father's death my sister was for some time led astray from the true faith by an infidel genie who got her into his power, and even now she tries to injure Muslims as much as she can." Having thus spoken, she whispered to a fairy, who went away and returned with the staff which the hermit Habíb had given to Farrukhrúz,

and of which the other fairies had deprived him. Farrukhrúz thanked the queen, who then said: "I should be glad if you were to remain here and live with me, but I wish not to detain you. Yet I beseech you to return, because that comfort which you may enjoy here you will never find among men and their follies. In the meanwhile, however, you may go in quest of the precious stones you are in want of: the king whose son is subject to fits of lunacy is my uncle, and he possesses a countless store of the gems you require, but is in great distress on account of his son's malady." Then she sent one of her courtiers with Farrukhrúz to inform her uncle that he would cure the prince.

Farrukhrúz left the park with the fairy courtier, and at the gate there was a box wherein he was requested to take his position and close his eyes, and on opening them after a moment he perceived that he had been transported into a royal palace, the like of which, for beauty, magnificence, and decoration, no human eye had ever beheld. There he saw a monarch seated on a throne with great pomp and surrounded by numerous courtiers, all of whom were in deep mourning. He was presented by his guide to the king, who said to him: "Young man, considering that human beings excel all other earthly creatures in beneficence and happiness, I welcome your advent. I am informed that you have come to cure my son, and if you do so I shall feel myself indebted to you as long as I live."

Farrukhrúz replied: "Exalted sovereign, although every cure depends in the first place upon the mercy of the Most High, your humble servant possesses a supplication in which he has the fullest confidence, and hopes by means of it to effect a cure." The king then gave orders to produce the prince, who was accordingly brought forth in bonds and chains. He wept by turns like a vernal cloud and smiled like a fresh rose; he had also fits of a violent character. As soon as Farrukhrúz cast his eyes upon the afflicted prince he opened the portals of eloquence with the name of God and recited the prayer which he had learned of Habíb the hermit. When he had completed the invocation the prince recovered the perfect use of his intellect and was cured; he sneezed a few times, thanked God, and asked: "For what cause have I been put in chains?" At these words the king manifested his joy, kissed the prince, and delivered him from his chains, and all the fairies rejoiced. Then quoth the sultan to Farrukhrúz: "I cannot express to you my gratitude in words, nor am I able to reward you. May God requite you!" Farrukhrúz opened the lips of civility, saying: "I am delighted with the fortunate result of my prayer," and preferred his request for the precious stones, when the king immediately caused immense quantities of white chrysolites, yellow emeralds, and red diamonds to be brought from the treasury, and ordered a skilful genie to construct a throne with the gems, which was

instantly done. When it was evening a genie called Tahmatán, who moved with the celerity of lightning, departed with the throne to the kingdom of Yaman, accompanied by Farrukhrúz, to whom the king of the fairies said affectionately: "Take this ring, which has been kept for many ages in the treasury of my ancestors, and the possession of which is connected with numerous blessings; keep it always on your finger, and it will preserve you from all misfortunes, except when you are in a state of ceremonial uncleanness, because the Ineffable Name is written on it;[1]

[1] Muslims have derived from the Jewish cabbalists the notion of the marvellous efficacy of the "unutterable Name" of God—called by the Arabs *El-Ism el-Aazam*, "the Most Great Name." It was, they say, engraved on Solomon's signet-ring, by means of which he subdued all the genii and demons, save one rebellious and powerful genie called Sakhr, who concealed himself in an island in mid-ocean. But the Wise King "took up" with strange women—with the daughters of idolatrous kings whom he had conquered in battle; and to one of those he gave his ring one unlucky day, to keep for him while he was at his bath. The demon Sakhr, who had been prowling invisibly about the palace, in hopes of catching his royal enemy at an unguarded moment, assumed Solomon's form and readily obtained possession of the wonder-working ring, and sat on the throne of Israel, while Solomon—whose appearance was at once changed—was driven forth, to wander up and down the land as a beggar. To be brief, the ring was, after long years, found in the maw of a fish—Sakhr having thrown it away when he fled, on being detected as an imposter by the reading of the Law in his presence—and Solomon "came to his own again." Solomon's signet-ring figures frequently in Muslim romances and stories: it was with

and if you keep it with you when in such a condition you will become subject to fits of epilepsy and lunacy, and it will return to our treasury, nor will any mortal be able to cure you except ourselves. Whenever any difficulty occurs to you, turn the ring on the forefinger of your right hand, and ask aid of the victorious spirit of Sulayman (on whom be blessing!), when instantly a genie will make his appearance, to whom you may entrust any service and he will accomplish it. But you must not let it be seen by wicked demons, who are the sworn enemies of mankind, lest they should deprive you of this talisman." Farrukhrúz thanked the king and was taken up by Tahmatán with the throne at midnight and set down in Yaman before daybreak.

When Farrukhrúz had departed in quest of the

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this magical ring that he sealed the copper vessels into which he conjured certain rebellious genii, and then caused them to be thrown into the sea; it also gave him power over all creatures on the earth and in the waters, and over the eight winds, which, at his command, wafted through the air, whithersoever he pleased, himself and his army on the marvellous carpet woven for him by genii—to which the poet Bahá-ed-Dín Zuhayr, of Egypt, thus alludes in an address to his lady-love:

"And now I bid the very wind
 To speed my loving message on,
As though I might its fury bind,
 Like Solomon."

The wind is a common messenger of love in the amatory poetry of the East;—thus a pre-Islamite Arabian poet exclaims in apostrophising his beloved: "O may the western breeze tell thee of my ardent desire to return home!"

wonderful gems, the envious vazírs and secretaries were delighted, believing that he would never return. But the king was grieved at being separated from his favourite and impatiently counted the days of his absence. At last he said to his courtiers: "What need had I of such a throne, since the society of such a friend was more valuable to me than a thousand thrones of king Sulayman? Perchance Farrukhrúz has been unable to attain his object and is ashamed to return." The vazírs professed to agree with the king's opinion, being afraid to contradict him. On the fortieth day, however, Farrukhrúz brought the throne to the palace before any of the vazírs or secretaries had made their appearance. At the joyful sight the king embraced and kissed him affectionately, and ordered all the great drums of gladness to be beaten. The grandees, who were yet in their own houses, were astonished at the sounds they heard, and when they learned what had happened they were confused and dismayed. On going to the palace, and seeing that the honour which Farrukhrúz had before enjoyed was greatly increased, they said one to another: "The luck of this man is truly marvellous, since he has accomplished what everybody considered an impossibility."

CHAPTER III.

THE HERO GOES IN QUEST OF FOUR TREASURE-TREES, AND IS MARRIED TO THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

THE king of Yaman again gave a grand banquet, at which the wonderful cock was exhibited beside the magnificent throne which Farrukhrúz had brought from fairyland, and which was greatly admired by the assembled people. The vazírs were obliged to conceal their malevolence, and after giving utterance to many expressions of admiration they said: "Although your majesty's humble servants and well-wishers are unable to produce anything themselves, yet they consider it their duty to suggest anything which might increase your glory. If four date-trees of gold, having fruits and leaves of jewels, were placed at the four corners of this throne there is no doubt your majesty would be unequalled as the possessor of costly and rare objects, and no monarch on earth could pretend to the least shadow of equality with our king."[1] The

[1] I reproduce the following notes on treasure-trees from my paper on the Franklin's Tale (entitled "The Damsel's Rash Promise") in *Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales,"* printed for the Chaucer Society, p. 336:

In the *Kathá Sarit Ságara*—an ancient Sanskrit story-book—we read of trees with golden trunks, branches of jewels, the clear white flowers of which were clusters of pearls; golden lotuses, etc. Aladdin, it will be remembered, found in the cave, where was deposited the magic lamp, trees bearing "fruit" of emeralds and other gems of great price, with which he took care to stuff his pockets.

sultan smiled disdainfully and said: "Such a wish cannot be realised; for, though I have perused many

In the mediæval romance of Alexander we are told how the world-conqueror jousted with Porus for his kingdom, and having overthrown him, he found in the palace of the vanquished monarch innumerable treasures, and amongst others a vine of which the branches were gold, the leaves emerald, and the fruit of other precious stones—a fiction, says Dunlop, which seems to have been suggested by the golden vine which Pompey carried away from Jerusalem.

The garden of Duke Isope, as described in the *Tale of Beryn* (Supp. Canterbury Tales: Ch. Soc., p. 84), had a similar tree:

> "In mydward of this garden stant a feire tre,
> Of alle maner levis that under sky [there] be,
> I-forgit and i-fourmyd, eche in his degre,
> Of sylvir, and of goldè fyne, that lusty ben to see."

As the treasures coveted by the Arimaspians were guarded by griffins, and the golden apples of the Hesperides by a dragon, so this garden of Duke Isope was kept by eight "tregetours," or magicians, who looked like "abominabill wormys," enough to frighten the bravest man on earth.

The Italian poet Boiardo, in the 12th canto of his *Orlando Innamorato*, represents the virtuous Tisbina as promising her love to Iroldo, who is madly enamoured of her, on condition that he perform a certain task for her: "Beyond the forest of Barbary," says she, "is a fair garden, which has an iron wall. Herein entrance can be obtained by four gates: one Life keeps, Death, another, Poverty, another, and Riches, another. Whoso goes therein must depart by the opposite gate. In the midst is a tree of vast height, far as an arrow may mount aloft; that tree is of marvellous price, for whenever it blossoms it puts forth pearls, and it is called the Treasure-Tree, for it has apples of emerald and boughs of gold. A branch of this tree," adds the fair Tisbina, "I must have, otherwise I am in heavy case."

biographical and historical works, I have never read that anything of this kind exists in the world." They replied: "May it please your majesty, there is nothing which will not yield to skill and intelligent efforts." Quoth the king: "Who, then, is able to procure those objects?" "Farrukhrúz is the man," said the vazírs. "God forbid," exclaimed the king, "that I should burden him with this affair, seeing that I am already under great obligations to him. Propose some one else." After the conversation had thus continued for some time, Farrukhrúz stood up and said: "If your majesty will give me leave, I shall be most happy to undertake this business." The king hesitated long, but ultimately permitted him to go, on condition that he returned at the end of six months.

Farrukhrúz accordingly departed in quest of the treasure-trees, and when he was well out of the city he took the signet-ring given to him by the king of the fairies and put it on his finger, when immediately an afrít[1] of dreadful aspect, large as an elephant and fierce as a dragon, appeared before him, and bowing humbly said: "I am Kashank the afrít whom the king of the fairies has sent to serve you, and I have come to execute your orders." "I wish to see her majesty the queen of the fairies," rejoined Farrukhrúz, upon which the afrít Kashank drew the finger of obedience over the eyes of acquiescence, and taking Farrukhrúz on his back ascended into the sky.

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[1] A species of inferior *jinni*, or genie.

After the fairy queen had despatched Farrukhrúz to her cousin to cure his son, she sent a number of afríts for her sister Nafísa, who had ill-treated Farrukhrúz, and when she was brought the queen spoke to her thus: "Sinful woman! how is it that you always afflict Muslims, who are of all men by their piety and devotion the greatest favourites in the courts of Unity. How had poor Farrukhrúz offended you that you should change him into a monkey?" Then the queen would have punished her, but all the fairies pleaded in her favour and Nafísa was pardoned. But so far from feeling grateful for this clemency, Nafísa, to avenge the humiliation which she had been forced to endure at the court of her sister, plotted with a number of malevolent genii against Queen Bánú. Knowing that her sister wished to marry Farrukhrúz, and that he had cured the prince and obtained from his father such a powerful talisman as the signet-ring, she said to her complotters: "It is likely that the love which Farrukhrúz entertains for Queen Bánú will induce him to visit her presently, and as she has so deeply insulted me you must kill him and thus disappoint her. Let one of my damsels be dressed to resemble Queen Bánú, and send her with a suitable retinue to meet Farrukhrúz, who will mistake her for the queen and marry her. In his attentions to her he will become careless about the ring, so that you will be able to take it from his finger and then easily put

him to death." Matters having been thus arranged, they waited for the appearance of Farrukhrúz. It happened also that Kashank the afrít, whom the king of the fairies had sent to Farrukhrúz, was a friend and well-wisher of Nafísa, so he informed her of his errand, and she in return disclosed to him her scheme, upon which he said: "Be not dismayed; make all arrangements for your damsel to meet Farrukhrúz in the spot where you first saw him, and I shall bring him thither."

When Kashank took up Farrukhrúz he ascended higher than any flight of imagination could conceive, but on coming over the country of Syria he gradually lowered himself and set Farrukhrúz down in the fairy park, saying: "Happy mortal! as the secrets of our minds are known to our true friends and reflected to each other in the mirrors of their hearts, the queen has obtained the glad tidings of your propitious advent, and will to-day throw a halo of felicity by meeting you with a numerous company in this very place. I have brought you here to see your love." Farrukhrúz was charmed with this information, and presently was introduced to one of Nafísa's maids, dressed to personate Queen Bánú, seated on a throne, and surrounded by numerous attendants, in great pomp and dignity. He was deceived by her striking resemblance to the queen, and, losing self-possession, eagerly ran to meet her, and they fell into each

other's arms. After the first ebullition of joy was over, she invited him to seat himself on the throne by her side, and conversed with him on his adventures. On being informed of the envy of the vazírs she said: "Beloved friend, are you not disgusted to live among persons who are unable to appreciate your merits and send you on such errands? I entreat you by your love not to expose yourself to farther dangers, and never to return to that place. Remain with me, and let us both be happy." While she was thus cajoling Farrukhrúz her attendants gradually disappeared, and when they were quite alone she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Farrukhrúz had no sooner yielded to the impulse of his passions than he felt that his mind was becoming deranged; his head became dizzy and he closed his eyes, and on opening them again he could find no trace of his mistress, and the whole scene was changed. He heard the wind blowing and thunders roaring; his mind was confused; he began to babble incoherently, and at last was drowned in the ocean of unconsciousness. When he recovered from his trance he found that he had assumed the form of an old barber in Damascus, and was just then engaged in shaving the head of a customer, having in his shop the utensils required in the trade and a number of apprentices standing round him. He was amazed at this new scene, and thought within himself: "What have I come to?" and recollecting the signet-ring,

with the injunction of the king of the fairies, he began to weep bitterly.

The man whom he was shaving saw him moving his lips, muttering something, and shaking his head; so he said to him: "Barber, what is the matter with you? Perhaps you are calculating the income of your trade, or have been long in the bath, the fumes of which have muddled your brains, that you have stopped shaving my head.[1] Be quick! The police magistrate has invited a large number of high personages to be his guests to-day, and there is no one except myself to make the necessary arrangements for the repast." But Farrukhrúz was so absorbed in his thoughts about Queen Bánú that he paid not the least attention to what his customer said, at which the latter became wroth and expostulated, where-

[1] It is a general practice of Muslim men to shave their heads, leaving in front a *kakull*, or tuft of hair, in order, according to some writers, that an enemy, in the day of battle, after cutting off the head of any of the faithful whom he had slain, should have wherewithal to carry it, and not require to pollute it by thrusting his fingers into the mouth. This bears some resemblance to the tuft which North American Indians wear, as a defiance to their foes—to scalp them if they can! The tuft on the Muslim's head, however, serves another purpose, in being allowed to grow for some time before he sets out on the pilgrimage to Makka, so that, arrived there, he can twist it round his head like a turban, as a guard against the fierce Arabian sun. The Bráhmans also shave their heads, leaving a similar tuft, which, like the "pig-tail" of a Chinaman, is a mark of respectability, and its removal is a very great disgrace.

upon Farrukhrúz, who imagined him to be the afrít Kashank, threw away his razor, and tore his own clothes from top to bottom, strewed dust on his head, struck the man several times, began to weep, and exclaimed: "Wicked afrít! the king of the fairies warned me to be on my guard against such as you, and not let them see the ring. I disregarded this injunction and trusted in you. By your perfidy I have lost a talisman which is more valuable than the diadem of Iskandar or the goblet of Jamshíd![1] I have been deprived of the society of my mistress and become subject to fits of lunacy and epilepsy, and have lost my happiness. You are not satisfied with having thus reduced me to misery, but you even now rail at me." The customer jumped up, bareheaded as he was, and ran into the bazár, pursued by Farrukhrúz shouting: "Muslims! seize on Kashank the

[1] Iskandar, or Sikandar: Alexander the Great, of whom Muslim writers relate many wonderful stories—especially the Persian poet Nizamí, in his famous *Sikandar-Náma*, or Alexander-Book.—Jamshíd was the fourth of the first (or Píshdádí) dynasty of ancient Persian kings. He is said to have founded Persepolis, and introduced the solar year, and ordered the first day of it, when the sun entered Aries, to be celebrated by a magnificent festival, which is still observed in Persia, and is called the *Nú Rúz*, or the New Day. Of his goblet, above referred to, *Jam-i-Jamshíd*, or the Cup of Jamshíd, marvellous things are related: it mirrored the whole world, foreshadowed future events, and so forth. It is said that such was its lustre that it dazzled all beholders, and hence poets have found it a convenient simile for the brilliant eyes of a pretty girl.

afrít, who has deeply wronged me, and destroyed my peace of mind!" As he was thus bawling and running after the man, his girdle became loose and falling to his feet he stumbled and fell to the ground, breaking his brow and losing a great quantity of blood.

When the people saw the servant of the police magistrate running bare-headed, and a decrepit old barber pursuing him and falling down wounded, as they knew the other man to be a very bad character, they concluded that he must have injured the barber, so they assailed Farrukhrúz with questions, to all of which he only replied: "Seize the afrít Kashank, who has done me damage of the value of a thousand tománs!" The people said: "We know him to be the servant of the police magistrate and a very great scoundrel. He may have injured you, but his name is not Kashank the afrít. He has now escaped, but if you submit your case to his master he will be punished." Then the people bound up his wound and accompanied him to the magistrate. Farrukhrúz tumbled headlong into the office and shouted: "Muslims, by the treachery of Kashank the afrít my happiness has been destroyed!" Several high personages happened to be with the magistrate just then and were astonished at the intrusion, but still more so when Farrukhrúz threw a stone in their midst; and as a few days before an astrologer had predicted that bloodshed and slaughter would take place in the country,

they considered this as an omen and all ran away, while the magistrate retired to his women's apartments.[1] Farrukhrúz rushed into the street, calling

[1] It does not appear that the astrologer's prediction was fulfilled —though a blind man once shot a crow, but, like the astrologer, for one hit he missed a thousand times. A good story is told of an essay in the capacity of astrologer on the part of Anvarí, the celebrated Persian poet. It so happened that in 1186 A.D. (581 or 582 A.H.) there was a conjunction of all the planets in the sign of Libra. Anvarí predicted a storm which would eradicate trees and destroy all buildings. When the fatal day arrived, it was perfectly calm, and there was the whole year so little wind that the people were unable to winnow their corn. The unlucky poet-astrologer was obliged to fly to Balkh, where he died, in the reign of Sultan Alá-ed-Dín Takash, A.D. 1200 (A.H. 596).

Astrologers having predicted for the year 1523 incessant rains and disastrous floods, the good abbot of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, built a house at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and stored it with provisions. Many people followed his example and repaired to high places, in order to escape the expected deluge. But no extraordinary rains occurring, the disappointed soothsayers pacified the people by confessing themselves mistaken just one hundred years in their calculation!—Readers of Chaucer will remember how the arch-rogue Clerk Nicolas, for his own wicked ends, predicted, to his simple landlord, the carpenter, that a flood was presently to come upon the earth, greater than that which Noah and his family "rode-out" in the Ark.

Mrs. Meer Hasan Ali, in her interesting *Observations on the Mussulmans of India*, says: "It is wonderful the influence which a *najúm* [*i.e.* astrologer] acquires in the houses of many great men in India. Wherever one of those idlers is entertained he is the oracle to be consulted on all occasions. I know those who

out: "Seize Kashank the afrít, who has changed the spring of my peace into the autumn of misery!" The people fancied that a thief had escaped from the magistrate's house and many of them ran after the fugitives shouting: "Catch Kashank the afrít, who has run away from the house of the magistrate!" But no one knew who Kashank was.

It happened that a very tall, dark-complexioned fellow, with a long dishevelled beard and hair, and dressed in rags, had arrived from the desert and was walking about the streets. As he had never before seen such a mob, he got frightened at the noise and began to run like a goblin of the wilderness, and the people, thinking him to be either Kashank the afrít or the escaped thief, seized and bound him. Farrukhrúz the maniac, taking the man for Kashank, then sprang forward, and striking him, exclaimed: "Perfidious wretch! why have you deprived me of my mistress and my ring, and thus precipitated me into the abyss of misery?" The man of the desert was astonished, but thought that it might possibly be the custom thus to speak to outsiders who intruded themselves into the city. When the mob perceived the embarrassed countenance

submit with a childlike docility to the najúm's opinion, when their better reason, if allowed sway, would decide against the astrologer's prediction. If the najúm says it is not proper for Nawáb Sahib and his lady to eat, drink, or sleep, to take medicine, to give away or accept any gift, the najúm has said it, and the najúm must be right." (Vol. i, pp. 69, 70.)

and uncouth figure of the stranger, they also took him for Kashank the afrít and said: "There is no doubt but he has greatly injured the barber." At last many people assembled, and seeing Farrukhrúz lamenting in the most pitiful manner they began to reproach the stranger, saying: "O Kashank, are you not ashamed of having done such wrong to this old barber?" The man of the desert, who had during his whole life never been in a town, supposed this to be the usual mode of accosting strangers, so he made no reply, merely shaking his head like the goat of Akhfash.[1] The Amír of the city happened to return at this time from a hunting excursion, and, seeing the excited crowd in the street through which he passed, sent a chamberlain to make inquiries. He returned with the information that a fellow, Kashank the afrít by name, had deprived the barber of his wife, together with a costly ring. When Farrukhrúz beheld the royal cavalcade he shouted the more, but all that the Amír and his courtiers could learn from him was: "Woe is me! The whirlwind of the treachery of Kashank the afrít has extinguished the lamp of

[1] Akhfash was a Muhammedan professor of grammar and literature who was so unlucky as not to be able to attract any disciples; he therefore trained a goat and lectured to it, the docile animal approving, doubting, or denying his propositions as occasion required, and in course of time, when it had attracted a very large number of scholars, its functions ceased.—*E. Rehatsek, the translator.*

my happiness, and the fire of his oppression has melted my soul and my life!" The Amír was of a very kind disposition and would not suffer even the poorest of his subjects to be wronged, and he said: "It appears that this peasant has so injured the poor old barber as to cause him to lose his senses;" then calling to the stranger, who was now greatly confused, he exclaimed: "Wretch, why have you wronged this poor man?" The man of the desert, unable to say anything, merely shook his head as before. At this the Amír smiled and observed: "Here we have a strange plaintiff and an equally strange defendant, neither of whom we are able to understand.[1] Is any one present who was a witness of the outrage?" Hereupon several persons came forward who had been in the shop when the barber was shaving the servant of the police magistrate, and next day the latter appeared at the court, but nothing could be elicited inculpating either him or the man from the desert, and they were merely required to give securities for their good behaviour, while Farrukhrúz was sent to the hospital for lunatics.

As soon as Nafísa had, with the assistance of Kashank, succeeded in deranging the mind of Farrukhrúz, they sought for the ring but could not find it. Then quoth Nafísa: "My object was not so

[1] We have in this scene, between the simple dweller in the desert, the infatuated Farrukhrúz, and the Amír, a capital example of Oriental humour.

much to obtain possession of the ring as to prevent Queen Bánú from meeting her lover, and therefore we must kill him." But Kashank, who had some experience of life, replied: "O queen of the universe, though, for the sake of gaining your approbation, I have become unfaithful to my sovereign, I shall not commit this new crime, the consequences of which were irreparable. This young man has done much good by curing the son of the king, who will be highly displeased at what has happened, but if we execute this second part of your scheme we shall certainly jeopardise our own lives." So it was concluded to spare the life of Farrukhrúz, whom the afrít transported to Damascus, where he arrived early in the morning, and perceived only a barber's shop open, the owner of which he seized and threw into the sea, putting Farrukhrúz in his stead after having by a magic spell caused him to assume the form of the old man. For this reason, wise and intelligent men have warned people never to open their shops before sunrise, because if they do so they become liable to be injured by genii and demons.

After committing this diabolical crime, Kashank waited the next day on the king of the fairies, who immediately asked about Farrukhrúz. The afrít replied: "May it please your exalted majesty, a misfortune has befallen Farrukhrúz. He was merely sent by the king of Yaman on some business to the river Nile, and when I brought him thither

the water became very rough, and the afrít Hankál, who is one of his enemies, and dwells in Egypt, and persecutes human beings, issued from the stream with seventy afríts of extraordinary power, and as I was unable to cope with them, they dragged Farrukhrúz under the water and separated his head from his body, which immediately rose again to the surface and became the prey of voracious beasts, so that I was compelled to return in great distress." At first the king believed this statement, but his vazír Akhtár said to him: "As I know the evil disposition of Kashank, I intended to dissuade your majesty from appointing him to this business, especially as he had been still more led astray by Nafísa, and it is most probable that she has had something to do in this matter, since she has on a former occasion injured Farrukhrúz and bears bitter enmity towards Queen Bánú." Then the king examined Kashank more closely but without effect, and finally imprisoned him till farther orders.

The following day one of the treasurers came before the king with a ring in his hand and said: "This is the ring which your majesty gave to Farrukhrúz, and which has returned to the treasury." This betokened that Farrukhrúz was still alive, and the king sending for Kashank showed him the ring and told him that he would extort the truth from him by force. Just then one of the king's serving genii, who had for some time been wandering among men

for the purpose of avenging his brother's death, made his appearance, and stated that he had seen at Damascus a lunatic who was constantly complaining of Kashank and was probably Farrukhrúz. The king at once delivered the ring to an afrít with orders to bring Farrukhrúz, which was done accordingly, and as soon as Farrukhrúz saw the king he wept bitterly, but the king embraced and comforted him. Then the king of the fairies sent for Kashank, Nafísa, and Queen Bánú, the two former of whom he reproved and imprisoned, and to the latter he said: "Though it is not customary for fairies to marry human beings, yet as this young man has conferred great benefits on us, I have resolved to espouse him to you after the orthodox Muslim manner." Queen Bánú replied: "Noble uncle! I consider you as my father and shall obey you as long as I live." The matrimonial ceremony was celebrated in due form and the happy couple were full of joy. Some time afterwards Farrukhrúz informed the king of his promise to the sultan of Yaman, and said that if he were allowed a year's leave of absence he would then return and never more separate from them. The king and the queen Bánú consented, and caused the required four treasure-trees to be carried to Yaman by seventy faithful afríts, whom Farrukhrúz accompanied.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE HERO PRETENDED TO VISIT PARADISE, AND CAUSED ALL HIS ENEMIES TO PERISH.

Now the courtiers of the sultan of Yaman had been all the time exulting in the belief that Farrukhrúz would not return; but the king was confident that he would soon make his appearance. One month before the leave had expired news was brought that Farrukhrúz was come back with the treasure-trees on four elephants and himself riding on a fifth. The king at once marched out with his army to meet him, and when they were in sight of each other they alighted and embraced with the greatest manifestations of joy.[1] They rode side by side into the city amidst the acclamations of the people, and in the palace a throne was placed for Farrukhrúz, on which he seated himself. When the four golden date-trees were set around the sultan's throne and everything was arranged with the utmost splendour, the envious vazírs and secretaries were full of chagrin and said to each other: "This man's luck is most extraordinary, for he succeeds in whatever he undertakes, and he has so eclipsed us that the king cares little for any person besides him."

[1] Thus the sultan received our hero on a footing of equality with himself, and the scene recalls the meeting of the two brothers, King Sháhriyár and Sháh Zamán in the opening of the *Arabian Nights*.

The golden date-trees being placed one at each corner of the throne which Farrukhrúz had first procured, with the wonderful cock in front of it, and all the grandees being assembled, the king said: "What else besides these rare objects and so dear a friend can contribute to augment the happiness and glory of a monarch?" Quoth the envious courtiers: "May your majesty live for ever! Indeed there is nothing in this world so splendid as this spectacle we at present behold; and to make your felicity complete it would only be necessary to convey this news to the eternal world—to inform the forefathers of your majesty who now occupy the chief places in Paradise; and, as they enjoy the closest intimacy with the angels of mercy and their prayers meet with acceptance, it would be well to request a prolongation of your life, which would doubtless be granted." The king replied, full of astonishment: "You ask indeed something very foolish and unattainable." But they said: "May it please your majesty, all things in this world depend upon good luck, and as long as it serves a man he will easily succeed in anything he may undertake; and, praise be to the Most High, such is your majesty's case."

As opinions expressed by different persons find generally an approbative response, though they may be absurd, and the flames into which they fan the imagination cannot be extinguished by every intellect, so these suggestions made an impression on the mind

of the king, who thought there could be no harm in discussing the matter, so he inquired: "Who can undertake such a business?" To this the envious vazírs replied with one voice: "Farrukhrúz is the happy man who is successful in everything!" But the king said: "I have scarcely recovered from the grief I suffered on account of his absence and only begun to enjoy the happiness of his presence; how, then, could I again separate from him? You must propose some one else." Farrukhrúz, seeing the turn things had taken, arose and thus addressed the king: "As long as your majesty's slave is alive, he is always ready to obey your behests. If I obtain leave for one year I shall accomplish the business." As no other person offered his services, the king reluctantly consented to part with his favourite. Farrukhrúz suggested that all the letters should be prepared, and that every one who had a relative or friend in the other world might send him a message. Accordingly the king dictated to one of his secretaries the following epistle:

"In consequence of the intimation of the Sovereign of the decrees of Fate, of whose power the existence of all creatures is but one sign, our glorious relatives and ancestors have left this terrestrial abode for the eternal Paradise, and having thus been delivered of all the vicissitudes of Fortune, they have left me to inherit their just and righteous government, so that I have, by the boundless favour of the Giver of all

gifts, become very happy and have no wishes unfulfilled. I have therefore sent this letter by my devoted servant Farrukhrúz to set the minds of my beloved ancestors at rest on this subject. And as I am aware that they are immersed in the shoreless ocean of the divine mercy, and I fear lest the thread of my life may be suddenly snapped, I cannot enjoy my happiness as I ought; and since those denizens of the holy regions of the Kingdom of Pardon are closely connected with and befriended by the angels of mercy and the cherubim of the courts of Unity, I trust they will be able to obtain the prolongation of the terrestrial existence of my life. I do not venture to draw out this request to greater length; and, making my obeisance, I crave that the bearer of this, Farrukhrúz, who is indispensable to my comfort, be not detained beyond the space of a few days."

The vazírs and secretaries followed the example of their sovereign and also wrote affectionate letters to their beatified relatives; and when all the letters were written the king sealed them and gave them to Farrukhrúz. When the sultan asked Farrukhrúz how he meant to depart for the next world, he requested a large quantity of dry wood to be piled up. After more than a thousand ass-loads of fuel had been accumulated, Farrukhrúz kissed the sultan's hand, bade him farewell, and desired the fire to be kindled at the four corners of the pile; and when he was

enveloped in smoke he put the magic ring on his finger and was in a twinkling transported by afríts to the presence of the king of the fairies and the queen Bánú, to whom he related his adventures, and they highly approved of his stratagem.

In that delightful region Farrukhrúz spent a whole year joyfully with his beloved spouse Bánú, and when his leave of absence was almost expired he told her that this was the last service he should perform for the sultan of Yaman, after which he should be entirely devoted to her. The king of the fairies said they wished only to please him, and he might act as he thought fit. So Farrukhrúz wrote various replies on the part of the spirits in Paradise for the sultan of Yaman and his vazírs and secretaries, after which the afríts conveyed him to Yaman.

The sultan and all the people were sorely grieved at the departure of Farrukhrúz on his last enterprise, but not so the vazírs, who rejoiced and said one to another: "It is wonderful that a young man who was so very intelligent should have thus voluntarily destroyed himself! He cannot possibly return." And even the king almost despaired of again seeing his favourite; nevertheless on the day appointed for his return he held a grand levee, at which all the grandees were ordered to be present. The vazírs of course obeyed the summons, whispering to each other: "Our sultan is indeed a fool! A whole year has elapsed since he saw a man burnt to ashes and now he expects him to return."

Their exultation was, however, soon ended on hearing the approach of Farrukhrúz announced among tumultuous acclamations of joy; and when he actually appeared the king was almost frantic with ecstasy, kissed him fervently, and exclaimed: "Now am I the happiest of men!" Then his majesty made inquiries regarding his blessed ancestors, and Farrukhrúz took out the letters, saying: "Most exalted sovereign, no man is able to describe the multifarious pleasures of Paradise—the sweetness of the climate, the beauty of the flowers, the graces of the húrís, the splendid palaces of that beatified abode; and your majesty will not have any idea of them until you participate yourself in those delights. Indeed I was very reluctant to leave that blessed region. Your majesty's exalted father is in paradise, and your mother is his partner;[1] your

[1] Notwithstanding all that has been written by European orientalists during the last half-century regarding the Muhammedan religion, the notion is still widely prevalent that, according to the Kuránic teachings, women have not souls. The idea is quite preposterous, and must have been set afloat by bigoted Christian "champions" who wished to throw discredit on the doctrines of Islám. In the Kurán future rewards are promised and future punishments are threatened to men and women alike. And in Muslim stories, which may be considered as faithfully reflecting the general religious belief, women are often spoken of as having gone to Paradise at their death, while it is not unusual for the transcriber of a book to insert at the end a prayer for the souls of his father and mother. Moreover, among the traditions preserved of Muhammed is the following, which shows that the Founder of Islám could occasionally indulge in a little

other relatives enjoy appropriate dignities and are waited upon by many húrís and slaves." Farrukhrúz having concluded, the sultan thanked him, and began to read the letter from Paradise, which contained many compliments, and stated that his ancestors had prepared for his acceptance many costly presents which they would entrust to such of his vazírs, secretaries, and other officials whose names were written in a list given to Farrukhrúz, and for this purpose they were to come at once to Paradise—their own relatives moreover being extremely desirous of seeing them; therefore they were in no way to elude this command, on pain of incurring the displeasure of the Most High, but, as they were necessary to carry on the government of Yaman, they should be sent back to the earth at the end of forty days.[2]

This message having been communicated to the vazírs and other officials, the king commanded them to be ready next morning to set out for Paradise, and they at once perceived that their lives were in danger. The sultan, reading their thoughts in their terrified countenances, exclaimed: "O ye besotted fools! All intelligent and pious men labour during their whole

harmless pleasantry: An old woman came to him one day, and asked what should be the lot of such as she in Paradise. The Prophet replied, that no old women would be there, upon which the poor crone set up a loud wail, but Muhammed presently soothed her by smilingly explaining that all the old women would become young when they entered Paradise.

[2] Yet again "forty days"!

lives to attain Paradise, and you ought to be delighted with the message you have just received. Get quickly ready to depart!" Accordingly they were obliged to feign acquiescence and prepare for death. Then said Farrukhrúz to the sultan: "Though there are many roads, none is shorter than that by which your majesty's humble servant departed." So the sultan caused a great quantity of wood to be piled up and about fifty of those wicked and envious men to be placed upon it. When the fire was kindled and began to distress them, they pleaded for mercy, and said: "We acknowledge our fault and repent of it. Hereafter we shall never envy or slander any one." But their entreaties were not heeded and they became a prey to the flames.

After this the sultan counted the days, and when the fortieth arrived he said to Farrukhrúz: "To-day our friends should return, and I am expecting them." But when it was evening and there was no sign of them, the sultan said to his favourite: "Wise men have said that the road to the next world is full of dangers, and I begin to fear that some accident has befallen our friends." Hereupon Farrukhrúz exclaimed: "May it please your majesty, that is a road which not everybody can travel upon," and proceeded to relate the truth of the whole affair, adding: "The greatest service I have rendered your majesty was to purge the kingdom of those villains, because they would, by their conspiracies and treacherous machinations, at last have succeeded in ruining the country." When the sultan

became fully aware of the wickedness of the vazírs he thanked Farrukhrúz and said: "So long as I have you what more vazírs do I need? And as I possess no offspring I make you my successor." Farrukhrúz kissed the ground of obedience and replied: "May power and dominion ever belong to your majesty! I have sojourned here to serve you and to remove those wretches. But as I am connected with the fairies, I have no longer the option to remain here. I shall however bring my parents and relatives, and beg your majesty to receive them under the shadow of your protection." The sultan agreed to this proposal and by order of Farrukhrúz the afríts brought his whole family to Yaman, and they were most happy to meet him. The sultan made Khoja Marján, the father of Farrukhrúz, his vazír, and appointed his other relatives to various stations.

When the leave of Farrukhrúz had expired he bade adieu to the sultan and his relatives, and departing to the land of the fairies he joined his spouse Queen Bánú, and whilst he lived never omitted to visit his friends at Yaman once every six months. At last, however, all responded to the unavoidable behest of the sovereign of destiny, and, being divested of the borrowed garments of this perishable life, departed to the regions of eternity.

THE KING AND HIS FOUR MINISTERS.

THE KING AND HIS FOUR MINISTERS.

Though the commands of royalty pervade
The world, yet sovereigns ever should remember,
The light of justice must direct their path.

Hindú Drama.

THERE was a city called Alakápuri, famous for all the riches that sea and land can yield, and inhabited by people speaking different languages. In that city reigned a king named Alakésa,[1] who was a storehouse of all excellent qualities. He was so just a king that during his reign the cow and the tiger amicably quenched their thirst side by side in the same pond, and the kite and the parrot laid their eggs in the same nest, as though they were "birds of a feather."[2] The women never deviated from the

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[1] The name of the king is derived from Alakápuri, the city of Kavéra, the god of riches, and Alakésa is therefore an appellation signifying a wealthy king.

[2] The Pandit remarks that this kind of statement often occurs in stories in proof of the just reign of a monarch. The Hindú idea is, that so long as justice and equity characterised a king's rule, even beasts naturally inimical were disposed to live in

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path of virtue, and regarded their husbands as gods.[1] Timely rain refreshed the soil, and all Alakésa's subjects lived in plenty and happiness. In short, Alakésa was the body and his subjects the soul of that body, for he was upright in all things.

Story of the Lost Camel.

Now there was in Alakápuri a rich merchant who lost a camel one day. He searched for it without success in all directions, and at last reached a road which he was informed led to another city, called Mathurapuri, the king of which was named Mathurésa. He had under him four excellent ministers, whose names were Bodhaditya, Bodhachandra, Bodhavyapaka, and Bodhavibhishana. These four ministers being, for some reason, displeased with the king quitted his dominions, and set out for another country. As they journeyed along they observed the track of a camel, and each made a remark on the peculiar condition of the animal, judging from its footsteps and other

friendship. When timely rain fails or famine stalks through the land, turning his eyes from the natural causes, the orthodox Hindú will say that such a king is now reigning over them unjustly, and hence the calamity.

[1] According to a Persian writer, "she is a perfect woman who considers her husband as the most accomplished of men, and thinks all the sons of Adam beside quite unworthy of a transient glance from the corner of her half-shut eyes." And in the *Mahábhárata* we are told that "she is a good wife whose husband is as her very life."

indications on the road.[1] Presently they met the merchant who was searching for his camel, and, entering into conversation with him, one of the travellers inquired if the animal was not lame in one of the legs; another asked if it was not blind in the right eye; the third asked if its tail was not unusually short; and the fourth inquired if it was not suffering from colic. They were all answered in the affirmative by the merchant, who was convinced that they must have met the animal, and eagerly demanded where they had seen it. They replied that they had seen traces of the camel, but not the camel itself, which being inconsistent with the minute description they had given of it, the merchant accused them of having stolen the beast, and immediately applied to King Alakésa for redress. On hearing the merchant's story, the king was equally impressed with the belief that the travellers must know what had become of the camel, and sending for them threatened them with his displeasure if they did not confess the truth. How could they know, he demanded, that the camel was

[1] "Distinguishing the peculiarities of an animal by its footsteps, etc.," says the Pandit, "is often met with in Indian stories. Precisely the reverse of this is the tale of the four blind men who disputed about the form of an elephant. One of them had felt only the elephant's ear, and said it was like a winnow; another examined the breast and a foreleg, and said it was like a thick stump of wood; the third felt the trunk and said it was like a heavy crook; while the fourth, having touched only the tail, declared it was like a sweeping rake."

lame or blind, or whether the tail was long or short, or that it was suffering from any malady, unless they had it in their possession? In reply, they each explained the reasons which had induced them to express their belief in these particulars. The first traveller said: "I noticed in the footmarks of the animal that one was deficient, and I concluded accordingly that it was lame in one of its legs." The second said: "I noticed that the leaves of the trees on the left side of the road had been snapped or torn off, whilst those on the right side were untouched, whence I concluded that the animal was blind of his right eye." The third said: "I saw some drops of blood on the road, which I conjectured had flowed from the bites of gnats or flies, and I thence concluded that the camel's tail was shorter than usual, in consequence of which he could not brush the insects away." The fourth said: "I observed that while the forefeet of the animal were planted firmly on the ground the hind ones appeared to have scarcely touched it, whence I guessed that they were contracted by pain in the belly of the animal." When the king heard their explanations he was much struck by the sagacity of the travellers, and, giving 500 pagodas[1] to the merchant who had lost the camel, he made the four young men his principal ministers, and bestowed on each of them several villages as free gifts.

[1] A pagoda is now of the value of about 7s. 6d.

From that time these four young men became the confidential advisers of King Alakésa in all important affairs of state, and, as night is the house of sins, they in turn kept a regular watch in the city of Alakápuri, each patrolling the streets during three hours of the night. Thus they continued to faithfully serve King Alakésa, till, one night, the First Minister, when his watch was over, proceeded, as usual, to see whether the royal bedchamber was properly guarded; after which he went to the temple of the goddess Kálí, where he heard what seemed to him the voice of a woman, lamenting and sobbing in great distress. Concealing himself behind the *vád*-tree of the temple, he called out: "Who are you, poor woman? And why do you thus weep?" At once the cries ceased, and a voice from the temple inquired: "Who art thou that thus questionest me?" Then the minister knew that it was Kálí herself who wept; so he threw himself on the ground, and, rising up, exclaimed: "O my mother!—Kálí!—Sambhavi!—Mahámayi![1] Why should you thus bitterly weep?"

[1] Sambhavi and Mahámayi are among the numerous names of Kálí, the goddess of destruction, called also Párvatí and Durga: the daughter of Himálaya, sovereign of the snowy mountains. She is described as terrible in form and very irascible in temper. In her amiable form she is called Bhaváni. To address a deity by a number of appellations, as above, is considered as the readiest way to secure favour.—Mr. Natésa Sástrí, in a note in *Indian Notes and Queries* for Sept. 1887, p. 215, states that "the goddess Kálí is much worshipped in the

Quoth Kálí: "What is the use of my revealing it to thee? Canst thou render any assistance?" The minister said that, if he had but her favour, there was nothing he could not do. Then the goddess told him that a calamity was about to come upon the king, and fearing that such a good monarch was soon to disappear from the world she wept. The thought of such a misfortune caused the minister to tremble; he fell down before the goddess, and with tears streaming from his eyes besought her to save him. Kálí was much gratified to observe his devotion to his master, and thus addressed him:

"Know, then, that your king will be in danger of three calamities to-morrow, any one of which were sufficient to cause his death. First of all, early in the morning there will come to the palace several carts containing newly-reaped paddy grains. The king will be delighted at this, and immediately order a measure of the paddy to be husked and cooked for his morning meal. Now, the field in which that paddy grew was the abode of serpents, two of which were fighting together one day, when they emitted poison, which has permeated those grains. Therefore, the morning meal of your king will contain poison, but only in

Madras Presidency, and especially so during an epidemic. During an outbreak of cholera in Madras in 1884, the Kálí image in the Minakshí temple, near the Dvaja Stambha, was daily propitiated by a thousand pots each of ghí (clarified butter) milk, oil, etc."

the first handful will it take effect, and he will die. Should he escape, another calamity is in store for him at noon. The king of Vijayanajara[1] will send to-morrow some baskets of sweetmeats. In the first basket he has concealed arrows. King Alakésa, suspecting no treachery, will order the first basket to be opened in his presence, and will meet his death by that device. And, even should he escape this second calamity, a third will put an end to his life to-morrow night. A deadly serpent will descend into his bedroom, by means of the chain of his hanging cot, and bite him. But, should he be saved from this last misfortune, Alakésa will live long and prosperously, till he attains the age of a hundred and twenty years."

Thus spake Kálí, in tones of sorrow, for she feared that the king should lose his life by one of these three calamities. The minister prostrated himself on the ground, and said that if the goddess would but grant him her favour he was confident he could contrive to avert all the threatened evils from the king. Kálí smiled and disappeared; and the minister,

[1] Vijanajara, now a village in Hospet *táluk*, Bellary district, Madras Presidency. The proper name of this village is Hampi, but Vijanajara was the name of the dynasty and the kingdom which had its capital there, and was the last great Hindú power in the South. Founded by two adventurers in the middle of the 14th century, it lasted for two centuries, till its sun went down at Tálikot in 1565 A. D. The ruins of Hampi cover nine square miles.—Sir W. W. Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer of India*.

taking her kind smile as a token of her favour, returned home and slept soundly.

As soon as morning dawned, the First Minister arose, and, having made the customary ablutions, proceeded to the palace. He took care to reveal to no one the important secret communicated to him by the goddess—not even to his three colleagues. The sun was not yet two *ghatikas*[1] above the horizon when several carts containing the finest paddy grains, specially selected for the king's use, came into the courtyard of the palace. Alakésa was present, and ordered a measure of it to be at once husked and cooked. The coming in of the carts and the king's order so exactly coincided with Kálí's words that the minister began to fear that he was quite unequal to the task of averting the fatality; yet the recollection of the smile of the goddess inspired him with fresh resolution, and he at once went to the palace-kitchen and requested the servants to inform him when the king was about to go to dinner. After issuing orders for the storing of the grain, King Alakésa retired to perform his morning ablutions and other religious duties.

Meanwhile a carriage containing the pots of sweetmeats sent by the king of Vijayanajara drove up to the palace, and the emissary who accompanied the present told the royal servants that his master had commanded him to deliver it to King Alakésa in

[1] A *ghatika* is twenty-four minutes.

person. The First Minister well understood the meaning of this, and, promising to bring the king, went into the palace, caused one of the servants to be dressed like Alakésa, and conducted him to the carriage. The officer of the Vijayanajara king placed the first pot before the supposed Alakésa, who at once opened it, when, lo! there darted forth several arrows, one of which pierced his heart, and he fell dead on the spot.[1] In an instant the emissary was seized and bound, and the officers began to lament the death of their good king. But the fatal occurrence spread rapidly through the palace, and soon the real Alakésa made his appearance on the scene. The officers now beheld one Alakésa dead and fallen to the ground, pierced by the arrow, and another standing there alive and well. The First Minister then related how, suspecting treachery, he brought out a servant of the palace dressed like the king, and how he had been slain in place of his royal master. Alakésa thanked the minister for having so ingeniously saved his life, and went into the palace. Thus was one of the three calamities to the king averted by the faithful Bodhaditya.

When it was the hour for dinner, the king and his

[1] Apparently the arrows were attached to some kind of mechanism which should discharge them on the opening of the pot. "There is nothing new under the sun"! Dynamite is perhaps a discovery of our own times, but "infernal machines," which served the purpose of king-killers, are of ancient date.

courtiers all sat down, with the exception of the First Minister, who remained standing, without having taken a leaf for his own use.[1] The king, observing this, with a smile pointed out a leaf to him, but Bodhaditya would not sit: he wished to be near the king and to abstain from eating on that occasion. So the king allowed him to have his own way. The food having been served on the leaves, the hands of all, including the king, were mingling the rice, ghí, and dhal for the first course. Near the king stood his faithful minister Bodhaditya, and when the king raised the first handful to his mouth, "Stop, my master," cried he; "I have long hoped for this handful as a present to me from your royal hands. I pray you give it to me, and feed upon the rest of the rice on your leaf." This was uttered more in a tone of command than of request, and the king was highly incensed at what he naturally considered as insolence on the part of the minister. For such a request, especially when made to a king, is deemed nothing less than an insult, while to refuse it is equally offensive. So, whatever thoughts may have passed through Alakésa's mind, recollecting how the minister had that morning saved his life, he gave him the handful of rice, which Bodhaditya received with

[1] Hindús, at their meals, squat on the ground, with leaves in place of earthenware dishes, on which their food is served. The leaves of the palm are very large, and each may be cut into a number of "plates."

delight, feeling grateful for the favour of the goddess in being the means of averting this second calamity. Far different, however, were the sentiments of the king and the assembled company. One and all declared Bodhaditya to be an insolent, proud fellow; but the king, while secretly blaming himself for having allowed him to use so much familiarity, suppressed his anger, in consideration of the important service the minister had rendered him in the affair of the arrows.

On the approach of night the heart of the First Minister throbbed violently, for the third calamity predicted by the goddess was yet to be encountered. His watch being ended, before retiring to rest he went to examine the royal bedroom, where he saw the light burning brightly, and the king and queen asleep side by side in the ornamented swing-cot, which was suspended from the roof by four chains. Presently he perceived with horror a fierce black snake, the smell of which is enough to kill a man, slowly gliding down the chain near the head of the queen. The minister noislessly went forward, and, with a single stroke of his sharp sword, cut the venomous brute in two. Bodhaditya, to avoid disturbing any person at such an hour of the night, threw the pieces over the canopy of the bed, rejoicing at having thus averted the third and last calamity. But a fresh horror then met his eyes: a drop of the snake's poison had fallen on the bosom of the queen, which was exposed in the

carelessness of slumber. "Alas, sacred goddess!" he muttered, "why do you thus raise up new obstacles in my efforts to avert the evil which you predicted? I have done what I could to save the king, and in this last trial I have killed his beloved queen! How can I remove the poison from her bosom? How can I profane that sacred spot with my hand? But I regard her even as my own mother; and do not children draw their nourishment from the breasts of their mothers?" Having thus briefly reflected, he wiped off the poison from the queen's bosom with the tip of his little finger, and in case the contact of the venom with his finger should endanger his own life he cut the tip of it off and threw it on the canopy. Just then the queen awoke, and perceiving a man hastily leaving the room she cried: "Who are you?" The minister respectfully answered: "Most venerable mother, I am your son Bodhaditya," and at once retired. Upon this the queen thought within herself: "Alas, is there a good man in this world? Hitherto have I regarded this Bodhaditya as my son; but now he has basely taken the opportunity of thus disgracing me when my lord and I were sound asleep. I shall inform the king of this affair, and have that wretch's head struck off before the morning." Accordingly she gently awakened the king, and, with tears trickling down her beauteous face, she told him what had occurred, and concluded with these words: "Till now, my lord, I considered that I was wife to you

alone; but this night your First Minister has made me doubt it, since to my question, 'Who are you?' he answered, without any shame, 'I am Bodhaditya,' and went away." On hearing of this violation of the sanctity of his bedchamber, Alakésa was greatly enraged, and determined to put to death such an unprincipled servant, but first to communicate the affair to his three other ministers.

When the Second Minister's watch was over he went to inspect the guard at the royal bedchamber, and Alakésa hearing his footstep inquired who was there. "Your servant, Bodhachandra, most royal lord," was the reply. "Enter, Bodhachandra," said the king. "I have somewhat to communicate to you." Then Alakésa, almost choking with rage, told him of the gross offence of which his colleague the First Minister had been guilty, and demanded to know whether any punishment could be too severe. Bodhachandra humbled himself before the king, and thus replied: "My lord, such a crime merits a heavy requital. Can one tie up fire in one's cloth,[1] and think that, as it is but a small spark, it will do no harm? How, then, can we excuse even slight deviations from the rules of propriety? Therefore, if Bodhaditya be really guilty he must be signally punished. But permit me to represent to your majesty the advisability of carefully inquiring into

[1] A long cloth, which is often the only covering worn by Hindús.

this matter before proceeding to judgment. We ought to ascertain what reasons he had for such a breach of the zanána[1] rules; for should we, carried away by anger, act rashly in this affair, we may repent when repentance is of no avail. As an example I shall, with your majesty's permission, relate a story." The king having at once given his consent, the Second Minister began to relate the

Story of the Hunter and his Faithful Dog.

THERE dwelt in a certain forest a hunter named Ugravira, who was lord of the woods, and as such had to pay a fixed sum of money to the king of the country. It chanced once that the king unexpectedly demanded of him one thousand five hundred *pons.*[2] The hunter sold all his property and realised only a thousand pons, and was perplexed how to procure the rest of the required amount. At length he bethought him of his dog, which was of the best kind, and was beloved by him more than aught else in the whole world. He took his dog to an adjacent town, where he pledged him to a merchant named Kubéra for five hundred pons, at the same time giving the merchant his bond for the loan. Before

[1] The women's apartments; called by Muslims generally "the haram."

[2] A sum of money varying, says the Pandit, in different localities in the south of India. In old Chola grants "two pons" occurs.

going away, the hunter, with tears in his eyes, thus addressed the intelligent animal: "Mrigasinha[1]—O my faithful friend! do not leave thy new master until I have paid him back the money I have borrowed of him. Obey and serve him, even as thou hast ever obeyed and served me."

Some time after this, the merchant Kubéra had to leave home and proceed with his goods to foreign countries; so he called the hunter's dog to his side, and bade him watch at his doors and prevent the intrusion of robbers and other evil disposed persons. The dog indicated, both by his eyes and his tail, that he perfectly understood his instructions. Then the merchant, having enjoined his wife to feed the dog three times every day with rice and milk, set out on his travels. The dog kept his watch outside of the house, and for a few days the merchant's wife fed him regularly three times a day. But this kind treatment was not to continue. She had for her paramour a wicked youth of the Setti caste,[2] who, soon after the departure of Kubéra, became a constant visitor at the merchant's house. The faithful dog instinctively surmised that his new master would not approve of such conduct; so one night when the youth was leaving

[1] *i.e.* "Lion among beasts."

[2] Setti, or Sethi, is a term applied respectfully to many of the races engaged in trade or financial transactions; to the Zoroastrian Parsí, the Muhammedan Bora, and to Hindús in the north and south of the Madras Presidency, occupied as bankers, merchants and shopkeepers.

the house Mrigasinha sprang on him like an enraged lion, and, seizing him by the throat, sent that evil-doer to the other world. The merchant's wife, hearing the scuffle, ran to the spot to save her lover, but found him dead. Though extremely grieved at the loss of her paramour, she had the presence of mind to immediately carry the body to the garden at the back of the house, where she concealed it in a great pit, and covered it with earth and leaves, vainly thinking that she had thus concealed her own shame. This was not done, however, without being observed by the watchful dog; and henceforth the merchant's wife hated him with a deadly hatred. She no longer gave him food, and the poor creature was fain to eat such grains of rice as he found adhering to the leaves thrown out of the house after meals, still keeping guard at the door.

After an absence of two months the merchant returned, and the dog, the moment he saw him, ran up to him and rolled himself on the ground at his feet; then seizing the merchant's cloth he dragged him to the very spot in the garden where the youth's body was hidden, and began to scratch the ground, at the same time looking into the merchant's face and howling dismally, from which Kubéra concluded that the dog wished him to examine the place. Accordingly he dug up the spot and discovered the body of the youth, whom, indeed, he had suspected of being his wife's paramour. In a great fury he rushed into

the house and commanded his wife, on pain of instant death, to relate the particulars of this affair without concealing anything. The wretched woman, seeing that her sin was discovered, confessed all, upon which her husband exclaimed: "Disgrace of womankind! you have not a fraction of the virtue possessed by this faithful brute, which you have, out of revenge, allowed to starve. But why should I waste words on thee? Depart, and let me see your face no more!" So saying, he thrust her out of the house. Then the merchant fed the dog with milk, rice, and sugar, after which he said to that lion of beasts: "Thou trusty friend! language fails to express my gratitude to thee. The five hundred pons which I lent thy old master the hunter are as nothing compared with thy services to me, by which I consider the debt as more than paid. What must be the feelings of the hunter without thy companionship! I now give thee leave to return to him." The merchant took the hunter's bond, and tearing it slightly at the top as a token that it was cancelled, he placed it in the dog's mouth, and sending him back to his former master, the dog set off to the forest.

Now by this time the hunter had contrived to save up the five hundred pons, and with the money and interest due thereon he was going to the merchant to redeem his bond and reclaim the dog. To his great surprise, he met Mrigasinha on the way, and as soon as the dog perceived him he ran up to him to receive

his caresses. But the hunter immediately concluded that the poor brute, in his eagerness to rejoin him, had run away from the merchant, and determined to put him to death. Accordingly he plucked a creeper, and fastening it round the dog's neck tied it to a branch of a tree, and the faithful creature, who was expecting nothing but kindness from his old master, was by him most cruelly strangled. The hunter then continued his journey, and on reaching the merchant's house he laid down the money before him. "My dear friend," said Kubéra, "the important service your dog rendered me, in killing my wife's paramour, has amply repaid your debt, so I gave him permission to return to you, with your bond in his mouth. Did you not meet him on your way? But why do you look so horrified? What have you done to the dog?" The hunter, to whom everything was now only too clear, threw himself on the ground, like a huge tree cut at the roots, and, after telling Kubéra how he had inconsiderately slain the faithful dog, stabbed himself with his dagger. The merchant, grieved at the death of both the dog and the hunter, which would not have occurred had he waited until the latter came to redeem his bond, snatched the weapon out of the hunter's breast and also stabbed himself. The news of this tragedy soon reached the forest, and the wife of the hunter, not wishing to survive her lord, threw herself into a well and was drowned. Lastly, even the wife of the merchant,

finding that so many fatalities were due to her own misconduct, and that she was despised by the very children in the streets, put an end to her wretched life.

"Thus," added the Second Minister, "five lives were lost in consequence of the hunter's rashness. Therefore I would respectfully beseech your majesty to investigate the case of Bodhaditya, and to refrain from acting merely under the influence of anger." Having thus spoken, Bodhachandra obtained leave to retire to his own house.

At the end of the third watch of the night, Bodhavyapaka, the Third Minister of King Alakésa, went to see whether the royal bedchamber was properly guarded, and the king, summoning him into his presence, told him of the First Minister's crime, upon which Bodhavyapaka, after making due obeisance, thus spake: "Most noble king, such a grave crime should be severely punished, but it behoves us not to act before having ascertained that he is guilty beyond doubt; for evil are the consequences of precipitation, in proof which I know a story, which I will relate, with your majesty's leave:

Story of the Bráhman's Wife and the Mungús.

On the banks of the Ganges, which also flows by the most holy city of Benáres, there is a town named Mithila, where dwelt a very poor Bráhman called

Vidyadhara. He had no children, and to compensate for this want, he and his wife tenderly nourished in their house a mungús.[1] It was their all in all—their younger son, their elder daughter—their elder son, their younger daughter, so fondly did they regard that little creature. The deity Visvesvara[2] and his spouse Visalakshi observed this, and had pity for the unhappy pair; so by their divine power they blessed them with a son.[3] This most welcome addition to their family did not alienate the affections of the

[1] A species of weasel, commonly, but incorrectly, written "mungoose," as though the animal was of the *goose* kind. The mungús is very expert in killing snakes.

[2] Visvesvara: "Lord of all," a name of Siva, the third deity of the Hindú triad.

[3] The want of children is doubtless felt more or less keenly by all the races of mankind, but the Hindú is taught to believe that he cannot attain ultimate salvation without leaving a son behind him. The Chinese who hold to their old religion have also a great horror of dying and leaving no male offspring to sacrifice to their manes, and to avoid such a calamity they adopt children when they have none of their own. Among most Asiatic peoples, indeed, a childless wife is generally but most unjustly despised, hence the thousand and one nostrums in which Hindú women vainly put faith in expectation of having their sterility removed. We have four notable instances in the Bible of women bearing famous sons after having been long sterile: Sarah, mother of Isaac, the Hebrew patriarch; Rachel, mother of Joseph, viceroy of Egypt; the wife of Manoah, mother of Samson, the Hercules of the Hebrews; and Elizabeth, mother of John the Baptist.—After all, sterile wives may console themselves with the reflection that children are not always an unalloyed blessing!

Bráhman and his wife from the mungús; on the contrary, their attachment to it increased, for they believed that it was because of their having adopted the pet that a son had been born to them. So the child and the mungús were brought up together, as twin brothers, in the same cradle.

It happened one day, when the Bráhman had gone out to beg alms of the pious and charitable, that his wife went into the garden to cull some pot-herbs, leaving the child asleep in his cradle and by his side the mungús kept guard. An old snake, which was living in the well in the garden, crept into the house and under the cradle, and was beginning to climb into it to bite the child when the mungús fiercely attacked it and tore it into several pieces, thus saving the life of the Bráhman's little son, and the venomous snake, that came to slay, itself lay dead beneath the cradle. Pleased at having performed such an exploit, the mungús ran into the garden to show the Bráhman's wife its blood-smeared mouth, but she rashly mistook the deliverer of her child for his destroyer, and with one stroke of the knife in her hand, with which she was cutting herbs, she killed the faithful creature, and then hastened into the house to see her dead son. But there she found the child in his cradle alive and well, only crying at the absence of his little companion the mungús, and under the cradle lay the great serpent cut in pieces. The real state of affairs was now evident, and the Bráhman presently returning

home, his wife told him of her rash act and then put an end to her life. The Bráhman, in his turn, disconsolate at the death of the mungús and his wife, slew his child and then killed himself.

"And thus," added the Third Minister, "by one rash act four creatures perished, so true is it that precipitation results in a series of calamities. Do not, then, condemn Bodhaditya before his guilt is clearly proved." Alakésa having then given Bodhavyapaka the signal to retire, he quitted the presence and went home.

When the watch of the Fourth Minister, Bodhavibhishana, was terminated, he visited the private apartments of the king (who had been meanwhile pondering the stories he had heard), and was called into the sleeping chamber by Alakésa, and informed of his colleague's unpardonable offence. The Minister, after due prostration, thus addressed his royal master: "Great King, I can scarcely bring myself to believe that Bodhaditya could ever be guilty of such a crime, and I would respectfully remind your majesty that it would not be consistent with your world-wide reputation for wisdom and justice were you to pronounce judgment in this case without having inquired into all the circumstances. Evil and injustice result from hasty decisions and actions, of which a striking illustration is furnished in the

Story of the Faithless Wife and the Ungrateful Blind Man.

In the town of Mithila there lived a young Bráhman who, having a quarrel with his father-in-law, set out on a pilgrimage to Banáres. Going through a forest he met a blind man, whose wife was leading him by means of a stick, one end of which she held in her hand, and her husband holding the other end was following her. She was young and fair of face, and the pilgrim made signs to her that she should go with him and leave her blind husband behind. The proposal thus signified pleased this wanton woman, so she told her husband to sit under a tree for a few minutes while she went and plucked him a ripe mango.[1] The blind man sat down accordingly, and

[1] "The most useful, plentiful, and best fruit," says Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 30, "is the mango, which grows abundantly all over Hindústán, even in the forests and hedge-rows, on trees equal in size to a large English oak, but in appearance and foliage more resembling the Spanish chestnut. This valuable fruit varies in shape, colour, and flavour as much as apples do in Europe. The superior kinds are extremely delicious, and in the interior resemble the large yellow peach of Venice, heightened by the flavour of the orange and agana; and so plentiful are mangoes in the hot season throughout most parts of India that during my residence in Guzerat they were sold in the public markets for one rupee the cusly, or 600 lbs. in English weight for half-a-crown. They are a delicacy to the rich, a nutritious food for the poor, who in the mango season require but little others ustenance."—The skin of the mango is described

his wife went away with the Bráhman.[1] After waiting a long time in expectation of his wife's return, and no person coming near him (for it was an unfrequented place), her infidelity became painfully apparent to him and he bitterly cursed both her and the villain who had enticed her from him. For six days he remained at the foot of the tree, in woeful condition, without a morsel of rice or a drop of water, and he was well-nigh dead when at length he heard the sound of footsteps near him, and cried faintly for help. A man of the Setti caste and his wife came up to him, and inquired how he happened to be in such a plight. The blind man told them that his wife had deserted him and gone away with a young Bráhman, whom they had met, leaving him there alone and helpless. His story excited the compassion of the Setti and his wife. They gave him to eat of the small quantity of rice they had with them, and, having supplied him with

as being smooth and tough; its colour when ripe is grass green, or yellow in many shades, with occasional tinges and streaks of bright red; the pulp is as juicy as our wall-fruit. The kernel is of a hot and rather offensive flavour, but the poor people collect it, and when dried grind it into flour for bread, which is more wholesome than agreeable. An orchard of mango-trees is a small fortune to the possessor, and when they are in blossom it forms a luxurious resort to the lovers of Nature.—*Mrs. Meer Hasan Ali.*

[1] "Alas!" says Somadeva, "fickle is the mind of woman!" Again: "A woman desires fresh men, as the humble bee wanders from flower to flower." And again: "A fickle dame is like a sunset—momentarily aglow for everyone."

water to quench his thirst, the Setti bade his wife lead him with his stick. The woman, though somewhat reluctant to walk thus in company with a man who was not her husband, yet reflecting that charitable actions ought never to be left undone, complied with her lord's request, and began to lead the blind man. After travelling in this manner for a day, the three reached a town, and took up their abode for the night in the house of a friend of the Setti, where the latter and his wife gave the blind man a share of their rice before tasting a morsel themselves.

At daybreak the next morning they advised him to try to provide for himself in some way in that town, and prepared to resume their journey. But the blind man, forgetting all the kindness they had shown him, began to raise an alarm, crying out: "Is there no king in this city to protect me and give me my rights? Here is a Setti rascal taking away my wife with him. As I am blind, she denies that I am her husband, and follows that rogue. But will not the king give me justice?" The people in the street at once reported these words to the king, who caused inquiry to be made into the matter. The fact of the Setti's wife having led the blind man seemed to indicate that the latter, and not the Setti, was the woman's husband, and the king foolishly concluded that both the Setti and his wife were the real criminals. Accordingly he sentenced the Setti to the gallows, because he had attempted to entice away a married woman, and his

wife to be burnt in the kiln, as she had wished to forsake her husband, and he a blind man. When these sentences were pronounced the blind man was thunderstruck. The thought that by a deliberate lie he had caused the death of two innocent persons now stung him to the heart. By this lie he expected that the Setti only should be punished, and that the woman should be made over to him as his own wife, but now he found that she also was condemned to death. "Vile wretch that I am!" said he. "I do not know what sins I committed in a former life to be thus blind now.[1] My real wife, too, deserted me; and I, heaping sins upon sins, have now by a false report sent to death an innocent man and his wife, who rescued me from a horrible fate and tended to all my wants last night. O Mahámayi! what punishment you have in reserve for me, I know not!" This soliloquy, being overheard by some bystanders, was communicated to the king, who, bitterly reproaching himself for having so rashly acted, at once released the good Setti and his wife, and caused the ungrateful blind man to be burnt in the kiln.

"Thus you see, my lord," added the Fourth Minister, "how nearly that king had plunged into a

[1] Compare with this the question asked of Jesus Christ by his disciples (John ix, 2): "Master, who did sin, *this man* or his parents, that he was *born* blind?" from which it would appear some of the Jews in those days entertained notions akin to the Hindú (and Pythagorean) doctrine of metempsychosis.

gulf of crime by his rashness. Therefore, my most noble king, I would respectfully and humbly request you to consider well the case of Bodhaditya, and punish him severely if he be found really guilty." Having thus spoken, he obtained leave to depart.

The night was now over: darkness, the harbourer of vice, had fled away; the day dawned. King Alakésa left his bedchamber, bathed and made his religious ablutions, and after breakfasting summoned a council of all his father's old ministers and advisers. Alakésa took his seat in the midst of the assembly: anger was clearly visible in his countenance; his eyes had lost their natural expression and had turned very red; his breath was as hot as that of a furnace. He thus addressed them: "Know ye all, the ministers of my father and of myself, that last night, during the first watch, my First Minister, Bodhaditya, while I and my queen were asleep in our chamber, came and touched with his finger the bosom of my queen. Consider well the gravity of this crime, and express your opinions as to what punishment he merits." Thus spake King Alakésa; but all the ministers, not knowing what answer to return, hung down their heads in silence. Among those present was an aged minister named Manuniti, who called Bodhaditya to his side and privately learned the whole story. He then humbly bowed before the king, and thus spake: "Most noble king, men are not always wise; and,

before replying to your majesty's question, I beg permission to relate in your presence the story of a king in whose reign a certain benevolent action was repaid with disgrace and ignominy:

Story of the Wonderful Mango Fruit.

On the banks of the Kávéri there was a city called Tiruvidaimarudur, where ruled a king named Chakraditya. In that city there lived a poor Bráhman and his wife, who, having no children, brought up in their house a young parrot as tenderly as if it had been their own offspring. One day the parrot was sitting on the roof of the house, basking itself in the morning sun, when a large flock of parrots flew past, talking to each other about certain mango fruits. The Bráhman's parrot asked them what were the peculiar properties of those fruits, and was informed that beyond the seven oceans there was a great mango tree, the fruit of which gave perpetual youth to the person who ate of it, however old and infirm he might be. On hearing of this wonder the Brahman's parrot requested permission to accompany them, which being granted, they all continued their flight. When at length they arrived at the mango tree, all ate of its fruit; but the Bráhman's parrot reflected: "It would not be right for me to eat of this fruit; I am still young, while my adopted parents, the poor Bráhman and his wife, are very old. So I shall give them this fruit, and they will become young and blooming by

eating it." And that same evening the good parrot brought the fruit to the Bráhman, and explained to him its extraordinary properties. But the Bráhman thought within himself: "I am a beggar. What although I should become young and live for ever or should die this very moment? Our king is very good and charitable. If such a great man should eat of this fruit and renew his youth, he would confer the greatest benefits on mankind. Therefore I will give this mango to our good king."

In pursuance of this self-denying resolution, the poor Bráhman proceeded to the palace and presented the fruit to the king, at the same time relating how he had obtained it, and its qualities. The king richly rewarded the Bráhman for his gift and sent him away. Then he began to reflect thus: "Here is a fruit which can bestow perpetual youth on the person who eats it. I should gain this great boon for myself alone, and what happiness could I expect in such circumstances, without corresponding friends and subjects? I shall therefore not eat this mango fruit, but plant it carefully in my garden, and it will in time become a tree, which will bear much fruit having the same wonderful virtue, and my subjects shall, every one, eat of the fruit and, with myself, be endowed with everlasting youth." So calling his gardener the king gave him the fruit and he planted it in the royal presence. In due course of time the fruit grew into a fine tree, and during the spring season it began to bud and

blossom and bear fruit. The king, having fixed upon an auspicious day for cutting one of the mango fruits, gave it to his domestic chaplain, who was ninety years old, in order that his youth should be renewed. But no sooner had the priest tasted it than he fell down dead. At this unexpected calamity the king was both astonished and deeply grieved. When the old priest's wife heard of her husband's sudden death, she came and prayed the king to allow her to perform *sati* with him on the same funeral pyre, which increased the king's sorrow; but he gave her the desired permission, and himself superintended all the ceremonies of the cremation.

King Chakraditya then sent for the poor Bráhman and demanded of him how he had dared to present a poisonous fruit to his king. The Bráhman replied: "My lord, I brought up a young parrot in my house, in order to console me for having no son. That parrot brought me the fruit one day, and told me of its wonderful properties. Believing that the parrot spoke truth, I presented it to your majesty, never for a moment suspecting it to be poisonous." The king listened to the poor Bráhman's words, but thought that the priest's death should be avenged. So he consulted his ministers, who recommended, as a slight punishment, that the Bráhman should be deprived of his left eye. This was done accordingly, and on his return home, when his wife saw his condition, she asked the reason of such mutilation. "My dear,"

said he, "the parrot we have fostered so tenderly is the cause of this." And they resolved to break the neck of the treacherous bird. But the parrot, having overheard their conversation, thus addressed them: "My kind foster parents, everyone must be rewarded for the good actions or punished for the evil deeds of his previous life.[1] I brought you the fruit with a good intention, but my sins in my former life have given it a different effect. Therefore, I pray you to kill me and bury me with a little milk in a pit. And, after my funeral ceremony is over, I request you to undertake a pilgrimage to Banáres to clear yourself of your sins." So the old Bráhman and his wife killed their pet parrot and buried it as directed, after which, overcome with grief, they set out on a pilgrim age to the holy city.

Meanwhile the king commanded his gardener to set guards over the poison-tree, and to allow no one to eat of its fruit; and all the inhabitants soon came to know that the king had a mango tree in his garden, the fruit of which was deadly poison. Now there was in the city an old washerwoman, who had frequent quarrels with her daughter-in-law, and one day, being weary of her life, she left the house, threatening to eat of the poison-tree and die. The young parrot who was killed for having brought the poisonous mango

[1] The parrot, of course, was a human being re-born in that form, in accordance with the doctrine of metempsychosis, which is a fundamental article of the Hindú religion.

fruit was re-born as a green parrot, and was waiting an opportunity to demonstrate the harmless nature of the tree; and when he saw the old woman approach with a determination to put an end to her life by eating of its fruit, he plucked one with his beak and dropped it down before her. The old woman rejoiced that Fate sanctioned her death, and greedily ate the fruit, when, lo! instead of dying she became young and blooming again. Those who had seen her leave the house a woman over sixty years of age were astonished on seeing her return as a handsome girl of sixteen and learning that the wonderful transformation was caused by the supposed poisonous mango tree. The strange news soon reached the king, who, in order to test the tree still farther, ordered another fruit of it to be brought and gave it to a goldsmith of more than ninety years of age, who had embezzled some gold which had been entrusted to him to make into ornaments for the ladies of the palace, and was on that account undergoing imprisonment.[1] When he had eaten the fruit, he, in his turn, became a young man of sixteen.

The king was now convinced that the fruit of this mango tree, so far from being poisonous, had the

[1] It is curious to find goldsmiths and jewellers invariably represented in Hindú stories as arrant rogues. In the fine old Indian drama entitled *Mrichchakati*, or the Toy-Cart, it is said: "There is no lotus that has not a stalk, no trader that is not a cheat, no goldsmith that is not a thief."

power of converting decrepit age into lusty and perennial youth. But how did the old priest die by eating of it? It was by a mere accident. One day a huge serpent was sleeping on a branch of the mango tree, and its head was placed over a fruit: poison dropped from its mouth and fell on the rind of that fruit. The gardener, who had no knowledge of this, when asked to bring a fruit for the priest, happened to bring the one on which the poison had fallen, and the priest having eaten it died. And now the king caused proclamation to be made throughout his kingdom that all who pleased might come and partake of the mango fruit, and everyone ate of it and became young. But King Chakraditya's heart burnt within him at the remembrance of his ill-treatment of the poor Bráhman, who had returned with his wife from Banáres. So he sent for him, explained his mistake, and gave him a fruit to eat, which having tasted, the aged Bráhman became young, and his eye was also restored to him. But the greatest loss of all, that of the parrot who brought the fruit from beyond the seven oceans, remained irreparable.

"Thus, my lord," continued the aged minister, Manuniti, "it behoves us not to act precipitately in this affair of Bodhaditya, which we must carefully sift before expressing our opinion as to the punishment he may deserve at your majesty's hands."

When Manuniti had concluded his story of the

wonderful mango fruit, King Alakésa ordered his four ministers to approach the throne, and then, with an angry countenance, he thus addressed Bodhaditya: "What excuse have you for entering my bedchamber without permission, and thus violating the rules of decency?" The First Minister humbly begged leave to relate to his majesty a story of how a Bráhman fed a hungry traveller, and had afterwards to endure the infamy of having caused that traveller's death, and on King Alakésa signifying his consent, thus began:

The Story of the Poisoned Food.

THERE was a city called Vijayanagara, to the north of which flowed a small river with topes[1] on both banks. One day a young Bráhman pilgrim came and sat down to rest by the side of the stream, and, finding the place very cool and shady, he resolved to bathe, perform his religious ablutions, and make his dinner off the rice which he carried tied up in a bundle. Three

[1] Tope, or stupa, a sepulchral memorial monument; a mound-like building erected for the preservation of relics. They are found in Afghanistán, Tibet, Nepál, and Western Asia; also in various parts of Southern India. On the demise of Gautama [the founder of Buddhism], B.C. 543, his body was consumed, divided into eight portions, and distributed amongst applicants, who erected topes over them. The word *tope* is the same as *st'hupo* in Pali—a mound or tumulus; st'hupo, or tope, is therefore a name common to each kind of tumulus, whether it be the solid temple dedicated to the Supreme Being or the massive mound erected over the relics of Buddha, or those of one of his more eminent followers.—Balfour's *Cyclopædia of India.*

days before there had come to the same spot an old Bráhman, whose years numbered more than threescore and ten; he had quarrelled with his family, and fled from his house to die. Since he reached that place he had tasted no food, and the young pilgrim found him lying in a pitiable state, and placed near him a portion of his rice. The old man arose, and proceeded to the rivulet in order to wash his feet and hands, and pronounce a holy incantation or two before tasting the food. While thus engaged, a kite, carrying in its beak a huge serpent, alighted upon the tree at the foot of which was the rice given by the pilgrim to the old man, and while the bird was feasting on the serpent, some of its poison dropped on the rice; and the old Bráhman, in his hunger, did not observe it on his return; he greedily devoured some of the rice, and instantly fell down dead. The young pilgrim, seeing him prone on the ground, ran to help him, but found that life was gone; and, concluding that the old man's hasty eating after his three days' fast must have caused his death, and being unwilling to leave his corpse to be devoured by kites and jackals, he determined to cremate it before resuming his journey. With this object he ran to the neighbouring village, and reporting to the people what had occurred on the tope, requested their assistance in the cremating of the old man's body. The villagers, however, suspected that the young pilgrim had killed and robbed the old Bráhman; so they laid hold of him, and, after giving

him a severe flogging, imprisoned him in the village temple of Kálí. Alas, what a reward was this for his kind hospitality! and how was he repaid for his beneficence! The unhappy pilgrim gave vent to his sorrows in the form of verses in praise of the goddess in whose temple he was a prisoner; for he was a great pandit, versed in the four Vedas,[1] and the six Sastras,[2] and the sixty-four varieties of knowledge. On hearing the pilgrim's verses, the rage of the goddess descended on the villagers who had so rashly accused and punished him for a crime of which he was innocent. Suddenly the whole village was destroyed by fire, and the people lost all their property and were houseless. In their extremity they went to the temple of Kálí, and humbly requested the goddess to inform them of the cause of the calamity which had thus unexpectedly come upon them. The goddess infused herself into the person of one of the villagers, and thus responded: "Know ye, unkind villagers, that ye have most unjustly scourged

[1] Vedas: "divine knowledge." The Vedas are the holy books which are the foundations of the Hindú religion. They consist of hymns written in the old form of Sanskrit, and, according to the most generally received opinion, were composed between 1500 and 1000 B.C. Some scholars have thought the oldest of the hymns may be carried back a thousand years farther. The four Vedas are: the Rig-Veda, the Yajur-Veda, the Sama-Veda, and the Atharva-Veda, the last being of comparatively modern date.—See Dowson's *Classical Dictionary of Hindú Mythology*.

[2] The six Sastras comprise philosophical systems of the Hindús: the term Sastra signifies a treatise or rule.

and imprisoned in our presence an innocent, charitable, and pious Bráhman. The old man died from the effects of poison, which dropped from a serpent's mouth on some rice at the foot of a tree when it was being devoured by a kite. Ye did not know of this; nevertheless, ye have maltreated a good man without first making due inquiry as to his guilt or innocence. For this reason we visited your village with this calamity. Beware, and henceforward avoid such sins." So saying, Káli departed from the person through whom she had manifested herself.[1] Then the villagers perceived the grievous error into which they had fallen. They released the good pilgrim and implored his forgiveness, which he readily granted. And thus was an innocent man charged with murder in return for his benevolent actions.

"Even so," continued Bodhaditya, "my most noble sovereign, I have this day had to endure the infamy of having violated the zanána for saving your valuable life." He then sent for a thief who was undergoing imprisonment, and gave him the handful of rice

[1] "It is a very common practice," remarks the Pandit, "to dupe ordinary people in this manner in Hindú temples. Some impostor will proclaim to the crowd that the god, or goddess, is then upon him, and utter whatever comes uppermost in his mind. He occasionally contrives to accomplish his private ends by such revelations. The ignorant are greatly misled by those impostors, and learned Hindús condemn the practice as gross superstition."

which he had the preceding day snatched from the king at dinner, and the thief having eaten it instantly died.[1] He next caused a servant to go to the royal bedchamber, and fetch from the canopy of the couch the pieces of the serpent and his little finger-tip, which he laid before the wonder-struck king and the counsellors, and then addressed his majesty as follows: "My most noble king and ye wise counsellors, it is known to you all that we four ministers keep watch over the town during the four quarters of the night, and mine is the first watch. Well, while I was on duty the day before yesterday, I heard a weeping voice in the direction of the temple. I proceeded to the spot, and discovered the goddess sobbing bitterly. She related to me how three calamities were awaiting the king on the morrow. The first of them was the arrows despatched by the king of Vijayanagara as sweetmeats to our sovereign; the second was the poisoned rice, and the third the serpent. In trying to avert these calamities I have committed the offence of entering the zanána." And he thereupon explained the affair from first to last.

King Alakésa and the whole assembly were highly delighted at the fidelity and devotion of Bodhaditya; for it was now very evident that he had done nothing amiss, but had saved the life of the king on three occasions, and indeed also the life of the queen by wiping off the serpent's poison which had fallen on

[1] "Fiat experimentum in corpore vili."

her bosom. Then Alakésa, in explanation of the saying, "eating the protector," related the

Story of the Bráhman and the Rescued Snake.

In the country of Uttara there lived a Bráhman named Kusalanadan, who had a wife and six sons. All were in a state of prosperity for some time, but the entrance of Saturn into the Bráhman's horoscope turned everything upside down. The once prosperous Bráhman became poor, and was reduced to go to the neighbouring woods to gather bambú-rice with which to feed his hungry family.[1] One day, while plucking the bambú ears, he saw a bush close by in flames, in the midst of which was a serpent struggling for its life. The Bráhman at once ran to its rescue, and stretching towards it a long green stick the reptile crept on to it and escaped from the flames, and then spread its hood and with a hissing sound approached to sting its rescuer. The Bráhman began to weep and bewail his folly in having saved the ungrateful creature, which being observed by the serpent it asked him: "O Bráhman, why do you weep?" Said the old man: "You now purpose to kill me; is this the reward for my having saved your life?" "True, you have rescued me from a terrible death, but how am

[1] Full grown and ripe bambú bears a kind of corn which when collected and husked resembles wheat. Hunters cook a most delicious food of bambú grain and honey.

I to appease my hunger?" replied the serpent. The Bráhman said: "You speak of your hunger, but who is to feed my old wife and six hungry children at my house?" The serpent, seeing the anxiety of the Bráhman, emitted a precious gem from its hood,[1] and bade him take it home and give it to his wife for household expenses, after which to return to the wood to be devoured. The old man agreed, and, solemnly promising to return without fail, went home. Having given the gem to his family, and told them of his pact with the serpent, the Bráhman went back to the wood. The serpent had meanwhile reflected upon his own base ingratitude. "Is it right," thought he, "to

[1] Not only are serpents popularly believed by Asiatics to be guardians of hidden treasures, but they are also said to have most valuable gems in their heads, which they sometimes present to persons who have rendered them good service. This notion was once prevalent in Europe regarding toads; and readers of Shakspeare will remember his comparison of the uses of adversity to the "toad, ugly and venomous, which yet wears a precious jewel in its head." A curious serpent legend is current in Kandahár regarding 'Alí Mardán Khán, when governor of that city: A cowherd of Kandahár lost two or three of his cattle in a certain pasture and came to the governor to complain about it. 'Alí Mardán Khán ordered him to fill some cowhides with lime, leaving a hole in each, and to place them in the meadow. It appeared that a serpent came daily and carried off the cattle, and on this occasion took away one of the hides, but leaving a track of lime behind him was traced to his lair. The lime in the hide disagreed with him and so he died. Beside his carcase was found a great heap of treasures and the *philosopher's stone*, which immensely enriched 'Alí Mardán Khán.

kill him who saved me from the flames? No! I shall rather perish of hunger, if I cannot find a prey to-day, than slay my protector." So, when the old Bráhman returned, true to his word, the serpent presented him with another valuable gem, and after expressing a wish that he should live long and happily with his wife and children, went its own way, while the Bráhman returned joyously to his home.

"Even as the serpent purposed acting towards its benefactor," continued the king, "so did I, in my rage, intend putting to death my faithful minister and the protector of my life, Bodhaditya; and to free myself from this grievous sin there is no penance I should not undergo."

Then King Alakésa ordered a thousand Bráhmans to be fed every day during his life, and many rich gifts to be distributed in temples as atonement for his great error. And from that day Bodhaditya and his three colleagues enjoyed still more of the royal favour. With those four faithful ministers King Alakésa lived a most happy life and had a most prosperous reign.

MAY THERE BE PROSPERITY TO ALL!

THE ROSE OF BAKAWALI.

THE ROSE OF BAKAWALI.

PROEM.

Every praise is due to that Almighty Creator whose mercy has given grace and perfection to this garden of the earth. The flowers, like the loveliest brides, reflect the lustre of his beauty; what power, then, has the pen, a dry and withered reed as it is, to record his excellencies?

Each blushing rose-leaf still exhales
Those heavenly paradisal gales,
Creator, which thy power proclaim,
And make the bulbul praise thy name.
The unexpanded buds confess
Thy glory, and thy power express;
And all the loveliness of earth
From thee alone has taken birth.
The light of Layla's[1] beauty glows
Apparent in the blushing rose;
And in Narcissus still we find
Sad Majnún's hair tossed by the wind.[1]
O if his mercy rain on me,

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[1] See note 2, p. 122.

'T will wash out my impurity,
And crown my hopes with verdancy;
But if his wrath its head should rear,
'Neath Ahmed's[1] shade we must repair.

Thousands of blessings be upon that glorified Prophet, for whom the heavens and the earth were created,[2] and the footmarks of whose Burák[3] are impressed on the foreheads of the sun and moon. From the whole collected works of his power, the world is but a single volume, and life a single chapter. When he found the earth required his presence, he left heaven, and, clothed in human flesh, descended here below. Let us turn now to the praise of the king of heroes, namely, Alí.[4]

[1] Ahmed: "Praiseworthy"; one of the appellations of Muhammed.

[2] "Had it not been for thee, verily the heavens had not been created."—*Kurán.*

[3] Burák was the name of the animal that carried Muhammed on his famous (and fabulous) Night Journey through the Seven Heavens; for an account of which see Muir's *Life of Mahomet*, ii, 219–222; Lane's *Modern Egyptians;* and D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, art. *Borak.*—According to the *Sikandar Náma* (Alexander-Book) of Nizamí, Burák was silken as to body, silvern as to hoof, and to such a degree swift moving that nothing could equal him.—Canto iv, 12, p. 32 of Clarke's translation.

[4] Alí was the son-in-law of Muhammed, having married Fatima, the beloved daughter of the Prophet. Of the two great sects of Muslims the *shí'ahs* consider Alí and his immediate descendants (eleven in number) as "the true and only imáms" in succession of Muhammed, while the *súnís* regard the khalífs

When the sun had irradiated the face of the earth I determined to dive into the river of contemplation, with a view of gaining some pearls of ideas therefrom. Many came to hand, yet I was wondering how to use them, when a voice reached my ear, saying: "O thou, immersed in thought, these gems befit only one, and he is Alí: may peace be on him! Open thy mouth in his eulogy, because he is an emperor, the lustre of whose countenance has cast a shade of paleness on the moon, and has redoubled the radiance of the sun. If he would give loose to the reins of his charger in the seventh heaven, it would raise disturbance among the stars."

O King of kings, my request from thy mercy is, that thou wouldst prove a shelter to me on the day of judgment, and admit me into the ranks of thy white-faced servants. What shall I add, when it is presumption on my part to address thee long!

—'Umar, Abú Bakr, etc.—as the lawful representatives of the Prophet. The Persians and the Indian Muslims are (like our present author) *shí'ahs*; the Turks and Arabs are *súnís*.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASTROLOGERS' PREDICTION AT THE BIRTH OF OUR HERO—HIS FATHER IS STRUCK WITH BLINDNESS—HIS FOUR BROTHERS SET OUT IN QUEST OF THE ROSE OF BAKAWALI, TO RESTORE THEIR FATHER'S SIGHT—HE SECRETLY FOLLOWS THEM—THEY FALL INTO THE TOILS OF DILBAR, AN ARTFUL COURTESAN, WHO FLEECES THEM AND MAKES THEM PRISONERS.

THEY relate that a king named Zayn ul-Mulúk[1] reigned over a city in the eastern part of Hindústán. He had already four sons who were well trained in all the arts and sciences of the time and for courage compared to Rustam,[2] when Providence bestowed on him a fifth, who was beautiful as the moon in her fourteenth night, which scatters the darkness of the world. Zayn ul-Mulúk, full of joy, gave on this occasion a grand feast, and by the advice of the astrologers called the newly born Táj ul-Mulúk.[3] The same astrologers, having cast the horoscope[4] of

[1] "Ornament of kings."

[2] The Hercules of the Persians, and the principal hero of the *Sháh Náma* (Book of Kings), Firdausi's great epic.

[3] "Crown of kings."

[4] It is still a common practice in Persia and India when a child is born—especially a son—for an astrologer to be employed to "cast his horoscope" and thereby foretell the child's career in life. "In 1670 the passion for horoscopes and expounding the stars prevailed in France among persons of the first rank. The new-born child was usually presented naked to the astrologer, who read the first lineaments in its forehead and the transverse lines

the infant prince, declared that he would be endowed with courage far superior to any other mortal, and that genii and men would be subservient to him; but if unfortunately his father should look on him, that very instant he would be deprived of his sight. The king, with mixed sensations of pleasure and grief, gave order to his chief vazír to put the child and his mother in a palace at some distance from the court, which was done accordingly. After several years the prince became accomplished in every science. Being a lover of sport, it chanced one day that he went far into the thick of a forest in pursuit of a deer. True it is that what is written by Fate can never be erased. It so happened that the king was also hunting in the same forest that very day, and encountered the prince. There is a well-known saying to the effect that the wounded part is always sore, notwithstanding our efforts not to be hurt again, and the fugitive slave,

in its hands, and thence wrote down its future destiny. Catherine de Medicis brought Henry IV, then a child, to old Nostradamus, whom antiquaries esteem more for his Chronicle of Provence than for his vaticinating powers. The sight of the reverend seer, with a beard which 'streamed like a meteor in the air,' terrified the future hero, who dreaded a whipping from so grave a personage. Will it be credited that, one of these magicians having assured Charles IX that he should live as many days as he should turn about on his heel in an hour, standing on one leg, his majesty every morning performed that solemn exercise for an hour, the principal officers of the court, the judges, the chancellors, and the generals likewise, in compliment standing on one leg and turning round!"—*Demonologia*, by J. S. F.

fly wherever he will, is sure to be overtaken by his pursuer. The moment that the eyes of the king fell upon his son he was struck blind. His minister at once divined the cause of his blindness. The king observed, that the sight of a son generally increases the light of his father's eyes, but in his case the reverse had occurred. Hence it was proper that such a son should be expelled the realm, and the queen, his mother, made to sweep the apartments of his haram.

Then physicians equal to Avicenna[1] in learning and skill were called to remove the king's blindness, and they all declared that the only remedy was the Rose of Bakáwalí. Zayn ul-Mulúk despatched messengers throughout the land to proclaim that whosoever should procure that wonderful flower, or tell where it was to be found, should be handsomely rewarded; but without success. Thus year followed year, the king passing all his time lamenting and weeping, like Jacob when he mourned for Joseph, and like the prophet Job, waiting with impatient anxiety.[2] At last his four

[1] Abú-Síná, or Abú 'Alí Síná, or Ibn-Síná, called generally in Europe Avicenna, was a famous physician and philosopher at the court of Baghdád. Born, at Bukhárá, A.H. 373 (A.D. 983), died, at Hamadán, A.H. 427 (A.D. 1035). He wrote nearly one hundred books on medicine, most of which are now lost. He was also a poet, and some of his verses are still extant.

[2] The patriarch's grief for the loss of his favourite son Joseph is proverbial among Muslims; but our author has done the "Man of Uz" a great injustice when he likens him to the blind king, as "waiting with impatient anxiety"!

sons besought him that they should be allowed to go in quest of the Rose of Bakáwalí. The king at first refused, not wishing that the bright lamps of his house should be exposed to dangers, but was ultimately prevailed upon to yield to their entreaties, and gave order to his vazír to prepare everything needful for their journey—money, beasts of burden, tents, and attendants. The princes departed and traversed many miles at random.

By accident they met their brother, Táj ul-Mulúk, who was dragging his weary feet far away from his native land. He enquired who they were and whither they were going. In reply they told him how Zayn ul-Mulúk, their father, had lost his sight, and that they were journeying in search of the Rose of Bakáwalí, prescribed for the removal of his blindness. The prince on hearing this said to himself: "I must try my fortune and experience on the touchstone of the gold of my fate. Perchance I shall succeed in filling the skirt of my gown with the roses of my desire." Having thus resolved, he went to a nobleman named Syíd, who on looking at him perceived that the light of his countenance surpassed the glory of the sun, and the dark cluster of his locks, falling upon the fairness of his forehead, resembled the gloom of the clouds passing over the lustre of the moon. He asked him: "Who are you, and whence have you come?" Táj ul-Mulúk answered: "I am a traveller far away from my country, with no one to sympathise with me in my misfortunes,

and none to cheer me with the soothing music of the voice of a friend. There is no one to assist and comfort me." Syíd on hearing the words of this second Joseph[1] was highly affected and agreed to befriend him.

It is related that Táj ul-Mulúk after a long journey reached the city of Firdaus,[2] which was then governed by King Rizwán. It was evening. Standing on the bank of a river, he intended to take up his abode in that town for some time. When the sun had finished his diurnal travel, and the moon, riding on her sable charger, had commenced her ramble in the east, the four princes, mounted on their swift-footed horses, entered the city. Their eyes fell on a splendid palace, every window of which was hung with screens of the richest brocade. They asked one of the citizens: "Whose palace is this?" He answered: "The owner of this mansion is Dilbar Lakhí."[3] The princes asked: "How has she obtained such a palace?" And the

[1] A comely youth is always said by Muslim writers to resemble Joseph, the son of Jacob the Hebrew patriarch, who is considered as the type of manly beauty.

[2] Firdaus: Paradise. Here it is probably used as the name of an imaginary city; at all events I cannot find that there is any town of the name in Persia or India.

[3] Dilbar: "heart-stealer"; and surnamed Lakhí (as will be seen presently) because she required to be paid a *lakh* (100,000) of rupís by every man who sought her society. The rupí (rupee) is nominally valued at two shillings, but at present it is at considerable discount, being only worth from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. of English currency.

man replied: "This lady is unequalled. In beauty and grace she has no rival on this earth. The sun even would sacrifice himself on her charms as the moth does on the light of the taper;[1] and the moon would hide her diminished glory before the lustre of her charms. For those who court her society she keeps a drum hung on the door, on beating which, should they be rich enough to pay a lakh of rupís, they will have the happiness of meeting her." At these words, the young princes, proud of their social position and wealth, wished to gratify their love of pleasure, so they approached the door and loudly beat the drum. When Dilbar heard the sound she could not contain her joy. "Well, well!" she said, "since the prey seeks to enter my net, it must be caught. Women of my trade are always in hopes that some one void of sense and with a full purse will fall into their hands." She quickly adorned herself with rubies, emeralds, diamonds and pearls and sat down to receive the sons of Zayn ul-Mulúk. She made them sit on a golden seat, and then rosy-cheeked slave-girls came and presented them with wine in cups of gold, and with different kinds of food in dishes of silver. When half of the night had passed in drinking and talking, this artful woman proposed to them that they should

[1] The fascination of the moth for the flame of the candle is a favourite simile with Asiatic writers for the love-struck youth and the beauty whose charms have ensnared him. Sa'dí, in his *Bustán*, has a fine mystical poem on this subject.

play at backgammon by way of amusement, and the princes assented with pleasure. The board was brought, and she placed a lamp on the head of a cat, which she had taken great pains to train up to her designs, and staked a lakh of rupís on the first game. Before the night was over the princes lost fifteen lakhs of rupís. In the morning they took leave of Dilbar and returned to their tents. The following night they again went to the mansion of Dilbar, and that designing woman won from them not only all their money but also their horses, elephants, and camels. Then she said to them: "Young men, seeing that nothing now remains to you, I think you had better go home." "No," said they; "allow us once more to hang on the scale of experiment the gold of our fortune. If the scale incline to our side, we depart with all our property; if it fall to your side, we lose everything and become your slaves." Dilbar accepted this proposal and in the twinkling of an eye won the game, and thus became absolute mistress of the goods and persons of the sons of Zayn ul-Mulúk, who were sent at once to keep company with many others in the same predicament. The attendants of the four princes, on learning their fate, like the petals of the rose which fall in autumn, were in great trouble and excitement.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRINCE DETERMINES TO RESCUE HIS BRETHREN—HE TAKES SERVICE WITH A NOBLEMAN, AND MAKES FRIENDS WITH DILBAR'S CONFEDERATE, BY WHOSE INSTRUCTIONS HE TURNS THE TABLES ON DILBAR, AND WINS ALL HER WEALTH AND HER OWN PERSON—HE TELLS DILBAR OF HIS DESIGN TO OBTAIN THE ROSE OF BAKAWALI, AND SHE WARNS HIM OF THE DANGERS HE MUST ENCOUNTER—HE RELATES THE STORY OF THE BRAHMAN AND THE LION—DILBAR EXHORTS OUR HERO BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE.

TAJ UL-MULUK immediately formed the resolution to make an effort to save his brothers. Full of this idea, he presented himself at the door of an Amír and said to the porter: "I am a traveller without means, and wish to enter the employment of your master, whose noble qualities I have heard much praised." The Amír admitted Táj ul-Mulúk into his presence, and, charmed with the beauty and dignity of his features, willingly accepted his offer, and from that day treated him with increasing kindness. When Táj ul-Mulúk had passed several months in the service of the Amír, and had saved a considerable sum of money, he said to his master one day that a friend of his had just arrived in the town, and he was desirous that he should be permitted to go and see him every day and pass a few hours in his company. This was most cordially granted, and the prince went daily to the house of the backgammon players, from whom he learned all the rules of the game. When he thought he was able to

play with Dilbar he proceeded to her palace. An old woman, the confidante of Dilbar, who did nothing without her advice, opened the door, and the prince threw himself at her feet and burst into tears. She asked him who he was and what he wanted. "Alas!" he cried, "I am an unhappy traveller, without friends or acquaintances. I have no help but God in this town. My country is far east of here. I had a grandmother, but God admitted her into Paradise,[1] and I am left alone in this world of sorrow! I trace in you a strong resemblance to her, hence have I fallen at your feet. If you are pleased to look on me with an eye of kindness and have compassion on my wretched condition, I offer to remain near you and to regard you as my grandmother." The tone of sincerity with which the prince uttered these words made the heart of the old woman soft as wax. "My dear young man," said she to him, "I am also alone in the world. From this day, therefore, I adopt you as my grandson." Then he told her that he was engaged as a servant and would not be able to see her every day, but he would come as often as he possibly could. After this, Táj ul-Mulúk often visited that old woman, and so flattered and wheedled her that he soon became the confidant of her secrets. One day, after talking on indifferent subjects, he asked her how it happened that all who played at backgammon with Dilbar always lost. "My dear son," replied she, "it

[1] See note on pp. 187-8.

is a very great secret. Take good care never to repeat to anyone what I am going to tell you. Dilbar has trained a cat and a mouse; she has accustomed the cat to bear a lamp on her head and the mouse to lie concealed in the shade of the lamp. When the dice do not turn up to suit Dilbar, the cat moves the lamp and causes the shadow to go to and fro, while the mouse turns the dice again, and in this way Dilbar wins without anyone of those who have played with her being able to understand the reason." Táj ul-Mulúk went to the bazár and bought a weasel, which he trained to lie in his sleeve, and, when he snapped his fingers, to come out suddenly, like a little panther. Then he visited the old woman and said to her: "I am weary of service, and if you lend me a thousand rupís I will try to start some business." The old woman led him into a room, and, showing him all her money, bade him take what he required. The prince was satisfied with a thousand rupís. Returning to his master, he told him that a friend was to be married that day, and he wished to attend the nuptials if the Amír would give him suitable clothes. The Amír at once consented, and even allowed the prince to take one of his best horses.

Táj ul-Mulúk, richly dressed and mounted upon a superb steed, proceeded to the house of the artful courtesan. He was no sooner introduced to her than the gambler of the sky closed the chessboard of the sun, in the house of the west, and threw upon the

table of the east the golden dice of the stars.[1] "I am told," said he, "that you are fond of playing backgammon, and if you please, we can have a few games." Dilbar at first begged to be excused, but in the end consented to play, and, as usual, placed the lamp upon the head of the cat, staked a thousand rupís, and threw the dice. The sháh-záda[2] allowed her to win the first game with the aid of the cat and the mouse. At the second, as fortune did not turn in her favour, the cat and the mouse were about to begin their old tricks, when Táj ul-Mulúk snapped his fingers, and the weasel ran furiously out of its master's sleeve, whereupon the mouse disappeared like lightning, and the cat astonished, fled like the wind, overturning the lamp. The sháh-záda pretended to be in a great rage, and exclaimed: "Artful woman! What tricks are you playing? How is it that you have not a proper lamp in a house so elegantly furnished?" At these words

[1] Persian writers are extremely fond of far-fetched conceits. In describing sunrise they almost invariably borrow metaphors from the incidents last related. We have had several examples of this peculiarity in the romance of Nassar, as (pp. 6,7) in the case of the robbery of the royal treasury by one of the eunuchs of the haram, where the author begins his account of next day's events thus: "When the *eunuch* of *night* had retired and the *prince* of *morn* established himself in the *palace* of the horizon," and so forth. And here we have the game of backgammon between the hero and Dilbar utilised for a description of the natural phenomenon of sunset.

[2] "Sháh-záda:" *lit.* "king-born," or son of the king; the usual term applied to royal princes in Persia.

Dilbar was confused, and beads of perspiration appeared on her brow. She caused a candlestick to be brought and then the game was resumed. In his turn the prince had the advantage, and gained that night seven crores of rupís. In the morning he told Dilbar that he was obliged to return and breakfast with the king, and went away, leaving with her the money he had won, and promising to come again at night.

The prince came at the time appointed, and after they had partaken of some food, they began to play for a crore of rupís, and by midnight he had won all Dilbar's hoarded money, which amounted to one hundred crores of rupís.[1] Dilbar, in despair, wished to play next for her furniture, in the hope of winning, and afterwards recovering what she had lost. But she was not any more fortunate than before, and the prince said: "Well, what shall we do now? Do you wish to play once more with me? If I lose, I will give you a thousand rupís; if I win, you will give up all the princes you have kept prisoners by deceit and cheating." Dilbar agreed to the proposal, and in

[1] A crore is 100 lakhs, or ten millions, according to the Hindú system of numeration; but in Persia it is only 5 lakhs, or 500,000. The artful Dilbar must have had an enormous amount of wealth, if she lost to our hero a hundred crores of rupís, which even according to the Persian computation would be equal to five millions of pounds, English money, estimating the rupí at two shillings. After this she'd be fully justified in describing herself, as honest Dogberry does with some pride, as "one who has had *losses* too!"

a twinkling the sháh-záda had again won the game. Then she said: "If I win, I will keep all that I have lost; if I lose, not only will everything belong to you, but I shall be your slave." In this last throw fortune was once more propitious to Táj ul-Mulúk. "Happy young man!" she cried, "with the help of God and your horoscope you have made me your slave. That game which all the kings of the world had played in vain throughout their lives is at last in thy hand. Now consider this as thy house. Bind me to thee by the ties of wedlock, and pass here the rest of thy days in affluence and grandeur." "No, no," said the prince; "I cannot consent to it. An important affair occupies my mind. If God grant me success in it, you also shall be happy. I exact from you that you abandon the life you have been leading, and wait for me twelve years, employing yourself in the service of the Most High." Dilbar earnestly implored him to confide his secret to her. "Listen, then," said he. "My name is Táj ul-Mulúk. I am the son of Zayn ul-Mulúk, the king of an eastern country, who lost his sight by an accident, and learned physicians have unanimously declared that his blindness can only be cured by the Rose of Bakáwalí. My brothers set out in quest of this marvellous flower. I was secretly with them, and when I learned that they had been ensnared by thy wiles, I employed artifice against thee in my turn, and thus have I overreached thee. I am determined to search for the Rose of Bakáwalí, and if

I succeed, all will be well, if not, I shall give up life." Hearing this Dilbar said: "Alas, what fanciful idea has taken possession of thy reason? Know that the Rose of which you speak is in the region of the sun, and not even a bird could succeed in reaching it. Bakáwalí is the daughter of the king of the Jinn, and in her garden is that flower. But it is guarded by thousands of *dívs.*[1] No mortal can approach without their permission. O prince, do not expose yourself to such dangers, for, as Sa'dí says:

> Although 'tis written, when 'tis doomed, we die,
> Yet in the dragon's mouth, O wherefore fly?"[2]

Táj ul-Mulúk replied: "The God who changed into a garden of roses the fire into which Nimrod caused Abraham to be cast[3] will crown my zeal with success. The sons of men are inferior to dívs in strength, but they are superior in wisdom; for God himself has said: 'I have given glory to the children.'

[1] Dívs (or *deevs*) are similar to the Jinn (or Genii) of Arabian mythology. Some are good demons, being faithful Muslims, but those who are unbelievers are for the most part malignant and delight in working evil on mankind.

[2] A quotation from the *Gulistán*, or Rose Garden, of the celebrated Persian poet and philosopher Sa'dí, ch. iii.—Sa'dí was born, at Shíráz, towards the close of the 12th century, and died, in his native city, about 1291 A.D., having lived upwards of a hundred years.

[3] According to the Kurán, because Abraham would not worship idols, Nimrod cast him into a blazing furnace, which was turned into a rose-garden—evidently a distorted version of the story of Nebuchadnezzar and the three devout Hebrew youths, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego.

Story of the Bráhman and the Lion.

"You may have heard that a Bráhman passing through a forest saw a lion held fast by a rope and confined in a cage. On perceiving the Bráhman he begged hard, and humbly said: 'O Bráhman, if you will kindly release me I will recompense you some day.' The simple-minded Bráhman was affected by the words of the lion; but, blind as he was to reason, he did not consider that the lion was his enemy, and that no reliance could be placed on his promises. He opened the door of the cage, unloosed the feet of the lion, and set him at liberty. The bloodthirsty beast, as soon as he found himself free, knocked down the Bráhman, and seizing him by the throat carried him towards his den. The Bráhman cried: "O lion, I did a good service for you in hopes of getting a fair return, but I see thy intentions are evil." The lion answered: 'In my religion the return for good is evil. If you do not believe me let us refer the question to some one else, and whatever he says will decide the matter.' That fool agreed. In the forest there grew a tall and umbrageous banyan tree. The lion and the Bráhman went under its branches and referred the matter to it. Said the banyan: 'The lion is in the right. I have always seen that the return for good is evil. Hear, O Bráhman! I stand on one leg[1] and

[1] Standing on one leg in presence of a superior is a mark of profound respect in India.

cast my shade on every traveller that passes this way. But whoever takes shelter in my shadow is sure, on departing, to pull off one of my branches, to make use of it as a walking-stick in his hand. Now say, is not evil the return of good?' The lion asked: 'Well, my friend, what sayest thou?' The Bráhman answered: 'Refer the matter to some one else.' The lion proceeded a few steps farther and questioned the road on the subject. The road answered: 'The lion is right. Listen, O Bráhman. The traveller deviating from his path searches for me with the greatest care, and when he finds me I lead him to his home. But in return he defiles me.' The beast went on again and saw a jackal on a rising ground. He was about to run away, when the lion called out: 'O jackal, do not be afraid. I have come to refer a question to you.' Said the jackal: 'You may say what you please, bnt keep your distance; for if you approach, I am afraid your presence will render me senseless.' The lion said: 'This Bráhman has done good to me, and I intend to return evil to him. What sayst thou in the matter?' The jackal replied: 'I cannot quite understand what you say. How can a man who is so insignificant do any service to a lion, who is styled the monarch of the forest? I can never believe such a thing until I have seen it with my own eyes.' The lion said: 'Come on, and I will show it to you.' So the lion and the Bráhman proceeded and the jackal followed. When they came to the cage the Bráhman

said: 'O jackal, the lion was fast bound to this, and I freed him. What is your decision?' Said the jackal: 'How could such a small cage hold so great a lion? If he would re-enter it before me and lie down as before, and then if you should free him I shall believe what you say.' The lion entered the cage and the Bráhman commenced tying him. The jackal then remarked: 'If you make the slightest difference in adjusting the knots, I shall be unable to decide the case.' The Bráhman bound the lion strongly, and, having fastened the door of the cage, said to the jackal: 'In that state I found him.' 'Fool that you were,' exclaimed the jackal, 'to expect good from such a powerful beast. It is laying the axe to your own root to think so. What need have you to give freedom to such an enemy? Go your way now, for the foe is overcome.'[1]

"O beloved," continued the prince, "whoever gives freedom to complaints and impatience, which are like the lion confined in the cage of the body, and whoever, showing kindness to them, removes the string of resignation, always suffers from his own folly. O Dilbar, I have related this fable to show that the body cannot overcome the mind. It is proper for thee to release the princes of the East and the West, and God will release thee from the pains of hell. But until my return be very careful of my brothers. And now give me leave to depart."

[1] This fable is omitted by Garcin de Tassy.

Dilbar Lakhí answered:

"Do not leave me sad and lonely;
  Unattended, why depart?
Wherefore grieve a heart that loves thee?
  Wherefore crush this widowed heart?
As the shell is thirsty for the
  Drops, that make it teem with pearl,[1]
So my heart is longing for thee,
  While thy sails thou dost unfurl.
Lo, the storm blows fierce and furious,
  Leave not thou the joys of home:
Stranger to the world, O wherefore,
  Joseph-wise, in exile roam?
Long and distant is the journey;
  Hear my words, and stay—O stay!
Like the moth I'm fluttering round thee,
  Whilst you wish to pass away.

[1] It is the common belief in the East that pearls are formed in the oyster out of drops of rain falling into it when the shells are open. This notion is the subject of a mystical poem in Sa'dí's *Bustán*, or Garden of Odours, Book iv, which has been thus translated:

"A drop of rain trickled from a cloud into the ocean; when it beheld the breadth of its waters it was utterly confounded.

'What a place this sea is, and what am I? If it is existent, verily I am non-existent.'

Whilst it was thus regarding itself with the eye of contempt, an oyster received it into its bosom.

Fortune preferred it to a place of honour; for it became a renowned royal pearl.

Because it was humble, it found exaltation;—it knocked at the door of nonentity, that it might arise into being."—Robinson's *Persian Poetry for English Readers*, p. 328.

Beloved, take warning from what you have seen. The princely mind was pure and clean; and when it fell in the world, the world was dazzled with thy brightness, and became blind. Arise now, and go after the attainment of thy desire; but never allow thyself to be prevailed on to play at hazard with the world, who always keeps her backgammon-board open for all. Beware, lest, through the assistance of the cat of deceit and the mouse of cunning, she turn the dice in her own favour. Then the treasures of thy faith will be exhausted, and she will keep thee in bonds for ever. If by the help of the weasel of patience you will expose and overcome her wiles, she will then try (she who has subdued kings and mighty sovereigns) to captivate thee by her charms, declaring at the same time that she will become thy slave. But should you turn away your gaze from her, you will certainly succeed in your undertaking."[1]

[1] Here our author makes the courtesan Dilbar discourse most eloquently and in a highly moral strain. It has always been much easier to preach than to practise, I ween!

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING HOW THE PRINCE IS HELPED IN HIS QUEST BY A FRIENDLY DEMON—MARRIES MAHMUDA, A BEAUTIFUL GIRL —REACHES THE GARDEN OF BAKAWALI AND PLUCKS THE ROSE—SEEING THE FAIRY BAKAWALI ASLEEP, FALLS IN LOVE WITH HER--RETURNS WITH MAHMUDA AND REJOINS DILBAR, WHO LIBERATES HIS BRETHREN, BEFORE THE THREE SET OUT FOR HIS OWN COUNTRY—ON THE WAY HE IS DEPRIVED OF THE ROSE BY HIS BRETHREN, WHO RETURN HOME, AND BY MEANS OF THE FLOWER RESTORE THEIR FATHER'S SIGHT.

It is related that Táj ul-Mulúk assumed the garb of a darvesh, rubbed ashes all over his body, and, pronouncing the name of God,[1] set out on his journey. After some days he entered a forest, so dark on account of the number of trees in it that night could not be distinguished from day. But the prince was far from losing courage, thinking it was only a wave of the ocean of troubles which he had to traverse. "I must," said he, "draw closer the girdle of resolution, and, like the salamander, plunge into this furnace."[2]

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[1] Good Muslims never commence any undertaking of importance or danger without first reciting the formula—which is also invariably placed at the beginning of all their writings—"In the Name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate!" (*Bismillahi er-rahmani er-rahimi*).

[2] "That a salamander is able to live in flames," says Sir Thomas Browne, "to endure and put out fire, is an assertion not only of great antiquity but confirmed by frequent and not contemptible authority. . . . All which notwithstanding, there is on the negative authority and experience. . . . The

He then penetrated into the forest, as dark as ignorance, and swarming with wild beasts of every kind, especially ravenous dragons with gaping mouths. He wandered for a long time, to the right and then to the left; his body was torn by the sharp thorns of thickets and his feet were pierced by those of the babúl, to such an extent that he was covered with blood. The end of the forest was only reached after great difficulty, and prostrating himself before God, he prayed most earnestly. Then continuing his way he saw a dív sitting, whom he might have taken for a mountain. When the dív arose, his head touched the sky, and from his voice like thunder the prince heard the following words: "Young man, how comes it that, of your own free will, you leave the city of life and journey with the feet of your desires in the path of death?" "Learn, you who question me," replied Táj ul-Mulúk, pale and trembling, "that the life of this fleeting world is a misfortune for me. If it were otherwise I should never throw myself into the jaws of death, and should not find myself in the coils of such a sanguinary being as you. Free me, then, with all speed from the torments which I am suffering; for

ground of this opinion might be some sensible resistance of fire observed in the salamander; which being, as Galen determineth, cold in the fourth and moist in the third degree, and having also a mucus humidity above and under the skin, by virtue thereof it may a while endure flame, which being consumed it can resist no more."—*Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, ch. xiv.

one hour of this existence is like a hundred years of anguish." The dív was moved to pity. "Listen, son of Adam," said he. "Very far from doing you an injury, I wish to take you under my protection and lend you my aid." Thus reassured, Táj ul-Mulúk remained with the dív, who showed him much friendship, and they were soon as thick as milk and sugar. One day the dív, being well pleased with a meal which the sháh-záda had prepared for him,[1] pressed him to disclose his wishes, swearing by Sulayman[2] that he would accomplish them for him. Then Táj ul-Mulúk told him that he was most desirous of entering the country of Bakáwalí, upon which the dív sighed heavily, smote his own head, and appeared agitated with the utmost grief. "What do you ask, my young man?" said he. "The country of which you speak is that of the king of the fairies, and it is guarded day and night on all sides by ten thousand of his slaves. How could I get you there? And yet I must keep my oath." He then uttered a loud cry, and presently another dív appeared, to whom he communicated the sháh-záda's desire, adding: "Thou hast the power to grant it, and I ask the favour of thee, seeing that I am pledged by a terrible oath to aid him."

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[1] See the note on pp. 108-9.

[2] To swear by Solomon, especially by Solomon's signet-ring, is the most binding oath which the jinn and the fairies can take, since its breach would entail a dreadful punishment.

Now this second dív had a sister named Hammála,[1] who was the chief guard of the country, and eighteen thousand dívs were her subordinates. He wrote at once recommending the prince to her, and giving the letter to a messenger told Táj ul-Mulúk to be guided by him. This dív took the prince on his left arm and with his right protected him from the rays of the sun. Thus they proceeded on their way, and arrived in the presence of Hammála, to whom the dív consigned both the letter and the prince. She said to the messenger: "If my brother had sent me a whole mine of red sulphur, or even the ring of Sulayman, it could not have given me more pleasure than I now feel." Then she wrote a reply to her brother, saying: "I once had occasion to travel through the habitations of man, and thence I brought away a girl matchless in beauty, the daughter of a king. Her I adopted as my own daughter and called her Mahmúda.[2] She is now in her fourteenth year, and bright in beauty as the moon when half-full. For her it is evident that God has sent this youth—thanks be to the Lord." She then dismissed the messenger with this letter, and Mahmúda was at once married to Táj ul-Mulúk.

For some time the sháh-záda lived with his protectress and Mahmúda, but without performing his marital

[1] "Hammála" may mean a woman who carries: Garcin de Tassy calls her "porteuse."

[2] "Praiseworthy": "Belauded."

duties, and one day when his spouse complained to him of his indifference, he informed her that an important matter occupied his thoughts. "I have made a vow," said he, "to forego the pleasures of this world, even lawful ones, until I have attained my desire." "Be of good cheer," rejoined Mahmúda. "If it please God, I will untie the knot of the thread of hope with the nail of prudence; and I will tell you where to find the town of Bakáwalí." On the morrow Hammála took Mahmúda on her knee, as usual, and overwhelmed her with caresses. Mahmúda then said to her: "My dear mother, I have a favour to ask of you. Will you grant it?" "Yes, my child," said Hammála, kissing her head and eyes. "This it is, then: the sháh-záda wishes to visit the kingdom of Bakáwalí; try to satisfy him." Hammála at first raised up difficulties, but when she saw that her adopted child would not give up her idea, she called one of her followers and ordered him to secretly conduct the prince into the garden of Bakáwalí, which he did accordingly.

When Táj ul-Mulúk entered this wondrous garden, he found that the ground was of gold, the walls which surrounded it were studded with the rubies of Badakshán,[1] and the carnelians of Yaman. Through parterres of emeralds flowed streams of rosewater in beds

[1] Badakshán is a mountainous tract of country in Afghán Túrkestán, famous for mines yielding the finest rubies, lapis-lazuli, etc.

of topaz.[1] Beautiful indeed was that grove. The flowers were so bright that had the sun beheld them he would have been covered with the perspiration of shame. The clusters of grapes there, vieing in colour with the emerald, were like the Pleiades in heaven; and the narcissus was more graceful than the flowing ringlets of the most charming damsel. That garden! If a drop of its dew were to fall in the ocean it would make the fishes exhale the perfume of roses; and if the sky should hear a single note of its birds, it would cease revolving, and stand still to listen to it.[2] If Venus heard it, she would dance with joy, and fall on earth in company with the moon. Redder than the

[1] The romance writers of mediæval Europe, after the first Crusade, drew largely from Oriental fictions. Thus, for example, in *The Boke of Duke Huon of Bordeux*, among the many wonders which the hero sees in his journey to the court of the Soudan of Babylon is an underground river, the bed of which was composed of the most precious stones, which possessed a variety of curative properties.

[2] "The heavenly orbs, according to the principles of philosophy, possess a reasonable mind."—*Akhlák-i Jalálí.* "This," remarks W. F. Thomson, the translator, "is inferred from continuity of motion and influence without perceptible external cause, and it seems men's earliest conclusion and the origin of star-worship. Admitting Plato's notion that souls were introduced, or perhaps kindled, by the heavenly bodies, nothing could be more reasonable than to attempt, by observation and induction, to ascertain the influence contributed by each. The premises only are to be attacked; and for these the chiefs of classical as well as Oriental literature are responsible."

fairest fruits was the colour of the fruits growing there; and much more graceful than the tallest form were the cypress-trees that waved therein.[1]

The prince gazed on all this with pleasure. Suddenly his eyes fell on an outer hall, made of ruby and jasper, inlaid with a pond full of the purest rose-water. Its sides were studded with the most precious stones, and in the middle of it bloomed a lovely flower, delicate to view, and most pleasing in fragrance. The prince concluded that this was the Rose of Bakáwalí. Undressing himself, he plunged into the pond, and obtained the flower of his fondest wishes. Investing himself again with his garments, he deposited the flower most carefully in his pocket, and turned his steps towards the palace of the princess. A magnificent structure composed of ruby met his eyes. Its doors beamed with the lustre which once shone on Mount Sinai.[2] Attracted by its beauty the prince entered. Every hall was made of rubies. The windows were ornamented with screens of the richest embroidery, the work upon which appeared as stars sprinkled on the face of the heavens. Táj ul-Mulúk advanced; but what was his surprise when he perceived a magnificent couch on which was reposing a slender

[1] The cypress, which is in Europe associated with sombre ideas, is by Asiatics commonly employed as a comparison for the graceful stature of a pretty girl.

[2] Muslims are perfectly familiar with the principal narratives in the Bible, from which the Kurán is largely composed.

beauty, fast locked in the arms of sleep! Her hair was dishevelled. Slight marks of lamp-black were observable round her closed eyes,[1] her bodice was loosened, her waistband very much removed from its proper place, and her trouser-sleeves were pulled up, and its bunches of strings hanging loosely. With her fair hands gracefully laid upon her forehead, she was sleeping the sleep of innocent youth. The ruddiness of her cheeks brightened the world and cast the sun and moon into the shade. Those black eyes would have shamed even the narcissus, and the redness of her lips would make the heart of the tulip to bleed. The arch of her eyebrows made the crescent hide its face, and the locks of night paled before the shady blackness of her raven hair.

Tall as the cypress of the lawn was she,
  And sweet as honey were her lips so red;
If seen in all her native brilliancy,
  The stars would lose the lustre which they shed.
Bright as the pearls her shining teeth were seen;
  Radiant her charms as Pleiades on high;
She was a rose, the fairest rose, I ween,
  For whom a thousand nightingales would die.

Táj ul-Mulúk was staggered at the sight of so much beauty; but, on regaining some degree of strength, he approached the couch and softly recited these verses:

[1] Asiatic ladies tinge the inner edges of their eyelids with lamp-black in order to increase the lustre of the eyes; it is believed, moreover, to strengthen the sight.

"If thy charms thou would'st discover,
Stars would all their light forget,
And the night would grow the darker,
Gazing on those locks of jet.
Glowing in the flush of beauty,
Careless of the world art thou:
What am I?—The mightiest princes
Will before thy beauty bow!"

In brief, the prince thought within himself that it would be well to leave some token of his visit. So he gently took a ring off one of her fingers and put his own in its place, murmuring the following lines:

"Like the tulip, lo! I go, a spot upon my suffering heart,
Dust upon my head, and in my heart a sharp and rankling dart.
Like me in this scene of woe, who suffers more from Fortune's power?
In this garden I have entered, and I go without a flower."

While she was yet sleeping the prince departed, and returned to the abode of Hammála, who was waiting for him in the most intense anxiety. When she saw him she smiled with the sincerest pleasure, and passed the time in merriment and joy. And when the bride of day had hidden her blushing face in the bed of midnight, and evening had shown her murky locks to the world,[1] the prince retired and that night showed every endearment to his spouse. Thus several days passed in pleasure.

One night Táj ul-Mulúk sat in the chamber of Mahmúda and conversed with her to this effect: "O

[1] See note 1, p. 250.

source of all my happiness! although I here enjoy comfort and everything is ready for my convenience, yet I am longing for my native land." "Rest contented," she replied, "and to-morrow I shall ask leave to depart." Next morning, as usual, Hammála tenderly embraced them, but perceiving them to look sad, she asked them: "What can I do to please you, my darlings? Fear not a refusal." Mahmúda answered: "Your tender care anticipates all our desires; but there is one thing we do not find here, namely, the company of beings like ourselves; and so, notwithstanding the violent grief we feel in separating from you, the fire of the love of country reduces to ashes our repose and necessitates the employment of the water of return." Hammála, greatly afflicted by this sudden declaration, cried out: "What! have I brought you up with so much care, in the hope that you would be my faithful companion, and now you wish to leave me! Alas, you would never have thought of it, if I had not married you to the sháhzáda. But it is all my own fault." Yet seeing that they would not willingly remain with her, she summoned a dív, and ordered him to carry the pair to a place which Táj ul-Mulúk would indicate to him, and bring back a letter intimating their safe arrival. Then Hammála plucked two hairs out of her head, and giving one to the prince and the other to Mahmúda she said: "When you need me, put this hair in the fire and I will at once hasten to you with a thousand

dívs,"[1] and having received their adieus, a gigantic dív appeared, who was swifter in his course than the lightning, and told them he was at their service. "Conduct us then," said the prince, "to the city of Firdaus, and into the garden of the courtesan Dilbar Lakhí." The dív took them upon his shoulders, and quick as thought deposited them in the place indicated. Táj ul-Mulúk then dismissed his guide with a letter to Hammála, announcing their safe arrival.

When the beautiful Dilbar heard the voice of the sháh-záda she ran out to meet him, and throwing herself at his feet, returned thanks to God for his safe return. He told all that had occurred to him, and introduced to her Mahmúda, whom Dilbar Lakhí tenderly embraced in token of her sincere affection. After a few days Táj ul-Mulúk made preparations to return to his own country. At the moment of his departure, Dilbar, after having had some conversation with him, ordered his brothers to be brought, and he, who was supposed not to know them, begged her to restore them to liberty, as she had already done to the princes of the east and the west who had fallen into her power; but she consented only provided she should be allowed to brand them on the back in token of the state of slavery to which they had been reduced. The four sons of Zayn ul-Mulúk had no alternative but to

[1] This incident is common to folk-tales almost everywhere: sometimes it is a bird who gives the hero one of his feathers, which serves the same purpose.

submit to be thus branded; but when they had withdrawn Táj ul-Mulúk ordered each of them to be given a dress of honour and a lakh of rupís to defray the expenses of their journey, and then they set out for their native land. He then sent away Dilbar and Mahmúda, directing them to wait for him in a certain city, and himself secretly followed his brothers in order to discover their intentions.

Táj ul-Mulúk stopped at the same inn as his brothers, and, concealed in a corner of the room, he heard their boasting and falsehood with reference to the Rose of Bakáwalí. He waited patiently for some time, but at last could endure it no longer, and drawing near them he said to others who were present: "What these men say is false; for I alone possess the Rose of Bakáwalí, and can show it to you." Then untying his girdle he drew from it the flower and exhibited it to the impostors, who in fury snatched it from him saying: "Let us see if you speak the truth; for if you deceive us we shall make you pay dearly for it." They caused a blind man to be brought in, applied the rose to his eyes, and instantly his sight was restored. Their astonishment and confusion were unbounded, but they not only refused to return the flower to Táj ul-Mulúk, but showered blows upon him and chased him from their presence. Then they joyfully continued their journey, and on reaching the confines of their country they sent a messenger before them to announce their

return. This news filled the good king, their father, with joy. To do them honour, he made a journey of several days to meet them.[1] Zayn ul-Mulúk embraced his four sons and kissed them affectionately. On their part, they gave him the Rose of Bakáwalí, which when he placed to his eyes rendered them as bright as the stars. He then offered thanks to God that he had recovered his sight by means of the flower, and in celebration of the happy event ordered all his subjects, rich and poor, to keep open for a whole year the door of joy and pleasure, and to close the door of sadness and sorrow.

[1] This was a very unusual condescension on the part of the monarch, even though in honour of his own sons. The common practice (in Persia) is for the sháh to send a deputation the distance of two days' journey to meet and welcome any distinguished visitors. The deputation is called *istikbál*, and those sent, *písh váz*, openers of the way. A day's journey is twenty miles.

CHAPTER IV.

BAKAWALI, ON AWAKING, DISCOVERS THAT HER ROSE HAS BEEN STOLEN, SETS OUT IN SEARCH OF THE THIEF DISGUISED AS A MAN, AND TAKES SERVICE WITH THE PRINCE'S FATHER, THE KING OF THE EAST—THE FAIRIES BUILD A GRAND PALACE FOR THE PRINCE, LIKE THAT OF BAKAWALI—THE KING HEARS OF THE NEW PALACE—STORY OF THE PRINCESS AND THE DEMON WHO EXCHANGED SEXES—THE PRINCE'S FATHER AND BRETHREN, WITH BAKAWALI (DISGUISED), VISIT HIM AT HIS PALACE, AND HE DISCLOSES HIMSELF.

Let us now return to Bakáwalí, whom we left asleep on her beautiful couch. When she awoke she fastened her bodice, put her dress in order, drew the comb through her hair, and went to the lake where grew her cherished Rose. On reaching the bank she discovered that the precious flower was gone, and at the same moment perceived that she wore a different ring from her own. "O Heaven!" cried she, "is it a dream or the effect of magic? But no; only a man could have done this deed, for none but a human being could elude the vigilance of the dívs. None is equal to thee in daring, and an ordinary man I am sure thou art not. Gold and silver are stolen by thieves; but thou art not a common robber. If I could but see thee I would lay thy hands on my eyes and kiss them over and over. Thou hast made a mine in my bosom and stolen away my heart. To thy satisfaction thou hast not seen me; but I doubt not thou hast feasted thy eyes with a sight of these lips, and who knows, but

thou mayest have tasted the honey therefrom? Thou hast stolen the gold, and the casket only is here." Bakáwalí then returned into her palace and summoned her attendants in order to have them punished for their carelessness, forgetting the maxim that "when the arrow of Fate is shot none can arrest it with the shield of prudence," and said to them: "If you wish to live, bring the thief to me immediately." They did as desired, but no trace whatever of the thief could be found. Bakáwalí resolved to go herself in quest of him. Rendering herself invisible to all eyes, she reached the capital of Zayn ul-Mulúk, where she beheld everywhere preparations being made for a festival, and heard on all sides the sound of musical instruments. Curious to know the cause of these rejoicings, she assumed the form of a young man, and inquired of the first person she met: "What is the reason of the mirth which prevails among the inhabitants of this city?" "The king," replied the citizen, "was blind; but his sons, after searching a long time and coming through unheard-of trials, have at last succeeded in obtaining the Rose of Bakáwalí, which has restored his sight. On this account the padisháh has ordered that every one should give himself up to pleasure for a year, and that the sound of the *naubat*[1] should everywhere be heard."

Bakáwalí, delighted to hear tidings, at least, of her Rose, was in hopes of soon discovering the person who

[1] Kettle-drum.

had stolen it from her. Returning to the bank of the river, she bathed in order to refresh herself after the fatigue of her journey, and having dressed, she proceeded to the royal palace. She was introduced to Zayn ul-Mulúk, who inquired of her who she was, and whence and why she had come. Bakáwalí answered thus, very composedly: "Your slave comes from the country of the west which is called Farrukh.[1] I have left my home in the hope of entering the service of your majesty, and I venture to express the wish that I may be admitted among the number of officers attached to your royal person." "I accept your services," said the king; "remain with me." For some time Bakáwalí performed her new duties, till one day the four sons of the king presented themselves at court. Zayn ul-Mulúk, according to his custom, received them most affectionately, pressed them to his bosom, kissed their heads and eyes, and made them sit beside himself. Bakáwalí asked an attendant who these personages were, and was informed that they were the king's own sons. Then with the touch-stone of discernment she tested the gold of their countenances, and felt convinced that it was not pure. "Has the king no other son," she inquired, "who went with these in search of the Rose of Bakáwalí?" "He has not," was the answer.[2]

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1 "Happy."

2 Similar question and answer occur in the story of "The Sultan of Yaman and his Three Sons," one of the tales translated

The fairy princess loved him who had taken possession of her ring, and her heart told her that he was of a quite different stamp from these four sons of Zayn ul-Mulúk. In despair, that after so many difficulties she had discovered traces of her Rose, but still could not find out the one who had plucked it, she cursed the fate which had sported with her prudent devices, and remained convinced that these princes had not plucked the Rose and that the king had another son. So she resolved to be patient and see what should come from behind the veil of mystery.

When the four wicked brothers of Táj ul-Mulúk had deprived him of the Rose of Bakáwalí he was at first confounded, but soon afterwards followed them, and when he arrived at the frontiers of his father's country, and found himself in a dense jungle full of wild beasts, he recollected the hair which Hammála had given him, and placed it on a fire which he lighted by means of a flint. There was not a quarter of it burnt when the fairy presented herself before him, accompanied by a thousand dívs, and asked him in what way she could be of service to him. The prince, after apologising for the liberty he had taken in summoning her, replied that he wished to have, then and in

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by Jonathan Scott from the Wortley-Montague MS. text of the *Alf Layla wa Layla*, or Thousand and One Nights, which are comprised in the sixth vol. of his edition of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, p. 81.

that spot, a palace equal to that of Bakáwalí, upon which the fairy despatched some of her followers to the four corners of the earth, to fetch the rubies of Badakshán, the carnelians of Yaman, and abundance of gold and silver and all kinds of precious stones. Within three days the dívs returned laden with treasures and at once began to erect a palace as instructed by the sháh-záda. It was soon finished, and one would have said that it was actually the palace of Bakáwalí. One fourth of the precious stones brought by the dívs could not be used and were deposited in the treasury of the palace. When all was ready, Hammála reminded the prince that what she had just done for him was on account of her love for Mahmúda, and counselled him never to soil with the dust of sorrow the robe of that damsel, and then departed.

Táj ul-Mulúk proceeded in great state to seek Dilbar and Mahmúda at the place where they were to wait for him. He provided them with palankíns, which were decorated with priceless gems and beautiful brocaded curtains, and preceded by slaves on horseback, carrying sticks of gold and silver in their hands. In this manner did he bring them to his palace, where they passed the time very agreeably.

One day, as a slave of the prince, named Sa'íd, was strolling through the forest he came upon some woodcutters, and asked them whither they were carrying the faggots they had prepared. "We are," said they,

"men of the east country, and it is by the sale of our wood that we support our families." The slave desired them to convey their burdens to the house of his master, promising they should be richly recompensed. The men answered that they had never seen any sign of a habitation in that forest. "Follow me," said the slave, "and you will soon be convinced I speak the truth, and that my master's house is not far distant." The woodcutters complied in the hope of gain, and soon arrived near the palace of Táj ul-Mulúk. As the precious stones of which its walls were built reflected the rays of the sun, they thought it was a great fire. "May God preserve us," they cried, "from the devil, who has been stoned![1] We will not go a step farther." "Calm yourselves," replied Sa'íd; "what you see is not fire, but the brilliancy of the stones which cover the walls. Continue to follow me, and fear nothing." When they reached the palace, Sa'íd brought them before Táj ul-Mulúk, who received them with great kindness, and gave to each a handful of pearls and precious stones, saying to them that if they would come and stay with him he would give them every day twice as much as they had just received. So they left their own country and settled there. The news spread far and wide,

[1] According to Muslim ideas, the shooting stars are stones flung at demons who approach the portals of heaven to listen to the divine communications; and Satan is "stoned" every year by the pilgrims at Makka—for which see Burton's *Pilgrimage to Meccah and Medinah*.

and many others followed the example of the woodmen, and those who went remained in this new city. Every day the Kutwál[1] was complaining to the minister of Zayn ul-Mulúk of the migration of his subjects, and how even in one night a thousand had quitted the capital. The minister inquired whither they had gone. "I have heard," said the kutwál, "that in a forest a city has been built on foundations of gold, and that a palace has been erected which is unequalled in earth. The generosity of the king of that city bids fair to erase the name of Hatim[2] from the minds of the people; and such is the fame of his justice that the glory of Núshírván is eclipsed.[3] The minister asked: "How can a man do what is beyond the power of mortals to perform?" "But I have been

[1] Chief of police. [2] See note on p. 46.

[3] Núshírván, surnamed *'Adil*, or the Just (the Chosroes of the Greeks), was of the Sassanian dynasty of ancient Persian kings, and died, after a very prosperous reign of 48 years, A. D. 579. Muhammed was wont to boast of his good fortune in having been born during the reign of so wise and just a prince. His dying injunctions to his son and successor, Hormuz, are thus recorded by Sa'dí (*Bustán*, B. i): "Be thou in heart the guardian of the poor. Be not in bondage to thine own ease. No one will live in comfort in thy kingdom if thou desirest only thine own comfort and sayest, 'It is enough.' He will receive no praise from the wise who passeth his nights in sleep whilst the wolf is amidst his flock. Keep watch over the necessitous poor; for the peasant it is from which the king deriveth his throne. The king is the tree, the peasant the root: the tree, O my son, deriveth its strength from the root."

credibly informed of it many times," said the kutwál. "And that powerful God who transformed a man into a woman and metamorphosed a woman into a man can also bestow wealth (which is like a beautiful woman) on a human being. Have you not heard of the princess who borrowed virility from a dív and married a wife?" "No," answered the vazír. "Attend then," said the kutwál:

Story of the Princess and the Dív who exchanged sexes.

In ancient times there lived a king, who had a hundred beautiful girls in his haram yet had no issue by any one of them. At length one of them gave birth to a daughter, and afterwards she bore three other children, but every time a female. When she was pregnant for the fourth time the king swore that if a daughter was born again he would have both the child and the mother destroyed. It happened that a daughter was again born; but lovely and fairy-like was the infant. The mother, anxious to preserve the life of her darling, gave out that it was a son, and prevailed upon the astrologers to counsel the king not to see the child's face for ten years, for should he do so harm would come to him, and the father agreed to do as they desired.

When the girl grew up in years and understanding, and the prescribed period was near expiring, the

mother explained matters to her, and requested her to assume the garb of a young man and thus appear before the king, so that in this way both their lives might be preserved. The daughter followed her mother's instructions, and in due course she was betrothed to the daughter of another monarch. When the wedding-day approached, the king caused her to be clothed in rich garments, and, placing her in a golden litter, despatched her to the country of the bride. The girl sometimes wept and sometimes laughed at the situation in which she was placed. At last when she reached a dense forest, where she had occasion to stay for the night, she could bear her shame no longer, and finding life nothing less than a burden, she left her litter secretly and wandered far into the wood, trusting that some beast of prey would destroy her.

After roaming about for some time, she found herself under the branches of a tall, umbrageous tree, in which dwelt a dív, who immediately fell in love with her beauty. In the shape of a young man he appeared to her, and inquired the cause of her distress. The girl told her story frankly, upon which the heart of the dív melted, and he offered to change her into a man and himself into a woman for a short time. She consented to this, and the transformation took place at once, after which she took her leave, with a light and happy heart, and rejoined her attendants unperceived by any of them. In a few days more

they reached the country of the bride. The marriage was consummated and the old king returned to his own country. The prince who was originally a princess remained with his spouse until a child was born to him, and then he set out on a visit to his father. In passing through the forest he sought out the tree and found the dív sitting there in the form of a woman. "O dív," cried the prince, "through thy favour I have obtained the wish of my heart. Take back your virility and restore my womanhood to me." But this the dív could not do, as in the form of a woman he had fallen in love with another dív and expected soon to become a mother. "Therefore," added the dív, "do thou retain thy manhood: I am content to remain a woman."[1]

The kutwál having finished his story, the vazír remarked: "God is great and powerful. I do not doubt this; but how a man can act so miraculously as you say the ruler of that new city has done, I cannot understand. Do you, however, go and inspect that wonderful palace and bring me an account of all that you see." So the kutwál at once proceeded to Mulk-i Nighárín,[2] accompanied by a large body of cavaliers.

[1] Garcin de Tassy omits this curious story, and another which immediately follows in the original text, related by the vazír, of the Darvesh and the Nightingale, which I also omit here, as a much better version will be found among the PERSIAN STORIES which follow the present romance.

[2] "Beautiful kingdom."

Táj ul-Mulúk, on hearing of his approach, ordered all the ponds to be filled and the fountains to be set playing, and that he should be received in the ruby-room. When the prince graced the throne with his presence the kutwál rose, made his obeisance to him, and spoke as follows: "The news of your residence in this jungle, where you have a palace and a city, has reached the ears of the king, my master, who has sent me to verify the fact. Now permit me to explain to you that if you wish to remain independent, you must quit this place without delay. If not, you must put your neck in the collar of submission and present yourself at the court of the king, for one scabbard cannot hold two swords nor one country be governed by two sovereigns." "It is true," replied Táj ul-Mulúk, "that I have constructed buildings in a place inhabited by wild beasts, but I am only occupied here in the service of the Most High, and I do not covet sovereignty, but wish to be regarded as friendly towards your king." The kutwál, satisfied with this declaration, returned to the vazír and related to him all that he had seen and heard, whereupon the vazír communicated it to Zayn ul-Mulúk. The fairy Bakáwalí, who was still in the king's service, heard the news with joy: she now beheld the Aurora of hope emerge from the night of despair.

Meanwhile Zayn ul-Mulúk bent his head for some time in the collar of reflection, then expressed his fear

that this new city might one day be the ruin of his kingdom. But the vazír represented to him that it was a maxim of the sages, that discretion should be practised towards an enemy who could not be conquered, and therefore he recommended that the king should enter into an allegiance with the stranger. "I consent," replied the monarch; "and, as no one can arrange this affair so well as yourself, do you go, and kill the serpent without breaking the stick."[1] The sagacious vazír accordingly went in great state to visit Táj ul-Mulúk, and was accorded a reception suited to his exalted rank. "You have already received a visit of a servant of my master, the king," said the vazír. "He has spoken so highly of your qualities that the anger which had become kindled in the heart of the padisháh, on hearing of your settlement here, has been extinguished, and he purposes himself paying you a visit. What can be better than a union of two rivers of goodness and generosity?" Táj ul-Mulúk replied: "I accept with great pleasure the message which you bring me on the part of your royal master. I ought to have made the first advance, for the king's wish which you have conveyed to me is also my own." It was then arranged that the king should come in a week, and, after the vazír had dined with Táj ul-Mulúk in

[1] In other words: "Succeed in this affair without compromising my dignity; according to the proverb, 'Take care while shunning one evil of falling into another.'"—See Roebuck's *Persian and Hindústaní Proverbs*, part ii, p. 118.

the most sumptuous manner, he returned and gave his master a faithful account of his interview and the wonders of the new city.

That very night the sháh-záda placed Hammála's hair on the fire, and immediately she appeared with a thousand dívs. Mahmúda rose to greet her mother, who kissed and embraced both her children, and inquired if they were in health. Táj ul-Mulúk answered: "In your safety is our happiness and all our wants are supplied. But in eight days the king of the East will visit me, and I wish you to cause carpets of wool and red and green velvet to be spread on the ground from my palace to his, and erect at the distance of every two miles tents made of fine ermine, with strings of gold texture, screens of satin and brocade, and hooks of gold and silver. These tents must be so numerous that every attendant of the king may be accommodated separately." Hammála gave the necessary orders to her followers and returned to her own country.

On the day appointed, the king set out to visit Táj ul-Mulúk, mounted on an elephant, in an *amári*[1] of gold, accompanied by his ministers and a great number of cavaliers. The four sons of the king, mounted on their own elephants, were also of the party, while Bakáwalí attended as an officer of the royal household. Táj ul-Mulúk went one day's march

[1] The canopy of a howdah, or chair for riding on an elephant, called *hauda-amári*—canopied howdah.

to meet his father.[1] He paid his respects to him and led him with joy to his palace, and made him sit down in the room of emeralds. The king was so astonished that he fell into a kind of stupor. Bakáwalí, on her part, almost lost her reason, when she beheld the prince. His handsome features pointed him out to her as the stealer of her Rose, and she was confirmed in this when she recognised that the palace was an exact copy of her own, for she felt sure that he who had designed it had seen the original. She wished at once to make herself known, but her natural timidity restrained her, and she resolved to wait patiently for a favourable opportunity to accomplish her purpose. Meanwhile a splendid feast was spread out, and music and song diffused pleasure over all. When every amusement was over, the king and Táj ul-Mulúk began to converse, and the prince inquired how many sons he had. The king pointed to the four princes and said that these were his only children. "I had one more," he added, "by gazing on whose countenance I lost my eyesight. Thanks be to God that I have regained it now; but there is no knowing where that child has gone." Táj ul-Mulúk asked how it was that the prince had turned away his face from duty and left his father's house, and farther inquired whether any one in the company would be able to recognise him. On this Zayn ul-Mulúk gave a detailed account of the birth of the lost prince as well as a history of

[1] See note on page 271.

his own blindness. He then pointed out one of his vazírs, who, he said, might be able to identify him. The prince turned towards him and inquired whether among all present he saw any one who bore a resemblance to Táj ul-Mulúk. The old and experienced man, after gazing steadfastly in the countenance of the speaker, replied that none but the prince himself presented any likeness to that person.

Hardly were these words uttered than Táj ul-Mulúk threw himself at the feet of his father, exclaiming: "I am that unfortunate son, who has wandered so long from your court in consequence of an adverse destiny and my sorrowful horoscope. Blessed be God who has at last permitted me to behold your venerable face and embrace your knees!" The king, deeply moved, pressed his young son to his bosom; then he returned thanks to God, saying to Táj ul-Mulúk that the astrologers who were consulted at his birth had predicted his present illustrious condition. "But tell me, dear son," he continued, "have you remained free till now, like the cypress, without uniting yourself to some beautiful lady?" The prince replied: "I have two wives, whom I shall have the honour to present to your majesty," and at once he went into the women's apartments and led out Dilbar and Mahmúda, who, however, stopped at the threshold of the hall and would not advance farther. The king impatiently exclaimed: "Why do they not come near me, that my eyes may be illumined and my heart

delighted by beholding them?" The prince answered: "My sovereign, it is shame that restrains them. The four princes, your sons, were once in bondage to one of them, and bear the tokens on their backs. If you have any doubt of this, you can satisfy yourself." At these words the pallor of confusion overspread the faces of the four princes, who immediately retired, fearing to be disgraced in public.[1] Then the wives of Táj ul-Mulúk were introduced to the king, and the prince related their history; how he bore away the flower from the garden of Bakáwalí and saw her asleep in all her beauty; how his brothers had deprived him of the flower; and how he had built his palace in the forest. Zayn ul-Mulúk immediately thought of the mother of his son. "You," said he, addressing the prince, "have restored my eyesight and opened the gates of joy to me. It is now incumbent

[1] This recalls an incident in the Indian story of the virtuous Devasmitá, who entraps four suitors, during her husband's absence on a trading journey, who visit her in succession, and, while they are insensible from the effects of a narcotic mixed with their wine, causes each to be branded on the forehead with a hot iron. The suitors return to their own country, where the lady's husband is residing for a time, and Devasmitá soon after sets out thither, disguised as a man, where she claims all four as her slaves in presence of the king, causing them to remove their head-gear and expose the brands; and she "lets them off" on payment of a large sum of money.—(Tawney's translation of the *Kathá Sarit Ságara:* Ocean of the Streams of Story, vol. i, pp. 85-92.)—Henceforward the four rascally brothers of Táj ul-Mulúk are, as the Icelandic story-tellers say, "out of this tale."

on me to communicate the happy tidings to your mother, and relieve her from the pains of absence, by restoring her long-lost son to her." He then arose to depart; and the same night he paid a visit to Táj ul-Mulúk's mother, begged a thousand pardons for all that he had done to her, and informed her of the return of her son.

CHAPTER V.

BAKAWALI RETURNS TO HER OWN COUNTRY, AND THERE WRITES A LOVE-LETTER TO THE PRINCE, WHO SETS OUT TO VISIT HER—THE MOTHER OF BAKAWALI DISCOVERS THAT HER DAUGHTER IS IN LOVE WITH A HUMAN BEING, TOSSES THE PRINCE HIGH UP INTO THE AIR AND IMPRISONS BAKAWALI—THE PRINCE FALLS INTO A RIVER, EMERGES FROM IT IN SAFETY, OBTAINS SEVERAL MAGIC ARTICLES, IS CHANGED INTO A YOUNG WOMAN, THEN INTO A FOUL-VISAGED ABYSSINIAN, AND FINALLY REGAINS HIS OWN FORM.

Bakawali, who had heard the story of Táj ul-Mulúk, could no longer doubt but that he was the ravisher of her Rose and her ring. And when the king had returned to his capital she obtained permission to leave his service, and at once returned to her own palace, where she wrote a letter to her well-beloved, with her ring, and entrusted the packet to a fairy named Saman-rú,[1] who was her confidante, desiring her to deliver it to Prince Táj ul-Mulúk when she found him alone and free from the cares of the world.

[1] "Jasmine-face."

The fairy spread her wings and in the twinkling of an eye appeared before the prince and delivered the letter of her mistress. The prince at once recognised the ring, opened the letter with the greatest eagerness, and read as follows:

"I begin in the name of God, who has no equal in the universe. He it is who placed the stars in the heavens and created both genii and men. To the fairy he has given beauty; and yet has he granted superiority to men over fairies, for even they are struck by the darts of love. Cast but thy eyes on the countenance of Laylá, and she will become Majnún for thee. And if the reflex of thy beauty shine on Shírín, she will become her own Farhád.[1] The sun and the atoms that dance in his beams are equally enamoured of thee. The light of love thou hast lightened, and like a moth is burned in the flame.

"After my compliments to thee, O king of beauty and grace, let me tell thee that the arrows which sprang from the bows of thine eyebrows have wounded my heart to its core; and thy raven locks, descending luxuriantly, have enchained and enfettered me. Love has triumphed over me; he is my master both externally and internally. It is wrong to think that one

[1] Shírín was the beautiful wife of Khusrau Parvíz, king of Persia, and Farhád, a famous sculptor, was madly enamoured of her. All the sculptures on the mountain of Bistán are ascribed to Farhád's chisel. According to the popular tradition, King Parvíz promised that if he cut through the rock and brought a

heart is apprised of the feelings of another; but here am I burning, suffering, and no impression is made on thee. Without thee, my house is a scene of woe, and even heaven is hell. I am panting for the life-bestowing elixir of thy kisses. Thy love has deprived me of my heart; I should not wonder if I find no portion of it within my breast. Do thou accept my virgin love! Thou art the river, and I am dying of thirst; come at once and slake it. If you come not, I shall die of a broken heart; but on rising at the day of resurrection, I shall call thee to account. What wilt thou answer me then, when I ask thee why thou didst kill me? But this is enough. My feelings will be apparent from this."[1]

stream that flowed on the other side of the hill into the valley the lovely Shírín should be his reward. He was on the point of completing his Herculean labour when Khusrau Parvíz, fearing to lose Shírín, sent an old woman to inform him that she was dead. Farhád was then at the highest parts of the rocks, and on hearing this false report in despair threw himself down headlong, and was dashed to pieces.—The story of Farhád and Shírín is the subject of several beautiful (often, if not always, mystical) Persian and Turkish poems.

[1] G. de Tassy remarks that "a declaration of love on the part of a woman, and especially one so passionate, is not according to our manners, but it is so to those of the East; and the numerous Asiatic stories which have been translated into European languages have rendered it quite familiar to us."—A very remarkable example is furnished in the immortal tale of Nala and Damayanti (*Mahábhárata*, section lvi of the "Vana Parva"), where the virtuous and beautiful daughter of Vidharba thus addresses Nala: "O King, love me with proper regard, and

On reading Bakáwalí's letter the fire of love which was concealed in the heart of Táj ul-Mulúk was fiercely kindled. Impatient as mercury, he wished at once to behold her who had charmed him and whom he had himself inspired with love. Meanwhile he took the pen in his hand and thus replied:

"O thou, who knowest well how to burn the heart of thy lover, the whole style of thy letter shows that thou art fully inclined to oppress my suffering bosom. Thou art beautiful; thou art indeed the robber that waits for his prey in the path of love. Thine eyebrows are like swords, and in thine eyes lurk enchantments and lightnings to captivate and burn the soul. The rose-bud is ashamed before thy countenance, and the ruby colourless before thy lips. I am an atom; thou art the sun indeed. O thou charming beauty, and lovelier than the idols of China![1] every word of

command me what I shall do for thee. Myself and what of wealth is mine are thine. Grant me, O exalted one, thy love in full trust. O giver of the proper honour, if thou forsake me who adore thee, for thy sake will I resort to poison, or fire, or water, or the rope!" Bakáwalí "spared her maiden blushes" (if she *could* blush) by expressing her love for our hero in writing; but Damayanti—all truth and innocence—made her avowal to the god-like king of the Nishadhas in words from her own sweet mouth: and who would not be enraptured to hear such a soft confession made to him by such a peerless Queen of Beauty?

[1] Not the *images* in Chinese temples, which are described by travellers as very hideous, but the beautiful women of China. Persian poets often term pretty girls *idols*, and themselves *idolators*, for worshipping them.

thy letter has made a lasting impression on my heart. I have passed my nights in sighs and groans. The impress of thy countenance will never be erased from the tablet of my memory. As long as the moon shall retain her light, so long shall my heart retain thy love. Never think that I shall forget thee; not for a moment shall my heart lose the idea of thy enchanting charms. Thy name fills me with impatience. When first I heard it I undertook to endure every trouble. I made friendship with the dívs to induce them to convey me to thy fairy-land. I saw thee, and the wound of my heart was terribly enlarged. Is it that a spark from my heart has fallen on thine, or has the lightning of desire struck thee? Yet I ought not to confide any more of my secrets to the pen; as it is said: 'The pen should not be admitted into the secrets of lovers.' Enough now."

Táj ul-Mulúk applied to this letter, as a seal, his moist eye tinted with *surma*,[1] and handed it to Samán-

[1] *Surma* is the black ore of antimony, or ter-sulphide. The Muslim men apply antimony to their eyelids, but their women use *kohl*, or lamp-black, for this purpose. It is a popular belief among Indian Muslims that the finest kind of *surma* comes from Arabia—from the hills of Sinai or Tur, etc. They have a legend that when Moses was on Mount Sinai he asked that the glory of God should be shown to him. He was answered that his mortal sight could not bear the glory; but through a chink of the rock a ray of light was allowed to fall on him, and the rock on which the ray fell was melted into antimony. (Balfour's *Cyclopædia of India.*)—There is a curious legend current in the Panjáb regarding the origin of the antimony

rú, charging the fairy to say many things from him to Bakáwalí which he could not express in writing, and the fairy, taking her leave, soon discharged her commission.

When Bakáwalí saw that the love of Táj ul-Mulúk was still more violent than her own, and that union alone could calm their mutual impatience, she summoned Hammála at once, who presently appeared before the princess, trembling at the peremptory command like the willow of Egypt; but finding her in tears, she expressed her concern. "Wretched go-between," said Bakáwalí, in anger, "it is thou who hast kindled the fire which consumes me and caused my present condition, by giving to thy son-in-law the

which is found on the summit of Mount Karanglí, near Pind Dádan Khán, in the Jhelan district. A fakír (religious mendicant) once came from Kashmír and asked the name of the mountain, and was told that it was called Karanglí. He at once exclaimed: "*Karanglí sone ranglí!*" that is, Karanglí the gold-coloured; whereupon the mountain became all gold. This frightened the good people of the neighbourhood, who dreaded that the place should become a general battle-field for the sake of the gold. So the fakír said: "*Karanglí surme ranglí!*" that is, Karanglí the antimony-coloured, upon which the mountain became all antimony. This antimony is now to be found on the top of it, but as it is surrounded by precipices the antimony cannot be reached, and so the people have to wait until pieces of it are washed down by the rains. When procured it is most valuable, and will, if used for eight days, restore to sight all those who have become blind through sickness or accident. It cannot, however, cure those who are born blind.

means of coming here. Wherefore, in order to repair thy fault, do thou bring quickly to me this dearly beloved being." "Is it for such a trifle," replied Hammála, with a smile, "that your cheeks are wet and your beauty disfigured? Rise and wash yourself, and let the smile return to your lips, for I will at once bring Táj ul-Mulúk to you—nothing is easier." Swiftly flew Hammála and came to the prince. "Arise, thou moth," said she smilingly, "thy candle invites thee." On hearing these welcome words the prince fell at her feet. Hammála raised him, pressed him in her arms, and placing him on her shoulder carried him to the realm of Bakáwalí.

In the meantime Jamíla Khatún[1] was informed that her daughter Bakáwalí was in love with a human being. She flew into a violent rage, and severely scolded her, saying that she was a disgrace to the fairies. Bakáwalí, laying her fingers on her ears, denied the assertion, and declared that she was still ignorant of the meaning of love, and that only in a dream had she seen a human being. It was after this scene that Hammála arrived with the prince, and when Saman-rú came, and privately informed Bakáwalí that her lover was in the garden; she told her to keep him concealed in some place of safety, as she had, much against her will, to remain with her mother till the greater part of the night was past.

[1] "Beautiful Lady"—"Lady Beautiful."

Jamíla Khatún at last fell asleep, and Bakáwalí arose without disturbing her mother, and with palpitating bosom, alternating between fear and desire, she proceeded to the place where her lover was hidden. So violent were the feelings of Táj ul-Mulúk on beholding Bakáwalí that he swooned. She ran up to him, and placed his head on her knees, when her sweet breath had the effect of the essence of roses on the prince, who soon recovered consciousness, and on opening his eyes and seeing all her concern for him, he considered himself as the personification of happiness. Unfortunately, Jamíla Khatún awoke about the middle of the night and arose; and, seeing the garden lit up by the rays of the moon, walked out in front of the very spot where the lovers were reposing in each other's arms, believing themselves in perfect security. On seeing them the flames of anger broke out in her heart, and taking up Táj ul-Mulúk she hurled him like a stone from a sling into the regions of magic, and then slapped Bakáwalí until the hue of her cheeks was equal to that of the reddest tulip. After this she conveyed her to the garden of Iram, the residence of her father, Fírúz Sháh,[1] to whom she disclosed all she had witnessed. Fírúz Sháh appointed a number of fairies to divert his daughter's heart from human love. But in vain did they busy themselves with this object night and day without intermission: the

[1] "Happy King"—"King Prosperous."

more they spoke the more she loved; the more they tried to extinguish the flame the more it blazed. They saw plainly that love had made a home in her heart, so at last they told Fírúz Sháh that all their efforts were of no avail, and he, finding her deaf to all good counsel, threw a talismanic influence over her, and Bakáwalí found herself confined in golden fetters.

When Jamíla Khatún had hurled Táj ul-Mulúk up in the air, he fell into an unknown sea, the waves of which tossed him to and fro. Now like a pearl he would sink to the bottom, and now like a bubble rise to the surface. After remaining some days in this condition he at last reached the shore of a green island: so true it is that even death cannot lay his hand on the life of lovers. The heat of the sun reanimating his body, he regained his strength and could rise up and walk. Eager to get away from this island, he collected the branches of trees, and having joined them together in the form of a raft, invoked the name of God,[1] cast it into the sea and placed himself on it. After drifting on the sea for several days he reached a shore which skirted a frightful desert. At night, through fear of wild beasts, he climbed a tree, but ere long he heard a rumbling sound on the south side of the desert, and presently perceived a monstrous dragon approach and place itself at the foot of the tree into the branches of which he had climbed. The dragon

[1] See note 1, page 259.

brought from its mouth a serpent which emitted a gem so brilliant that it lighted up the jungle for many miles. The wild beasts and birds came to dance before the dragon; they were soon rendered senseless and all devoured by the monster, after which the serpent swallowed the gem and re-entered the mouth of the dragon, who departed the way it had come. The prince wished he could obtain possession of the gem, for which purpose he long remained in thought, devising a plan, but morning dawned before he came to any determination. He then walked towards the shore and brought away from there a heavy lump of clay. In the evening he again climbed the tree and sat patiently. When the dragon came and repeated the scene of the previous evening, the prince threw the lump of clay down on the gem, and having thus covered it the whole forest was plunged into darkness, so that the dragon and the serpent knocked their heads against the stones and died.[1] On the morrow

[1] In a Buddhist work entitled *Wæsakára-sataka* (a hundred stanzas) is the following: "The evil man is to be avoided, though he be arrayed in the robe of all the sciences, as we flee from the serpent, though it be adorned with the *kantha* jewel." The natives of Ceylon, says Spence Hardy, believe that this gem is to be found in the throat of the *nayá*. "It emits a light more brilliant than the purest diamond; and when the serpent wishes to discover anything in the dark it disgorges the substance, swallowing it again when its work is done. It is thought possible to obtain the jewel by throwing dust upon it when out of the serpent's mouth; but if the reptile should be killed to obtain it, misfortune would certainly follow."—*Eastern Monachism*, p. 316. (See also note, *ante*, p. 232.)

Táj ul-Mulúk came down from the tree, and taking the precious gem from beneath the clay placed it in his girdle, and set out in hopes of finding some inhabited spot. He walked on for several days without success, sleeping at night among the branches of trees.

It happened one night, as he had secured himself in a tree where a *maina*[1] had its nest, he heard the little ones ask their mother what treasures there were in the jungle. She replied: "As you proceed towards the south there is on the edge of a lake a tree of enormous height. Any one placing a piece of its bark on his head will become invisible to all, while everything is visible to him; but no person can go to that tree, because it is guarded by a huge dragon, which neither sword nor arrow can wound." The young ones inquired: "How, then, could any one reach there?" The maina answered: "If a courageous and prudent man should go to the border of the lake, he must leap into it, when the dragon will attack him, and he will be changed into a raven, and must then place himself on one of the western branches of that tree, where he will find green and red fruits. Should he eat one of the red fruits, he will regain his original form; and by eating a green fruit he will become invulnerable, and by placing one in his girdle he could travel through the air. The leaves will heal wounds, and its wood open the strongest locks and break the most solid bodies." Táj ul-Mulúk

[1] A kind of hill-starling.

listened most attentively to this conversation, and resolved to profit by it.[1]

In the morning he went to the lake, and the dragon darted forth to attack him. The prince leaped into the water, and was changed into a raven; then flying to the tree, he ate of the red fruit, and recovering his proper form plucked some green fruits and placed them in his girdle; of one of the branches he made a staff, and, taking some of the healing leaves and a piece of the bark sufficient to make an invisible cap, he flew away. He soon left the jungle and arrived at an inhabited place. He cut open a part of his thigh, placed the gem in it, and by aid of the leaves healed the wound in a moment.

After proceeding a short distance he came to the marble border of a lake, around which grew the most beautiful flowers. On seeing the clear and cool water he felt a strong desire to bathe in it, so he at once undressed himself and dived into the pond; but

[1] Our hero understood bird-language, and the author has probably omitted to mention that he acquired that knowledge by possessing the snake-stone. In the folk-tales of all countries we find that great benefits accrue to a forlorn hero by his overhearing the conversation of birds or beasts, and of demons in Indian stories. The reader will find much to interest him on this subject in an able paper on the Language of Animals by Mr. J. G. Frazer in the first vol. of the *Archæological Review*, 1888; and I may be permitted to refer him also to my Introduction to John Lane's *Continuation of Chaucer's Squire's Tale*, published for the Chaucer Society.

when he came to the surface again he saw neither the lake nor the place where he was before, but found himself near a strange city, and, what was stranger still, he felt that he was no longer a man, but metamorphosed into a beautiful young woman, with cheeks like the jasmine flower. Táj ul-Mulúk was greatly concerned at this wonderful change, but in the meantime he saw no remedy but patience. He sat down, quite ashamed, when a young man, passing by, saw, as he supposed, the features of a húrí, and asked by what accident he came there. Táj ul-Mulúk replied: "My father was a merchant, and it was his custom to take me with him on his trading journeys. We came into this forest with a caravan, and at midnight robbers attacked us, pillaged all our goods, and killed my father and several others. The rest fled, and I only am left in the midst of this solitude, without shelter, or strength to go farther." "If you take me as your husband," said the young man, "I will lead you to my house, in which you may rule as mistress." With the form of a woman the prince was also endowed with her nature, and becoming at once enamoured of the youth he followed him and duly became his wife. In course of time a son was born, and on the fortieth day he went to bathe in a lake which was near the house.[1] When he withdrew his head from the water, he saw nothing of what

[1] The transformed prince having given birth to a child was ceremonially unclean for the period of forty days.—See the note on pp. 140, 141.

surrounded him a moment before, but found himself changed into a young Abyssinian. Presently a hideous negress appeared before him, and seizing him by the girdle exclaimed: "O man without feeling! for three days have thy children suffered from hunger, and I have never ceased searching for you! Where hast thou been hiding thyself? But never mind—what is done is done. Come now, where is the wood which thou hast collected? Give it to me, that I may sell it and procure food for our starving children." "Great God!" cried Táj ul-Mulúk, turning his eyes towards heaven, "how long wilt thou keep me in this state of affliction? From the day when the mother of Bakáwalí tossed me into the sea, I have not breathed a single moment free from the clutches of misfortune." In short, that sable hag pulled him, *nolens volens*, to her dwelling. Arrived there, a crowd of children surrounded him, crying: "Father! father! what hast thou brought for us?" Then the negress gave him an axe, and told him to go into the forest and cut some wood for the support of his family. The prince quitted the cottage, and as he went along called to mind that it was by plunging into a lake that his form had been twice changed, and he resolved to make a third trial. Accordingly he dived into the waters of the first lake on his way, lifted up his head, and found himself restored to his original shape, and on the border of the lake where he had taken his first plunge. He returned thanks to God, and determined never again

to bathe in any lake. His magical cap and stick he found lying on the very spot where he had placed them before leaping into the lake which changed his sex, and taking them up he departed thence.

My friends,[1] those very lakes which Táj ul-Mulúk should have avoided are the pleasures of this world, which, like the mirage, deceive man. It was not necessary for him to fill his pitcher from every stream, nor to smell the flowers of every garden. Thorns have often the appearance of roses, and seem to be even more beautiful. If you enter into the world to lay hold of the pearl of pleasure, you will lose your hat and stick,—images of the goodness and power of God, and so, like Táj ul-Mulúk, you will cease to have the noble form of men. When you return to yourself you go to the brink of the stream of the remembrance of God and plunge into it; and drawing out your head, you again find the hat and stick of grace.

[1] Here our author exhorts his readers.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRINCE COMES TO THE CASTLE OF A FIERCE DEMON CALLED SHAH PYKAR, WHERE HE FINDS RUH-AFZA, COUSIN OF BAKAWALI, A PRISONER—HE RESCUES HER FROM THE DEMON AND CONVEYS HER TO HER PARENTS—HE OBTAINS BAKAWALI IN MARRIAGE AND RETURNS WITH HIS BEAUTEOUS FAIRY BRIDE TO HIS OWN PALACE.

Taj ul-Muluk, after suffering every inconvenience, determined at last to leave the earth altogether, and, by the aid of the green fruit which he had with him, to travel about in the air. One day he passed over a mountain so high that by its side Káf would seem a mere hillock, and of granite so hard that mount Bistán[1] would be reduced to powder by collision with one of its rocks. On the summit was a beautiful palace, constructed of precious stones, into which he entered from curiosity. He looked around but found no living creature, and was walking through the rooms when his ears caught a wailing sound, and going towards the place whence it issued he discovered a beautiful damsel extended on a couch and weeping

[1] Káf is a range of mountains which, like a vast ring, enclose the Circumambient Ocean *(Bahru-'l-Muhít)* that surrounds the whole earth, which, according to the Muhammedan cosmography, is flat, not round. These mountains are composed of green chrysolite, the reflection of which causes the greenish (or blueish) tint of the sky. (See Mr. E. J. W. Gibb's *Ottoman Poems*, note 6.)—"From Káf to Káf": from end to end of the earth.—Bistán is the famous mountain on which Farhád chiselled figures.

very bitterly. The prince, taking off his hat and thus making himself visible, begged her to explain how and why she was there. "I am a fairy," said she, "and am called Rúh-afzá.[1] My father, Muzaffar Sháh,[2] rules over the island of Firdaus.[3] One day I had gone to the Garden of Iram[4] to visit my cousin Bakáwalí, who was unwell, and on my return a dív with black countenance carried me away and brought me

[1] "Soul-expander"—"Vivifier." [2] "Victorious King."

[3] Here we have a fairy island called "Paradise," as we have before had a city of the same name, where the artful Dilbar resided—p. 244.

[4] A proud and wicked king of Yaman, called Shaddad, according to the Muhammedan legend, declared blasphemously: "There is no necessity for Paradise for me: I myself will make a Paradise of which no man can have beheld the like." He sent his officers to find out a suitable spot for a garden, and they discovered such a place on the borders of Syria, where Shaddad, at an immense cost, caused a palace to be erected of gold and silver bricks in alternate courses, and adorned with the most precious stones. In the garden were placed trees of gold and silver, the fruit of which was amethysts, rubies, and other gems (see also *ante*, p. 166, note on Treasure-trees); and the ground was strewed with musk, ambergris, and saffron. They called this place the Rose Garden of Iram. When Shaddad was about to enter it, accompanied by a vast multitude of troops and attendants, he was met by the Angel of Death, who forthwith seized his impure soul, and then the lightnings of heaven destroyed all living creatures that were there, and the Rose Garden of Iram became hidden from the sight of men.—In the present romance the abode of the parents of Bakáwalí is called the Garden of Iram, to indicate its magnificence.

here. Then he wished me to yield to his passion, but I refused, and hence he persecutes me, and tries by all means to increase my sufferings." The prince asked what was her cousin's malady, and Rúh-afzá replied: "She loves a human being, whom she contrived to bring into her presence, but she has been separated from him, and my uncle keeps her in close confinement." At these words Táj ul-Mulúk could not suppress his sighs, and with pale cheeks and tears in his eyes confessed that he was the human creature whom Bakáwalí loved. "Alas!" added he, "while she is suffering in prison, I am pining away and wandering in search of her." Then he told Rúh-afzá all his own history, and the recital so touched the beautiful fairy that she declared herself willing to do all in her power to help the lovers if she were freed from the dív. "Be not afraid," said the prince; "no one can prevent your going. Come with me, and if the dív should appear, I shall settle matters with him. My only difficulty is that I am without weapons." The fairy directed him to the armoury of the dív, from which he took a sword of the purest water. Then touching with his magic stick the chains which bound her feet they broke in pieces, and they took their way to the island of Firdaus. But they had only proceeded a short distance when a horrible noise was heard behind them. "Take care," cried Rúh-afzá to the prince—"here is my terrible enemy!" Táj ul-Mulúk, with great presence of mind, drew his

magic cap from under his arm and put it on the head of his lovely companion, and then turned to confront the dív. "Accursed one!" cried the prince, "advance not a step farther, if you would not be made a corpse by a single blow." The dív grinned, showing his great teeth, and sneeringly asked: "Who has ever heard of a sparrow wishing to fight with the símurgh,[1] or an ant with an elephant? I should blush to stain my hand with the blood of a fly, and strike at a handful of earth—I, who can turn aside mount Káf with a back stroke of my hand. Give me up my mistress and depart." "Thou vile and lewd wretch," exclaimed Táj ul Mulúk, "dost thou dare to call Rúh-afzá thy mistress? Had I not been restrained by the grace of God, ere this time I should have torn thy foul tongue out of thy mouth." The dív burnt with anger at these words, and lifting up a stone weighing a hundred *máns*[2] threw it at the prince, upon which

[1] One of the numerous legends told by Muslims regarding Solomon reappears in the Turkish story-book entitled *Qirq vezír taríkhí*, where we read that the sage Hebrew king despatched the símurgh—a fabulous bird, similar to the *rukh* (or *roc*) of Arabian fictions—to bring the sparrow to his court. But the sparrow, being then with his mate, refused to obey the prophet, or his messenger, and vaunted his prowess and strength, declaring that he was able to pull down Solomon's palace. When the símurgh reported this to Solomon he replied: "There is no harm in one thus bragging in his own house, and before his wife."—See Gibb's *Forty Vezírs*, p. 97 ff.

[2] The *mán* has varied at different periods and in different parts

the latter, to avoid it, by virtue of the green fruit which he carried with him, rose up into the air, and with his magic staff dealt such a blow on the neck of the dív that he trembled all over. Then the dív uttered loud cries, and presently a great number of other dívs, ox-headed and elephant-bodied, came to his assistance and joined in battle against the sháh-záda, who after a most formidable engagement proved victorious, and those of his foes who survived fled in dismay. But no sooner was the field cleared of the enemy than Táj ul-Mulúk fainted in consequence of his exertions. The beautiful Rúh-afzá, seeing this, ran up to him, laid her hand like a rose-leaf on his bosom, and with her fragrant breath recalled him to consciousness, and, giving him back his magic cap, warmly praised his valorous achievement. Then they continued their journey, and arriving at the capital of Firdaus, Rúh-afzá, leaving the prince in a garden belonging to herself, and bearing her own name, proceeded to her father's palace, where she was received by Muzaffar Sháh and her mother with every token of affection. Rúh-afzá told them of her adventures, but concealed the fact of her deliverer being the lover of Bakáwalí. Her father at once proceeded to the garden and thanked Táj ul-Mulúk for rescuing

of Persia and India; but our author means us to understand that the stone wielded by the demon was very ponderous—three or four hundred pounds' weight at the least, which would doubtless be to *him* as a mere "pebble out of the brook"!

his daughter, and overwhelmed him with tokens of respect and honour.

Muzaffar Sháh then wrote a letter to Fírúz Sháh, acquainting him of the return of Rúh-afzá. The monarch read it with joy, and induced Jamíla Khatún to go and see her niece. Bakáwalí wished to accompany her, which gave great pleasure to her mother, because she thought that the journey would remove the mildew of sorrow from the mirror of her heart. Jamíla unloosed the chains which bound Bakáwalí, and both departed together for the island of Firdaus. When Muzaffar Sháh was informed of their arrival he sent his daughter to meet them. Rúh-afzá greeted her aunt most heartily, kissed her forehead, fell at her feet, and then exchanged congratulations suitable to the occasion; after which she whispered to Bakáwalí: "Be you glad also, for I have brought a physician who will cure your disease, by prescribing the sherbet of love to you." The heart of Bakáwalí was full of joy, but she did not venture to reply before her mother. Muzaffar Sháh and Husn-árá[1] showed the greatest kindness to their sister and her daughter. The door of speech was opened and different things were talked about, especially the manner in which Rúh-afzá had been rescued. The following morning Jamíla Khatún wished to take farewell of her niece, but the latter entreated her to allow Bakáwalí to remain a few days longer with her. Jamíla consented

[1] "Adorner of Beauty"; the wife of Muzaffar Sháh.

to leave her for a week with her cousin, and returned to the garden of Iram. Then Rúh-afzá led Bakáwalí to that part of the palace where Táj ul-Mulúk was dwelling. As soon as they drew near the chamber a doleful sound was heard from within. Bakáwalí asked: "Who is this groaning?" Her cousin answered: "It is a new victim. Come, if you wish, and I will show him to you." At last she prevailed upon Bakáwalí to enter the chamber, and brought her into the presence of the prince. The moment the eyes of the lovers fell on each other patience was lost, sense remained dormant, the reins of discretion dropped from their hands, love triumphed over all, and they ran forward and embraced with all the warmth which genuine passion can alone inspire. They wept for joy, and blotted out with their tears the remembrance of the sorrows which had caused their long separation. The lovers remained together, and gave themselves up to mutual tokens of affection until at last the day arrived when Bakáwalí was obliged to return to her parents. Rúh-afzá promised to use her utmost efforts to get them united, and persuaded them to await with patience the course of events. Bakáwalí yielded to this advice and returned home.

Meanwhile Rúh-afzá related in detail to her mother the history of the love of her cousin and Táj ul-Mulúk. After the recital Husn-árá held her head for a long time bowed down in the collar of reflection,

and then said to her daughter: "Although the union of a man with a fairy be an unusual thing, yet, as this mortal has delivered you from a cruel bondage, I ought, out of gratitude, to save him from some sorrow and enable him to succeed in his object." Having taken this resolution, she called for a skilful painter and caused him to draw the portrait of Táj ul-Mulúk, and then proceeded to the garden of Iram, where she stayed a few days with Fírúz Sháh and Jamíla Khatún. One day in conversation with the latter she addressed her as follows: "My dear sister, a pearl of beautiful water is only useful when shown in a necklace. Why do you allow Bakáwalí to pine away in virginity?" "Perhaps you have already heard," replied Jamíla, "that my daughter has placed her affections on a human being. She does not wish to be united to one of her own race. What can I do in this matter? Must I give up the customs of our ancestors? Should I allow my daughter to make a marriage which has never before taken place amongst us?" "True," rejoined Husn-árá, "it is unwise to place a precious gem in the hands of one who cannot appreciate it; but if you knew all the merits of the human race you would never entertain such thoughts as these. Hear me: man is the most perfect of the creatures of God.[1]

[1] Yet we are told that he is "a *little* lower than the angels"; and if he was "created perfect," he has "sought out many inventions"! It is amusing how Muslim writers exaggerate the "dignity" of man: generally he is the most contemptible creature on the face of the earth.

He is the image of the Deity, is glorified by all, and is considered as the lord of the creation. His sway extends over the elements, and, clothed in the garments of virtue, he is more than a sovereign on earth. The light of God beams in him. Every attribute of the Deity has its corresponding representation on earth; but in man alone can we find all the several virtues bound, as it were, in a single volume. Each leaf that trembles to the gale is a leaf of the works of the Creator.[1] O Jamíla Khatún, man is a superior creature, and we are but his servants. What an honour it is therefore to be allied to a superior." By such words Husn-árá endeavoured to extinguish in the heart of her sister the hatred which she had for the human race. "That is all very well," said Jamíla, "but to a man my daughter shall never be given." Thereupon Husn-árá placed Táj ul-Mulúk's portrait in her hands, saying: "Tell me, if ever the pen of destiny has drawn such a handsome face in the world. Make haste, then, to unite this lovely jasmine to that rose of beauty." At length Jamíla consented to bestow her daughter on the prince, and Husn-árá returned to Firdaus, and reported the result of her expedition.

Jamíla related to her husband, Fírúz Sháh, the con versation she had with her sister, and showed him the

[1] Cf. Shakspeare: "tongues in trees," etc. And the Persian poet Sa'dí: "The foliage of a newly-clothed tree, to the eye of a discerning man, displays a volume of the wondrous works of the Creator."

likeness of Táj ul-Mulúk, which he sent to Bakáwalí, with the message that he was willing she should marry the young prince of the East, since such was her desire. Bakáwalí at once recognised her dearly beloved, and felt that this change in the sentiments of her parents was due to Rúh-afzá. So she hastened to her father, and said: "Sire, children ought to obey their parents, therefore I accept the husband whom you offer me. Were he a dív or an Abyssinian, I would consider him as one of the youths of paradise, or as the Moon of Canaan."[1] Fírúz Sháh at once gave orders to make preparations for the marriage. All the houses were decorated with gold, and songs and dances resounded throughout the city. Letters of invitation were despatched everywhere; troops of fairies came to swell the festive gathering. The wine went gaily round,[2]

[1] Joseph, the son of Jacob the Hebrew patriarch.—A most dutiful little speech this: O the hypocritical young creature!

[2] Although Muhammed strictly prohibited the drinking of wine, even more potent liquors are indulged in by many Muslims, especially those of the *shí'ah* persuasion. The more strict *súnís* create for themselves a "paradise of fools" with narcotics, such as *bang* and other preparations of which opium is the principal ingredient, satisfying their "consciences" with the quibble that the holy Prophet does not forbid its use in express terms—an omission which is probably due to his ignorance of such deleterious drugs. The old pagan Arabs were inordinate winebibbers, as we learn from their poetry, and sanguinary fights were a frequent result between rival factions when they assembled from different districts at Makka. Muhammed at first attempted, by a "revelation" in the Kurán, to restrain this propensity

and plates with cakes and sweets. Fírúz Sháh treated all with princely hospitality. As the festivities began well, so they ended. In the island of Firdaus the same arrangements were made by Muzaffar Sháh and the same ceremonies performed.

On the day before the marriage orders were given to the amírs and vazírs that they should array themselves in the most brilliant garments. The army was directed to be drawn out. Husn-árá also adorned herself with the most precious jewels, and her maids and attendants were as splendidly decorated. At last, when the auspicious moment arrived,[1] they brought the prince, arrayed in royal robes, and placed him on a throne of state. A gorgeous turban adorned his head, whence descended long folds of flowing cloth, richly embroidered with pearls and flowers. His neck was surrounded with wreaths of valuable pearls, and his wrists encircled with the precious *nauratan*.[2] He was

within reasonable bounds, and finding this of no effect prohibited wine altogether. It seems to have been a very ancient custom among Asiatics to drink wine in the early morning, and in the *Mu'allaka* poems, which were suspended in the Temple at Makka before the advent of Muhammed, the "morning draught" is frequently mentioned, with evident *gusto*. The prophet Isaiah exclaims: "Woe unto those that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue till night, till wine inflame them!"—ch. v, 11.

[1] See the note on p. 8.

[2] *Nau Ratn:* "the Nine Gems," an ornament worn on the arm, which indicates the only gems that are esteemed as precious. They are: the diamond, ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz, pearl,

then placed on a beautiful horse, caparisoned in the richest fashion. Muzaffar Sháh, with several other sovereigns, rode in the train. The palankíns of the ladies followed. When the procession arrived at the palace of Fírúz Sháh he sent some of his officers to conduct them to the reception room where the company had assembled. Jamíla and Husn-ārá then came forward, the former as mother of the bride, the latter as fulfilling the same duty for the bridegroom. The prince and princess were duly united in marriage, and congratulations resounded throughout the hall. Wines and sherbets were passed round abundantly. The singers only ceased their love-songs when sleep overtook them, and then they reposed in each other's arms as on cushions.

In the morning, as the prince went to the bath, Rúh-afzá came into the nuptial chamber and found Bakáwalí still asleep, and perceived on her cheeks the marks of the teeth of Táj ul-Mulúk,[1] and on her bosom the trace of his hands tinged with *mehndí*.[2]

coral, hyacinth, carbuncle. The inferior gems, such as agate, bloodstone, etc., are mostly used for signet-rings.—There is a collection of tales, in the Urdú, entitled *Nauratan*, compiled by Mahjúr, and published at Lucknow in the year 1811. It consists of nine stories (hence the title, "Nine Jewels"), which all turn on the deceits *(charítr)* and tricks of women and are mostly taken from the Book of Sindibád.

[1] Frequent allusion is made in the *Arabian Nights* and in Eastern amatory poetry to this singular kind of caress.

[2] The *henna* of the Persians—see note on page 11. Mehndí

Muzaffar Sháh and Husn-árá soon took their leave of their relations and set out for their own country. Some time after, Táj ul-Mulúk, with the consent of Bakáwalí, asked permission to quit the palace of Fírúz Sháh. In giving his sanction, the king of the fairies presented the prince with a great number of slaves of both sexes, and, besides the dowry of Bakáwalí, ready money for the journey; and many articles of use and ornament were also bestowed on him, a mere catalogue of the names of which would fill a volume. Táj ul-Mulúk, attended with every pomp and magnificence, took Bakáwalí to his own palace. Dilbar and Mahmúda on beholding him were restored to joy, and the dry field of their hope was again refreshed with the shower of gladness. The beauty and grace of Bakáwalí, however, filled them with confusion, but the fairy tenderly embraced them both and assured them that she would never disturb their domestic happiness. They spent their time in peace and mutual love and never had the least jealousy or rivalry between themselves. The prince passed his days with these rosy-lipped beauties, immersed in a sea of bliss.

is the *Lawsonia alba* of botanists, and the water distilled from its flowers is used as a perfume.

CHAPTER VII.

BAKAWALI GOES TO THE COURT OF INDRA, WHERE SHE SINGS AND DANCES—THE DEITY, ENRAGED AT HER LOVE FOR A HUMAN BEING, PRONOUNCES A CURSE UPON HER—THE PRINCE GOES TO CEYLON, WHERE HE FINDS BAKAWALI CONFINED IN A TEMPLE, THE LOWER PART OF HER BODY BEING TURNED INTO MARBLE—CHITRAWAT, THE DAUGHTER OF THE RAJA, FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIM, AND ON HIS DECLINING HER OVERTURES HE IS THROWN INTO PRISON.

INDIAN writers say, that there was a city called Amarnagar, whose inhabitants were immortal, the king of which, named Indra,[1] passed his days and nights in joyful festivities, and the food of his soul was song and dancing. His sway extended over all the world of the jinn, and his court was constantly attended by the parís, who danced before him. One night Indra observed that Bakáwalí, the daughter of Fírúz Sháh, had not been present for some time, and demanded to know the reason. "It is," replied one of the parís, "because she has been caught in the net of love by a man, and, intoxicated with this passion, she is constantly with him and has no longer any dislike for his race." On hearing this Indra was greatly enraged, and directed several fairies to bring her instantly. By an aërial chariot they were carried to the garden of Táj ul-Mulúk, where they awoke

[1] Indra, in the Hindú mythology, is the god of thunder—a personification of the sky. His paradise is Swerga, the capital of which is Armaràvati, or Amarnagar in Urdú.

Bakáwalí, told her of the wrath of Indra and intimated his command. She was therefore compelled to accompany them to Amarnagar, and, trembling, came before the king, and with folded hands paid her dutiful respects; but the king, casting on her a look of anger, reprimanded her with great severity, and ordered that she should be thrown into the fire, so that her body might lose the odour which the contact with a mortal had imparted to it. The fairies put her accordingly into a furnace where she was reduced to ashes; after which they recited a charm over a basin of water, and sprinkling it on the ashes restored her to life. Thus purified, she came before Indra, and began to dance. With her first motion, she trod upon the hearts of the spectators, and in one turn threw the beholders out of themselves: every mouth applauded her, every tongue commended her. When she had ended, she saluted the assembly and returned in the same chariot to her garden. After bathing in rose-water she rejoined her lord. On the morrow she rose up according to her custom, and conducted herself all day in her usual manner till night came, when she again ascended to the court of Indra to repeat the proceedings of the preceding night; and thus she continued for some time, Táj ul-Mulúk suspecting nothing.

One night, however, while she was at the court of Indra, the prince awoke, and finding her not by his side sought her in vain both on the terrace and in

the garden. He went to sleep again, and, meanwhile, Bakáwalí returned and lay down on the marital couch. The prince was much astonished, on awaking in the morning, to find her by his side, but, feigning to know nothing of her absence, he determined to discover the secret. Before lying down on his couch next night, he cut his finger and put salt on the wound to prevent him from dropping asleep. At midnight the flying chariot appeared, and just as Bakáwalí was about to mount it the prince, without being perceived, fastened himself firmly to one of the corners, and they were speedily at the gate of Indra. There the prince saw what he had never before seen as regards immortal beauties; and heard what he had never before heard with respect to musical sounds. But when he beheld the terrible purification of Bakáwalí, and saw her reduced to ashes, he could no longer contain himself, and struck his head with both hands. Presently, boundless was his astonishment when he saw his beloved rise up again from her ashes and advance towards Indra. As the crowd was numerous, he followed her without attracting any attention. It chanced that the musician attending Bakáwalí was very old, and could not, from infirmity, perform his duties properly.[1] The prince approached the musician, and said in a whisper: "If you are tired with playing,

[1] He could not, therefore, have been one of the "immortals," but of a race like the jinn or the parís, who are subject to death, though their existence is prolonged greatly beyond that of mere human beings.

I will take your place for a short time with much pleasure, as I am considered skilful in this exercise." The old man accepted the proposal and handed him the instrument. No sooner had the prince struck the first note than the movements of Bakáwalí grew animated and ravishing. Indra was so delighted that he took from his neck a collar, of the value of nine lakhs of rupís, and cast it before Bakáwalí, who, in a retrograde movement, gave it in charge of the clever musician. When the festivities were over Bakáwalí returned home, and went as usual to bathe in the tank of rose-water. Meanwhile Táj ul-Mulúk gained his couch and feigned to be fast asleep.

When morning dawned the prince related to Bakáwalí his adventure of the previous night, confirming the truth of his narrative by showing her the necklace of Indra. She expressed her fears lest a repetition of the adventure should cause them distress, but said she would that night try her fate by taking him with her. Accordingly the prince accompanied her to the court of Indra, and was presented by her to the king as a skilled musician; and as soon as the prince began to play and Bakáwalí to dance, the assembly were overcome with astonishment, and Indra exclaimed: "Ask what thou desirest, and I will give it to thee."[1]

[1] This is quite after the manner of Asiatic despots—and the deity Indra is here nothing better—and at once recalls a similar incident, which cost a good man his head: when the daughter of Herodias danced before King Herod, he was so charmed with

Bakáwalí replied: "Great king, I am in want of nothing, save that you will give me this musician and let me go." At these words Indra, in anger, and regarding Bakáwalí as a courtesan, said that as he had given his word he must not draw back from it; but for twelve years the lower half of her body should be of marble.[1]

Fate, alas! ordaineth still,
Grief and joy are twin-born here:
Now 'tis spring with laughing flowers,
Now 'tis autumn bleak and sere!
A crown adorns the head to-day,
In the grave it lies to-morrow!
Now like flowers the heart expands,
Now 'tis spotted all with sorrow!
Pleasures vanish fast away,
Short-lived is the sunny day!

It is related that Bakáwalí immediately after her transformation disappeared, and Táj ul-Mulúk rolled on the ground through excess of grief; but the fairies, pitying his condition, took him up and cast him in a

that young light-skirt's performance that he said to her: "Ask whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee" (Mark vi, 22).

[1] This transformation will remind readers of the tale of the young King of the Ebony Isles in the *Arabian Nights*.—The deities of the Hindú mythology are frequently represented as condemning inferior celestials who have offended them to be re-born on the earth, in the form of a human being, or as some beast, bird, or reptile, so to remain for a certain period. But this punishment of Bakáwalí is more in accordance with Muslim ideas.

forest on earth. For three days he remained there without sense or motion. On the fourth he opened his eyes, and found, instead of his beloved, nothing but thorns in his arms. He wandered on every side, calling upon Bakáwalí, and asking every tree to direct him to her. One day he arrived on the banks of a pond. Beautiful stairs were on each side and trees loaded with fruits were planted everywhere. The prince waited for a moment, then bathed, and laid himself down under the shade of a tree, and thinking of his beloved he fell asleep. It happened that a number of fairies alighted there, and after bathing in the pond, sat down to dry their hair. The eyes of one falling on the prince, she observed to her companions: "There is the musician of Bakáwalí." The moment that these words were heard by Táj ul-Mulúk he opened his eyes, arose, came before the fairies, and, weeping, inquired if they knew where Bakáwalí was. Their hearts melted within them. They said they had not seen her, but had heard that she was in a temple in Ceylon, the gates of which remained closed during the day and were open during the night; adding that Bakáwalí's body was changed to stone from her waist downward. The prince inquired in what direction was her present abode, and how far it was from the place where they were standing. They answered: "Leaving out the inconvenience of travel, if a person were to journey all his life he would never reach it." Táj ul-Mulúk despaired on hearing this,

and then, bidding adieu to life, commenced dashing his head against the stones. The fairies, compassionating his case, consulted among themselves, with a view of devising such measures as would enable them to carry him to the desired quarter, and there leave him to the fate that might befall him. They removed him instantly, and, in the saying of a word, placed him in the land of Ceylon.

After a moment his despair was somehow cheered with hope. He gazed upon a city which rivalled Paradise in loveliness, surrounded as it was with every surprising object. Not one of the men or women appeared to be ugly there. Nay, the very trees were so symmetrical as to strike the beholder with wonder. Rambling about, he at last found himself in the public thoroughfare, where he met a Bráhman, who was a devotee. Of him he inquired: "In what shrines do you offer up your prayers?" The Bráhman answered: "In that of Rájá Chitrasan,[1] who governs this country." The prince next asked: "How many temples are there in this city?" The Bráhman satisfied his inquiries, and then added, that lately a new temple had been discovered in the south, the doors of which were never opened during the day, and no one knew what it contained. The prince was delighted at this intelligence, and took his way as pointed out, until he reached the building and sat down patiently. In the night one of its doors suddenly opened. He entered

[1] "Mark of Beauty."

and found Bakáwalí half in her original form and half petrified, reclining against the wall. On beholding him she was much astonished, and inquired how he had come thither. The prince gave a faithful account of his adventures. The night was then passed in conversation. And when morning was about to dawn Bakáwalí bade him depart, "for," said she, "if the sunbeams find you here you will be changed into a shape like mine." She then pulled out a pearl from her earring and gave it to the prince, and desired him to sell it and use the proceeds for his own subsistence for a few days. The prince took it to the city and sold it for some thousands of rupís. He then bought a house, and having furnished it, engaged a number of servants. It was usual with him to pass his nights with Bakáwalí and return home in the morning, and thus several years rolled away.

In the meantime the prince had become acquainted with many of the inhabitants, who generally undertook to escort him through the city. In one of his walks he came upon a party of naked creatures, on whom every mark of poverty was visible. He observed that these men, although in the garb of beggars, had still some tokens of nobility in their features, and inquired: "What may be the cause of this?" His friends answered that some of those individuals were actually princes, and some the sons of nobles, but they were all the victims of love.[1] "The Rájá Chitrasan has a

[1] Like the one-eyed young men in the Arabian tale of the

daughter named Chitrawat,[1] who is as bright as the moon—nay, more, she is a star in the heaven of loveliness. Amongst women she is perfectly unrivalled. Grace is visible in her steps and magic in her eyes.[2] Thousands die before her arching eyebrows, and hundreds of thousands are entrapped in her raven tresses: those tresses that are darker than night—nay, darker than the fate of her lovers. Her eyes teem with nectar and poison. In one moment they can kill, in another, restore to life. In her love there is nothing but suffering, sorrow, and loss of reputation.[3] In brief, she is really a fairy, whose charms enslave both infidels and Muslims. But what is worse, she has two companions whose beauty has also wrecked the peace of many.

Second Kalander, or Royal Mendicant—only *they* suffered for their curiosity while these (as we shall just see) were the victims of a hard-hearted beauty.

[1] "Picture-like."

[2] This recalls Milton's well-worn lines in his description of "our common mother" Eve:

> "Grace was in every step, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love."

The "witchery," or "magic," of a pretty girl's eyes is quite as common a subject of complaint, or admiration, in Western as in Eastern amatory poetry: by Muslims it is called "Babylonian magic," because the Chaldeans were past masters in magical arts.

[3] According to the Hindús, there are ten stages of love: (1) Love of the eyes; (2) attachment of the mind; (3) the production of desire; (4) sleeplessness; (5) emaciation; (6) indifference to objects of sense; (7) loss of shame; (8) distraction; (9) fainting; (10) death!

One is the daughter of a betel-seller[1] and is called Nirmalá;[2] the other is the child of a gardener and is called Chapalá.[3] All three are sincerely attached to each other. Sitting or rising, in all concerns of life, they are inseparable companions. Moreover, each is at liberty to choose her own husband. But hitherto none has proved so fortunate as to be honoured with the favour of either of those beauties."

Some time after this the prince found himself under the balcony of the Princess Chitrawat, and beheld thousands gazing longingly on her bright features, even as the bulbul regards the blushing beauties of the rose. Like maniacs, they were blubbering amongst themselves, while she, the proud beauty, sat on her balcony exulting at the view of their sufferings. It was at this moment that Táj ul-Mulúk appeared. Their eyes met. The shaft of love passed at once

[1] Betel: the areca or Penang nut palm grown in many parts of the East Indies. Its kernel is used as a masticatory in India and elsewhere. The nut is carried in pouches and presented to guests in the houses of the rich on silver trays wrapped in gold and silver leaf, and in this form becomes an essential part in all ceremonial visits. Indeed, among some of the inhabitants of the Eastern Archipelago, to refuse the betel when offered would give unpardonable offence. It is believed to sweeten the breath, strengthen the stomach, and preserve the teeth; and when chewed with betel leaf (the Piper betel, *Linn.*) it gives the saliva a red colour, which it imparts also to the lips and gums (*Balfour*). The presentation of betel to visitors is a signal that the audience or interview is ended.

[2] "Blameless": "spotless." [3] "Bright."

through her heart. She was wounded. Her patience was lost, and sense forsook her for the time. Down she fell, and her attendants ran and lifted her up. They sprinkled rose-water on her face, put a scent-bottle to her nostrils, and she presently revived. She was, however, still motionless and speechless, and although several inquired the cause of her indisposition, she returned not a word in answer, but continued gazing steadfastly in the same direction. Then it was that Nirmalá looked down from the window and discovered the prince; and after hearing all the circumstances of the case from Chitrawat, comforted her friend thus: "O princess, your sufferings distract me, and make me lose my equanimity. Why are you anxious? Your father has already made you mistress of your own hand, and it depends upon your choice to marry any one you may love. Be comforted: the youth on the black charger shall be thine, though he should be even an angel. Depend on me; I will entrap him in such a way that escape will be altogether impossible." She then deputed a female go-between to undertake the work.

Boldly did this woman come forward, and seizing the reins of the prince's horse, "Knowest thou," she asked him, "that the poor are sacrificed and lovers impaled here? The fair lady of this palace can bind the hearts of all in her glossy tresses, and at one glance cast them dead upon the earth. Whence is thy boldness, that thou castest thy glance on the mansions of

kings? Art thou a spark able to melt the hearts of the fair ones, and to dissolve their stony nature? Whence art thou? What country dost thou inhabit? Where is thy native land? And what is thy family?" Táj ul-Mulúk at once divined that she was sent by some one, and answered: "Silence! Do not re-open my wounds. My native land is brighter than the sun, and the name of it is known to emperors. Tell the person who has deputed you, not to cast a glance on such a distressed traveller as myself, nor harbour any thoughts in her heart that may have the slightest reference to love:

> Go to him who will approve thee;
> Love him only who can love thee."

The artful go-between then ascertained that he was a prince of the East, that his name was Táj ul-Mulúk, and that his connections were high. These particulars she communicated to Chitrawat.

After this the prince frequently passed along the same road, so that he might have an opportunity of looking up at the balcony. Even as the moon wanes from her fourteenth night, so did the health and spirits of the princess, who pined inwardly for him. She tried long to keep the secret to herself, but her attempt was in vain. In a few days even her parents came to know of her sufferings. Her father, the king, employed an accomplished dame to repair to Táj ul-Mulúk, and try all her arts to bring about a marriage between him and his daughter; at all events, to endeavour by every means to gain his heart. The

woman faithfully performed her mission and dwelt long on commendations of the charms of the princess. Táj ul-Mulúk returned his respects to the king, and said that he was a wanderer from his country, that he had exchanged the robes of royalty for the troubles of travelling, and that he had alienated himself from relations and friends; therefore, to propose an alliance with him was like tracing figures on water and tying the wind in a napkin.

When this message was delivered to the rájá it made him sadly thoughtful, and drove him to ask counsel of his minister, who assured him that it was not a difficult matter for the king to bring a houseless stranger into subjection. He even offered to undertake such measures as should ultimately entrap him; and his plan was to bring a charge of theft against the prince. Now it so happened that the pecuniary resources of Táj ul-Mulúk were altogether exhausted, and, as he was purposing applying to Bakáwalí, he recollected the jewel which he had taken from the serpent and concealed in his thigh.[1] He sent for a surgeon and had the jewel taken out, afterwards curing the wound by means of his wonderful ointment. When he had fully recovered, he took the gem to the bazár; but every jeweller was struck with surprise, and declared himself unable to pay the price. They informed the vazír that a stranger had come into the city, wishing to dispose of a jewel which none

[1] See page 299.

but the king could purchase. The minister on hearing this caused the stranger to be arrested and brought before him, and knowing him to be the prince with whom Chitrawat was in love, he lost no time in bringing a charge of robbery against him and committing him to prison. He then told the king that the bird that had flown away from the cage was ensnared again, and would doubtless comply with the wishes of the sovereign.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRINCE IS MARRIED TO CHITRAWAT, BUT, VISITING BAKAWALI EVERY NIGHT, HIS NEW BRIDE COMPLAINS TO HER FATHER OF HIS INDIFFERENCE, AND THE RAJA SENDS SPIES TO DOG HIS STEPS—THE TEMPLE IS DISCOVERED AND RAZED TO THE GROUND, AND THE PRINCE IS IN DESPAIR.

Raja Chitrasan used every endeavour to make the prince suffer all the woes of imprisonment to compel him to marry his daughter; but what caused the greatest pang in the heart of Táj ul-Mulúk was his absence from Bakáwalí. Night and day he wailed and dashed his head against the walls and door, till at length the gaoler informed the king that the new prisoner was suffering much, and if not soon released would certainly die, and his blood would be on the king's head. To this the king answered not a word, but sending for his daughter desired her to go to the prison and cast the shadow of her bright face on the

prince. "Perhaps," said he, "like the moth, he may flutter in the lustre of your beauty, and his pride be reduced to ashes."

Chitrawat received these instructions with delight. She adorned herself with all care, and thus heightened the effect of all her natural charms, and attended by Nirmalá and Chapalá, like the moon with Venus and Mercury in her train, she proceeded to the prison. On entering, this Zulaykhá encountered her lover, whose beauty was still equal to that of Joseph.[1] In all her loveliness she stood before him. Her teeth glittered like pearls of the purest water, and the redness of her lips would have shamed the blushing ruby. Her neck shone with silvery whiteness. As she moved, the richest odours were diffused from her garments, and *'itr*[2] breathed around her person. Her

[1] The story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Zulaykhá (which was her name, according to Muslim legends), is a favourite subject of several Persian poems. She is said to have visited the young Hebrew slave in prison, but he would not gain his liberty at the cost of his chastity. Potiphar is represented to have been a eunuch. In the end Zulaykhá is united to her beloved Joseph.

[2] *'itr-i gul*—essence of roses. Our term "otto" is a corruption of *'itr* or *'attár*, this latter word also signifies a perfumer, or druggist.—Most women, I suppose, are fond of perfumes, but Eastern ladies are passionately so, and the description of Chitrawat as being so highly "scented" that the finest odours were diffused around her, is fully borne out by travellers and Europeans who have resided in Egypt, Turkey, Persia, etc. The sole nourishment of parís, or fairies, it is said, consists of perfumes—a pretty idea, if nothing more.

almond eyes were enchanting to behold, and her amber cheeks spread fragrance far and near. The dimples on her chin attracted the hearts of all beholders; but virgin modesty forbade her to expose to view the pomegranates of her breasts. Nothing, however, would attract the notice of the prince. In a word, when Chitrawat found that the magic of her eyes and the fascination of her brow had no effect upon the heart of the prince, she fell before him and struggled with her sufferings. Then it was that the prince felt pity and drew her to his arms, and consented to marry her, for he saw that unless he did so there was no chance of his release.

Nirmalá communicated the happy intelligence to the rájá, and informed him that the princess had returned home successful in the object she had in view. The rájá immediately ordered the liberation of the prince, caused him to be taken to a splendid bath and arrayed in royal garments, after which he appointed a mansion for his use. In an auspicious hour he joined him and his daughter in wedlock according to the rites and ceremonies of the country. When Táj ul-Mulúk entered the chamber of Chitrawat, he found Nirmalá and Chapalá in attendance. They received him with great warmth, which was not returned by the prince.

When a quarter of the night was over, he rose from the nuptial couch, and took his way towards Bakáwalí's temple, where that fairy, not having seen him for some

time, was longing for his return. As soon as her eyes fell on the prince her heart rejoiced, but the moment she saw his hands and feet tinged with the hue of myrtle, her jasmine-like face reddened with anger.[1] "Well, prince," said she, in a taunting manner, "you have come at last; but what a fashion you have adopted! You have drowned the name of lover, and shamed the character of faith on earth. Henceforward never dare to love, or proclaim yourself a lover. What hast thou done, O cruel one? Is this thy gratitude, that, while I am changed to a stone here, thy fingers boast the redness of the myrtle? Whilst I pine here in loneliness, thou reposest on the couch of luxury; and while my heart is breaking for thee, thou enjoyest pleasures with some other rosy-coloured damsel! While I die here for thee, how canst thou be happy, O Táj ul-Mulúk?"

On hearing these words the prince expressed the sincerest regret, and answered: "Beloved, whither are your thoughts wandering? Although I am a famous prince, yet I regard myself as your slave—all that is mine is also thine. From the day when I first beheld you, nothing has pleased me so much as the sight of your charms. Friends, luxuries, mirth, music, my mind disowns them all alike, being constantly fixed on you. And since I am entirely your own, how can I be attracted by the beauty of others? Do not mistrust me: my love is too sincere to suffer any

[1] Because these were signs that he was newly married.

change, and the allegiance I owe you can never be turned aside. I can never have any concern with others when I have placed life and death in your hands. But what could I do? I was powerless and in prison. I had no intention whatever of marrying another, but had I not done so, there was no hope of release. If I had not complied with the wish of another, how could I have seen you again? I should have died in confinement, and you would have remained pining in this temple. Hence I married."[1]

Bakáwalí replied in wrath: "Why have recourse to such falsehoods? Can any one be married by compulsion? It is sufficient: I have examined your faith and love. May you be happy! I will remain content with my misery, knowing well that in the day of distress none but God is our friend." With a breaking heart did the prince hear these words. He heaved a deep sigh and wept. Bakáwalí could not endure this; she joined him in tears, and both continued sobbing for some time. At last the prince fell at her feet and she raised and embraced him. "I am not seriously angry with you," she said; "all that I have spoken was but to try your fidelity. I am happy in your happiness, and am the last person to be indignant with you." In this way they went on, till the prince

[1] A manly, straightforward, even touching statement in defence of his conduct in peculiar circumstances, and such as is rarely met with in an Eastern tale. Our author is here at his best, and this is saying not a little.

explained how he was compelled to marry Chitrawat, and at length succeeded in dispelling all suspicions from her mind.[1] When morning dawned he returned home, and took his place beside his new bride.

Thus night after night the prince passed with Bakáwalí, and the day in conversation with Chitrawat, who was naturally very much out of temper at such conduct. She wondered how it was that her own charms had no effect on the heart of her husband, and ultimately complained to her father of the ungracious manner in which she was treated by the prince. Spies were appointed by the king to watch the nocturnal movements of Táj ul-Mulúk. They discovered him wending his way to the temple of Bakáwalí, where he passed the night, and whence he returned at early dawn. When the king was informed of this, he caused the temple to be demolished and the stones cast into an adjacent stream. On the following night, Táj ul-Mulúk, as usual, went to visit Bakáwalí, and finding no vestige of the temple, he rolled on the ground and exclaimed:

"If I of thee a trace could find,
To that spot I'd willing go;
But I'm powerless: if the earth
Would open wide, I'd sink below!"

At length, overcome by despair, he gave free vent to his tears, and finally returned home. For some days sorrow and hopelessness were his inseparable companions; but when he became convinced that another

1 "The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love!"

meeting with Bakáwalí could never take place, and that his grief was of no avail, he turned his attention to the enchanting conversation of Chitrawat, and then it was that the buds of her hopes expanded, touched by the zephyr of his love, and the shell of her desire was made fragrant with the pearls of his affection.

CHAPTER IX.

BAKAWALI IS RE-BORN IN THE HOUSE OF A FARMER—WHEN SHE IS OF MARRIAGEABLE AGE THE PRINCE AND CHITRAWAT MEET HER AND THEY ALL THREE PROCEED TO HIS OWN COUNTRY, WHERE HE IS WELCOMED AFFECTIONATELY BY DILBAR AND MAHMUDA—BAHRAM, THE SON OF ZAYN UL-MULUK'S VAZIR, FALLS IN LOVE WITH RUH-AFZA, THE COUSIN OF BAKAWALI.

THEY say that the ground on which the temple of Bakáwalí once stood was tilled by a farmer, who sowed it with mustard-seed. Táj ul-Mulúk often repaired thither to gaze upon the fields, which were spread with carpets of the richest verdure. When the plants emerged from the soil and blossomed the prince visited the fields each morning and evening, and thus addressed them:

"Flowers of the field! how fare ye here?
Love's fragrance in your bloom I find;
From earth emerging ye appear—
Say, where's the charmer of my mind?"

In due time the mustard-plants ripened, and the farmer reaped his crop and put it in the oil press.

Peasants are generally accustomed to try the first fruits of their fields themselves. Hence it happened that the farmer's wife, partaking of a dish prepared with the oil thus produced, became pregnant, although she had hitherto been sterile. In due course she gave birth to a fairy-faced daughter, whose presence illumined the heretofore dark abode of the farmer. It was soon noised abroad that a hitherto sterile woman had brought forth a fair daughter through the virtue of some mustard oil. As for the infant, the neighbours all declared that, while even now the splendour of her countenance eclipsed that of the moon, when she should have reached her fourteenth year it would excel the glory of the sun itself.

When Táj ul-Mulúk heard of this wonderful occurrence, he summoned the farmer and his babe to his presence; and the moment he cast his eyes upon the latter, he recognised the features of his beloved, and was convinced that Bakáwalí had been thus re-born in the farmer's humble abode.[1] He gave the farmer a large sum of money and desired him to bring up the infant with every possible care. When she was seven years of age, many were the applications made for her

[1] The doctrine of metempsychosis has no place in the creed of Islám and it is quite phenomenal to find such an incident as this in a Muhammedan work. Many Persian and Arabian fictions, like the present romance, are of Indian extraction, but the Hindú characters of the originals are always—with only this exception, as well as I can recollect—changed to good Muslims.

hand in marriage; but the farmer, remembering that the prince had shown a deep interest in her welfare, knew not how to decide. To all he replied that when the girl came to be of marriageable age, she should have free permission to choose her husband. When she was on the verge of her tenth year,[1] Táj ul-Mulúk sent a messenger to her father, demanding the hand of his daughter in marriage. The farmer trembled when he heard this, saying: "How can a poor farmer dare to make the king's son-in-law the husband of his daughter? Should I even do so, the result must be that her position will be that of a slave; and I cannot think of such a fate for my lovely child. When Bakáwalí heard him thus soliloquise, "Father," said she, "hear me. My name is Bakáwalí, and I am a fairy. Do not be anxious on my account; for the rose is always destined to grace the head, and the pearl to adorn the princely diadem. In answer, desire the prince to wait for a few days more." The messenger of Táj ul-Mulúk returned and gave him an account of all that he had heard. The prince was highly delighted; his

[1] In India early marriages of girls are the almost invariable rule; indeed they are often married, or betrothed, in infancy. A Bráhman girl who grows up without being married loses her caste. The duty of choosing a husband belongs in the first place to her father, and if he be dead, then to her paternal grandfather if he be alive, then to her brother, cousin, and lastly to her mother. If she have reached the age of eight years without having been provided with a husband, see may choose for herself.

sorrows all vanished. He rewarded the messenger and dismissed him.

The dark days of Bakáwalí having passed away, troops of fairies now came to visit her, and with them Saman-rú, enrobed with richly-embroidered garments, and glittering with jewels, and seated on a golden throne. Bakáwalí changed her dress, put on her ornaments, and when all was ready she addressed her father, saying: "Hitherto I have been your guest; now I am about to depart." She then led him behind the house, and pointed out a spot which contained hidden treasures under ground. Then she left him, and ascending the throne, guided by her attendant fairies, alighted in the mansion where Táj ul-Mulúk was sitting in company of Chitrawat, Nirmalá, and Chapalá. Bakáwalí entered the chamber alone. On approaching Chitrawat she embraced her with sisterly affection. Chitrawat was so much struck with the beauty of Bakáwalí that she sank on her sofa quite exhausted. Then Bakáwalí recounted her adventures to Táj ul-Mulúk, and heard his in return. She asked Chitrawat if her heart still glowed with love for the prince, "because, if so, my house is yours." Chitrawat replied: "I live only in the prince; and when he departs, how can I continue to live? I am ready to go with you."

On a sign from Bakáwalí, her attendants made themselves visible; and it is related that when they appeared, Ceylon was so densely filled that no space

of four fingers' breadth even was left unoccupied :[1] confusion reigned throughout the city. Even the king was dismayed, and sought the shelter of his palace. The moment he entered Táj ul-Mulúk rose to greet him. He went a few steps in advance, and led the king to a seat on his own throne. He then gave him a detailed history of his love for Bakáwalí. For some time the king seemed much distressed; but at length signs of joy were visible in his countenance, and rising from his seat he placed the hands of his daughter into those of Bakáwalí, saying: "I trust my only child to you; not, indeed, as a rival, but as a slave. My only hope is, that you will not withhold your kindness from one who is bound to regard you as her superior." He then gave them leave to depart.

Táj ul-Mulúk ascended the fairy throne; Bakáwalí and Chitrawat sat on either side of him; while Nirmalá and Chapalá stood respectfully before them. In a moment the throne alighted on the threshold of Táj ul-Mulúk's palace, and the two princesses entered. Bahrám,[2] the son of the minister of Zayn-ul-Mulúk, who had been left in charge of the palace and gardens of the prince, came forth to welcome his master and

[1] Oriental hyperbole, of which we have a very striking example in the last verse of the apostle John's gospel.

[2] Bahrám is the Persian name of the planet Mars; and of all who have ever borne the name, the Persian king Bahrám-i Ghúr (so called from his passion for hunting the wild ass) is the most renowned in song or story.

mistress home. Táj ul-Mulúk received him graciously, accepted his presents,[1] and rewarded him with a robe of honour. He then entered the palace, and was received with the utmost delight by Mahmúda and Dilbar, with whom, as well as with Chitrawat and Bakáwalí, the stream of life glided through peace and tranquility.

Historians relate that Táj ul-Mulúk addressed letters to Fírúz Sháh, Muzaffar Sháh, and his father, communicating to them the happy intelligence of his return. The perusal of these letters afforded much pleasure to the recipients, who forthwith set out to meet him. Fírúz Sháh and Jamíla Khatún set out for the East attended by splendid equipages. Muzaffar Sháh and Husn-árá followed their example. Zayn ul-Mulúk, with his lawful wife for his companion, and his army preceding him, went after the other princes to the country of Nighárín,[2] which they reached in a few days. They observed that its vicinity was so crowded with men and fairies that there was not sufficient space left to plant a seed of sesamum even.[3]

[1] In the East no person ever visits his superior without carrying in his hand a present of some kind, called the *nazar* in Persian.—See the First Book of Samuel, ix, 7.

[2] To wit, *Mulk-i Nighárín*, the country appropriated by Táj ul-Mulúk, where he caused his grand palace to be erected by the fairies.—See *ante*, p. 281.

[3] A much greater "crush" than even that in Ceylon!—see preceding page.

Táj ul-Mulúk and Bakáwali were highly delighted to receive their guests. Sorrow departed from the heart of each. Nought was heard but songs and music—nought was seen save dancing and mirth. With the fourth day the feast ended, and the princes departed, highly pleased with the hospitality of Táj ul-Mulúk. But Bakáwalí prevailed upon Rúh-afzá to remain with her a few days longer, and a carnelian room was set apart for her sleeping chamber.

It happened one night, when Rúh-afzá was sleeping near the window, that her flowing locks descended therefrom, and a bright gem was glittering in one of the ribbons that tied her tresses. At that time Bahrám was roving about, enjoying the moonlight scene. As he approached the window, his eyes fell on the gem glittering there. He thought that a dragon was holding his jewel in his mouth.[1] But on looking more attentively, he perceived that it was a ruby glittering in a lock of hair which had escaped from the window. He then supposed that the room must be occupied by Bakáwalí, and that the lock of hair was hers. All that night he knew no rest. When morning dawned he could restrain himself no longer. He asked Saman-rú whose chamber that was, and she told him it was Rúh-afzá's. The moment he heard this the fire of love blazed in his heart, and maniac-like he wandered to and fro. The next midnight he watched for an opportunity,

[1] See *ante*, notes on pp. 232 and 297.

applied a scaling-ladder to the window, and entered the chamber. There he saw the rival of Venus sleeping gracefully on a golden bed. Beholding this, he became senseless, like one intoxicated, and as he was yet a stranger to the pleasure which was now stealing through his veins, incontinently he threw himself on the bed, embraced the fairy and kissed her rapturously. That instant Rúh-afzá started up and found that the intruder was Bahrám; and though she secretly loved him, she was displeased at this breach of the rules of decency. She pretended to be highly offended and slapped him till he was fairly pushed out of the window, and Bahrám retired weeping to his own apartment.

Next morning Rúh-afzá begged permission of Bakáwalí to depart: and although the latter endeavoured to persuade her to prolong her visit, she was resolute, for she was well aware that if Bakáwalí came to know of the incident of the last night, she would laugh at her and plague her with her sarcastic remarks. At length she bade adieu to her fair hostess, and set out for the island of Firdaus. But love accompanied her; for her thoughts were only of Bahrám. No comfort came to her by day, and no rest through the live-long night. Her eyes were always moist with tears, and the simúm of grief withered the bloom of her cheeks.

CHAPTER X.

BAHRAM IS LONG LOVE-SICK, BUT BY THE HELP OF TWO SYMPATHISING FAIRY DAMSELS IS FINALLY UNITED TO THE BEAUTIFUL RUH-AFZA, AND ALL ENDS HAPPILY.

MEANWHILE Bahrám became thinner and thinner every day; but Saman-rú alone knew the cause. She was constantly advising him to chase away from his heart that love for a person of another race, which could only render him unhappy. "The example," said she, "of the perfect union which exists between Táj ul-Mulúk and Bakáwalí should not lead you astray. It is a happy exception. But it is contrary to the nature of things for a human being to join himself to one of etherial substance." These words made no impression on the mind of Bahrám, and when she saw that the thorn of love had pierced so deeply into his heart that it was hopeless to attempt its extraction, she declared that all she could do was to conduct him to Firdaus. Bahrám eagerly accepted this offer, and Saman-rú then clothed him in women's apparel, which suited him well, as he was yet beardless, and carried him through the air to Firdaus, to the house of her sister, called Banafshá,[1] who was hair-dresser to Rúh-afzá. The latter was delighted at seeing Saman-rú, and at once asked who was the young lady whom she had brought with

[1] "Violet."

her. "She is one of my friends," said she, "who desires to see this country. I have taken the liberty of bringing her to you, in hopes that you will be so good as to show her all the sights." "Certainly," said Banafshá; "I am willing to do anything that might please you." After this Saman-rú returned to Bakáwalí, and Bahrám remained in the house of Banafshá, who showed her every kindness, led her each day into a different garden, and pointed out everything worth seeing; in the evening she discharged her duties as hair-dresser to Rúh-afzá.

One evening Banafshá presented Bahrám to her young mistress, as a friend of Saman-rú. She at once recognised Bahrám, in spite of his disguise, but dissembled so well that he believed she did not know him. She induced Banafshá to leave the young person with her. Therefore she withdrew and Bahrám remained with his mistress. And when the Eternal Designer of the affairs of this world had illumed the earth with the clear light of the moon, Rúh-afzá led Bahrám into her private chamber, and said: "What is your name, madam?" He replied: "I have had no name for a long time: I only know yours." "Why have you come here?" "Ask the taper: it will tell you why the moth throws itself into the flame." These pleasant words gratified Rúh-afzá, but, affecting a severe countenance, she said: "You are deceiving me; for I observe from your words that you are not a woman. You have entered here

by false pretences, and have thus exposed my honour to the wind. Say, yourself, what punishment does such hardihood deserve?" Poor Bahrám, who was quite ignorant of the artifices of coquetry, and remembered the hard blows of his mistress on a former occasion, thought that she was about to strike him again and drive him from her presence. He trembled through fear and repeated these verses :

> "Kill me ; for better 'tis to die before
> Thy sight, than live to suffer more and more."

Then he fell down quite unconscious, and Rúh-afzá, not being able to carry her feigned severity farther, ran up to him, put his head on her knees, showered kisses on him, and by the sweet perfume of her breath brought back his senses.

When Bahrám opened his eyes he perceived that he had assumed the *rôle* of the Rose and Rúh-afzá that of the Nightingale.[1] Soon did he forget his

[1] "To account for the allegorical passion entertained by the nightingale for the rose, which is the subject of so much beautiful imagery in Persian poetry, we must consider," says Sir William Ouseley, "that the plaintive voice of that sweet bird is first heard at the same season of the year in which the rose begins to blow. By a natural association of ideas they are therefore connected as the constant and inseparable attendants of the spring. It is probable, too, that the nightingale's favourite retreat may be the rose-garden, and the leaves of that flower occasionally its food ; but it is certain that he is delighted with its odour and sometimes indulges the fragrant luxury (if I may be allowed the expression) to such excess as to fall from

former vexations. Rúh-afzá, who was violently in love with him, did not wish him to leave her, so to conceal him from the looks of the malicious she fastened round his neck a talisman which changed him into a bird.[1] In this form she kept him in a golden cage, which was hung up before her eyes during the day, but at night she caused him to come out, and restored him to his proper shape. This continued for some time; but, as the Hindú proverb says, "love and musk cannot be long hidden"; and Husn-árá began to suspect that all was not as it should be with her daughter. One morning, at daybreak, she went to her daughter's chamber, and beating her, exclaimed: "You have drowned yourself in a vase full of water! You are lost to all shame! You have disgraced the name of your father! Let me at least know the name of your audacious accomplice, else I will strangle you with my own hands!" These violent words caused Rúh-afzá to tremble. "Dispel, my dear mother," said she, "your vain dream. I have never seen a mortal but at a distance. Should a kind mother believe the

the branch intoxicated and helpless to the ground."—*Persian Miscellanies*, p. 91.

[1] The transformation of a man into a bird occurs very often in Asiatic fictions: there are numerous instances in the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* and other Indian collections. This is commonly done by fastening a string round the victim's neck, or sticking a pin in his head, and uttering certain magical words; and by removing the string or the pin the man is at once restored to his natural form.

gossiping reports of strangers?" But in spite of her most vehement protestations, her mother believed her not; she insisted that the ravisher who was in the house should be seized and punished as he deserved. By her order cunning spies were employed to search for Bahrám—in the earth, the air, and the sea, but without success: they were all ignorant of the secret of the golden cage.[1] Husn-árá, despairing at the failure of her spies, scolded her daughter's maids, and threatened them with the wrath of Muzaffar Sháh; whereupon one of them, called Gul-rukh,[2] pointed out the mysterious cage, saying that she had often observed Rúh-afzá, both night and day, caressing the dove which was shut up in it;—might it not be surmised that there was some secret in that circumstance? Immediately Husn-árá proceeded to her daughter's chamber and seized hold of the cage. Rúh-afzá, with horror and dismay, saw her beloved bird in the talons of the falcon; but, trembling for herself, she dared not utter a word, still less could she snatch it out of the hands of the fowler of destiny. Husn-árá carried the cage to her husband, who drew out the bird, and felt its wings and all its feathers to see if he could discover any talisman. At last he found what was on the bird's

[1] Here, in the original, the pious author thus addresses his reader: "My friend, you are as blind as they! You seek at Heaven's footstool for the Being who dwells, without your suspecting it, in the habitation of your own heart. You seek far, far away, when he is quite near." Cf. Acts, xvii, 27.

[2] "Rose-cheek."

neck, and on removing it, Bahrám appeared before him in his natural form. The attendants were greatly astonished, and Muzaffar Sháh, wild with passion, said to Bahrám: "Wicked wretch! fear you not my anger? Death alone can punish thy audacity!" "Sire," replied Bahrám, "I fear not death; but I shall deeply regret my beloved mistress in leaving life; and even in my grave a stream of blood will flow from my eyes."[1] The anger of Muzaffar Sháh, far from being appeased by these words, increased to such a height that he gave orders to his people to go outside the city and throw Bahrám into the fire, so that he should be reduced to ashes.

By good fortune, Táj ul-Mulúk and Bakáwalí were at that moment walking together in the garden of

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[1] Oriental poetry abounds in conceits of this kind. Thus Wásif, the celebrated Persian historian and poet, apostrophises his lady-love: "The impression of the happy moments passed in thy loved presence will never be obliterated from the tablet of my heart, whilst the world revolves and the stars continue their course. The pen of intense love has so vividly written Eternal Affection on the page of my soul, that if my body languish, nay, even if my life expire, that soft impress will remain"—But our own poet Cowley is not a whit less extravagant when he declares:

> "Let Nature, if she please, disperse
> My atoms over all the universe;
> At the last they easily shall
> Themselves know, and together call;
> For thy love, like a mark, is stampt on all—
>
> ALL OVER LOVE!

Iram, and as they were not far from Jazína-Firdaus, they determined to visit Rúh-afzá. On going thither they passed the very spot where Bahrám was about to be burnt. He was already on the fatal pyre, with the flames surrounding him. Bakáwalí, seeing the pyre and the great crowd around it, ordered her chariot to draw near and cried out: "Extinguish the fire and bring that young man to me. I shall cause a thousand of you to be put to death, if you do not—ay, and raze all your houses to the ground!" These threats greatly disconcerted the officials, so they put out the fire and led Bahrám before the princess, who made him enter her chariot, and conducted him into a quiet garden, where leaving him with Táj ul-Mulúk, she then proceeded to visit Muzaffar Sháh and Husn-árá, who received her with the greatest kindness, and after embracing her, inquired the occasion of her visit. "It is mere chance," said she, "which brings me to you; but I have seen on my way hither an incident which caused me great pain: some of your people were about to burn the son of my father-in-law's vazír, and, but for my interference, he would ere this have been reduced to ashes. Why did you dream of giving such instructions? Would his death change anything that has occurred? Would it efface the *tika*[1] of

[1] The *tika* is a round piece of clay, paint, or tissue on the forehead of a Hindú, indicating his caste. Amongst Hindús generally it means the circular mark made with coloured earths, or unguents, on the forehead. It is curious that this purely Hindú

slander? Supposing a hundred persons already know of the adventure of Rúh-afzá, presently it will be known to thousands. What you should rather do is pardon Bahrám his fault, and marry him to your daughter; for he is full of spirit and of a handsome appearance. If you despise human nature so much, why did you marry me to Táj ul-Mulúk? Is there any difference between your daughter and me?"

Muzaffar Sháh bent his head on hearing this remonstrance, and said he would think over it. Then Bakáwalí went in search of Rúh-afzá and found her in tears; but patting her on the head she said smilingly: "You have cried enough; wash yourself, change your dress, and come forth from your cell. I have brought back your lover, safe and sound, and hope that you will soon be married." Rúh-afzá thanked Bakáwalí and embraced her most affectionately, and the cousins remained together all night.[1] On the morrow Bakáwalí led Rúh-afzá before her parents to be reconciled to them, after which she set out with Táj ul-Mulúk and Bahrám for Jazíra-i Iram. She related to her

term should have been retained by a Muslim writer; but it is another indication of the Indian origin of the romance.

[1] Although Bakáwalí and Rúh-afzá are supposed to be fairies, yet they act as real flesh-and-blood women. And how like is this charming little scene between the two affectionate girls to what has doubtless occurred thousands of times amongst ourselves! If there be, as that shrewd observer Sam Slick assures us, "a deal of human natur' in man," there is, as certainly, a deal of *woman* nature in woman all the world over.

father and mother the story of Rúh-afzá and Bahrám, and persuaded them to do for the latter, without loss of time, what her uncle had done for Táj ul-Mulúk. They agreed, and, having clothed Bahrám in royal robes, proceeded in great state to Firdaus, where suitable arrangements had been made to receive the marriage procession, which soon arrived at the palace of Muzaffar Sháh. The wedding guests were conducted into the reception room, where dance and music continued the whole night. After the ceremony of the collar and betel, they brought the bridegroom into the interior of the palace, in order to accomplish the formalities which still remained to be performed. Bakáwalí behaved towards Bahrám as though she had been his sister. She held for him the Kurán and the looking-glass, and made him drink the cup half-emptied by Rúh-afzá.[1] When all these ceremonies had been performed, Muzaffar Sháh and Husn-árá gave to their daughter, on the day of separation, a considerable dowry, great quantity of ready money as well as jewels and slaves. Fírúz Sháh and Táj ul-Mulúk at the head of the nuptial procession returned to Jazír-i Iram, where they continued the festive rejoicings for

[1] For descriptions of the marriage ceremonies among the Muhammedans of India see Herklots' translation of the *Qanoon-i Islám*, p. 93 ff.; *Observations on the Mussulmans of India*, by Mrs. Meer Hasan Ali, vol. i, p. 352 ff.; and a paper on Hindú and Muhammedan marriage ceremonies, by Col. C. Mackenzie, in the *Trans. of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. iii, p. 170 ff.

several days, after which Bakáwalí and her devoted husband conducted Bahrám and his bride in great splendour to Mulk-i Nighárín. The father and mother of Bahrám were overjoyed at the sight of their beloved son, and warmly expressed their gratitude to Bakáwalí, who had brought him such great good fortune. To celebrate the marriage of his son, the vazír gave a grand banquet, to which great and small were alike invited, and even the king himself honoured it with his presence. The festival continued for several days. Everybody received presents; money was distributed in abundance—all were delighted. After the king had been escorted back to his palace and all the guests had retired to their homes, Bakáwalí summoned Hammála, and ordered her to transport her palace to that spot, which was soon accomplished, when she presented it to Rúh-afzá and Bahrám for their residence. Thus terminated the adventures of these lovers: each was content and happy.

MAY GOD GRANT TO EACH OF US THE LIKE FAVOUR!

PERSIAN STORIES.

PERSIAN STORIES.

THE THREE DECEITFUL WOMEN.

ONCE on a time there were three whales of the sea of fraud and deceit—three dragons of the nature of thunder and the quickness of lightning—three defamers of honour and reputation—in other words, three men-deceiving, lascivious women, each of whom had, from the chancery of her cunning, issued the diploma of turmoil to a hundred cities and countries, and in the arts of fraud they accounted Satan as an admiring spectator in the theatre of their stratagems. One of them was sitting in the court of justice of the Kází's embraces; the second was the precious gem of the bazár-master's diadem of compliance; and the third was the beazle and ornament of the signet-ring of the life and soul of the superintendent of police. They were constantly entrapping the fawns of the prairie of deceit, with the grasp of cunning, and plundering the wares of the caravan of tranquility of

the hearts of both strangers and acquaintances by means of the edge of the scimitar of fraud.[1]

One day this trefoil of roguery met at the public bath, and, according to their homogeneous nature, they intermingled as intimately as a comb with the hair: they tucked up the garment of amity to the waist of union, entered the tank of agreement, seated themselves in the hot-house of love, and poured from the dish of folly, by means of the key of hypocrisy, the water of profusion upon the head of intercourse; they rubbed with the brush of familiarity and the soap of affection the stains of jealousies from each other's limbs. After a while, when they had brought the pot of concord to boil by the fire of mutual laudation, they warmed the bath of association with the breeze of kindness and came out.[2] In the dressing-room all

[1] Truly a most promising beginning! Such is the inflated style which alone is appreciated by the modern Persians and the Muslims of India. For since the decline of literature in Persia —which began soon after the death of the justly-celebrated poet Jamí, in A.D. 1492—the compositions of Persian authors have been chiefly characterised by puerile conceits and meaningless plays upon words and phrases, for which indeed the language furnishes every facility. Nevertheless, the reader can hardly fail to be highly diverted with the following tale, which the writer has simply re-dressed in his own style, for assuredly he was not its inventor.

[2] Here the author is employing the various processes of the Eastern bath in describing the chattering of three ladies who have "foregathered" there.—"The Persian ladies," says Sir R.

three of them happened simultaneously to find a ring, the gem of which surpassed the imagination of the Jeweller of Destiny,[1] and the like of which he had never beheld in the store-house of possibility. The finger of covetousness of each of the three ladies pointed to the ring, and the right of its possession became the object of dispute among them. But after their controversy had been protracted to an undue length, the mother of the bathman,[2] who had for years practised under the sorceress Shamsah[3] and had learnt all sorts of tricks from her, stepped forward and said: "I am a woman who has seen the world,

Ker Porter, in his *Travels in Georgia, Persia*, etc., vol. i, 233, "regard the bath as the place of their greatest amusement; they make appointments to meet there, and often pass seven or eight hours together in the carpeted saloon, telling stories, relating anecdotes, eating sweetmeats, sharing their kalyouns [pipes] and embellishing their beautiful forms with all the fancied perfection of the East; dyeing their hair and eyebrows; and curiously staining their fair bodies with a variety of fantastic devices, not unfrequently with the figures of trees and birds, the sun, moon, and stars."

[1] A purely imaginary personage, of course, invented and introduced by the author, because he had just mentioned a ring set with a fine gem.—The reader will find many similar absurdities in the course of the narrative, and I need make no farther remark upon them.

[2] Eastern baths are used by men and women on different days of every week.

[3] Shamsah is the name of a sorceress who figures in several Asiatic fictions.

and I have experienced many events of this kind. Something has occurred to me with reference to this matter, and if you will listen to my advice your difficulty will be solved. As I am a faithful and honest person," the old woman continued, "you may entrust this ring to me. Each of you must sow the seed of deception into the field of her husband's folly, and she whose arrow of fraud shall settle deepest in the target of her husband's imbecility, and the rose of whose act, being watered by the art and care of diligence, shall flourish more than the plants of her competitors, shall, after due investigation by myself, be put in possession of the much-coveted ring." All three of them agreed to this proposal, and surrendered the ring to the old hag. The wife of the Kází said: "I shall be the first who writes the incantation upon the name of the Kází." Accordingly they dressed in the robe of cunning, put on the mantle of deception, and departed to their respective domiciles.

The Trick of the Kází's Wife.

In the first place, the wife of the Kází sat down in the court of meditation and arrangement, and having for the purpose of solving this problem opened the directory of falsehood, she perused it with great diligence, scanning it from paragraph to paragraph, from the preface to the conclusion. It so happened that a carpenter who was the Kází's neighbour had

long paid attentions to the wife of the latter. He chopped the tablet of his heart with the axe of uneasiness, and scratched the board of his body with the plane of lamentation; he was in constant motion like a saw, and though all his limbs were like a grating turned into eyes, and he was sitting on the chair of expectation, he was not able to attain his object; so that the hatchet of longing and burning felled the palm-tree of his patience and equanimity, and his heart was perforated by the auger of this grief. As the wife of the Kází was aware of the sufferings of the carpenter, she called her confidential slave-girl and said to her: "O thou Violet[1] of the garden of harmony, the flower of whose body I have so long cherished in the parterre of education! I have a little business which I mean to discharge this day by the aid of thy intimacy. If thou wilt accomplish it cheerfully, I shall ransom thee with my own money, and rejoice thy heart with various gifts." The girl replied: "Whatever my mistress orders, it is my duty to perform." The wife of the Kází said: "Go, unobserved by any one, to the carpenter and tell him that the flame of his love has taken effect on my heart; that I am aware of his having suffered torments on account of my unkindness; and that on the day of resurrection I shall have to answer for the sufferings I have caused to him: I am quite em-

[1] Banafshá: Violet, the name of the girl.

barrassed in this matter, and, in order to remove this awful responsibility, I am prepared now to make good my past transgressions, and to meet him if he will dig an underground passage between this house and his own, so that we may be enabled to pluck the roses of mutual love whenever we choose, and communicate freely by means of this passage." The maid went to the carpenter, and caused by the nectar of her eloquence this message to bloom in his garden of hope. He presented the girl with a thousand dínars[1] and said:

"I would ransom thee with my life,
O idol of the garden of purity!
I shall gird my loins for thy service
In a hundred thousand places.

It is a lifetime since I began to burn on the thread of exclusion and separation, and put the collyrium of longing into the eye of desire to behold that paragon of the world.

Melancholy for thee inspires my breast;
Desire for thee permeates my heart!
Thy behests I shall never disobey;
Thy will I shall follow with my soul."

The carpenter dug a spacious passage between the two houses, and the lady arrived by means of it in her lover's domicile. When the carpenter beheld the

[1] Sums of money mean nothing in an Eastern story: 1000 dínars would be equivalent to about 500 pounds, English currency; but were the amount even in dirhams the carpenter would be giving the girl 25 pounds—a handsome "tip" indeed!

Jacob's house of mourning of his heart illuminated by the Joseph's lamp of the coveted interview, he said:

> "Welcome, my faithful idol!
> My hut is the envy of Paradise.
> Come, moon-like mistress, come!
> Come, tender sweetheart, come!
> Thy elegant speech is coquetry;
> Thy gait is graceful as the rose:
> Thou art the cynosure of love!
> Thou art the model of tenderness!"

After mutual congratulations and compliments, that title-page of the ledger of amorous intrigues said to the carpenter: "To-morrow I shall come here, and you must bring the Kází to marry me to you." When the lady had explained the particulars of this matter to him, he drew the hand of obedience over the eyes of compliance; and when on the next day the kází of the morn placed the seal of brilliancy upon the volume of the firmament, and the shaykh-sun seated himself upon the carpet of the Orient and manifested himself by the consequence of light and brightness, the Kází hastened from his haram to the court of justice. His tender mistress, however, betook herself to the house of the carpenter, who forgot the grief of separation, dressed himself in gaudy clothes, and waiting on the Kází said: "O spreader of the superficies of the law, and strengthener of the pillars of the affairs of mankind,

> No matter in this world can be
> Arranged without thy intervention."

When the Kází perceived from this allocution that the carpenter came on business, and concluded that it might be something profitable, he replied: "Greeting to you! And may the mercy of God be upon your fathers and ancestors, fortunate and blessed man! Welcome! Rest yourself awhile; smoke tobacco and drink coffee, whilst you are acquainting me with your intentions." The carpenter said: "O Kází, I am a bridegroom and am very restless to-day on that account: my bride is sitting in the house. As the moon is this day in the first mansion of the Balance, and in the two hours and nine minutes that are elapsing of the day it has a triangular aspect with the sun, a hexagonal one with Jupiter, is in opposition to Mercury, out of the influence of the Scorpion and the remaining ill-boding influences, therefore I am of good cheer; and as the hour to tie the matrimonial knot is quite propitious, I request your lordship quickly to perform the ceremony."[1]

As soon as the Kází heard about a wedding, he put the turban of covetousness on his head, took the rosary of thanksgivings into his hand, and went with the carpenter to the house of the latter. When he entered he exclaimed: "Open, O opener of portals!" but when his eyes alighted on the bride and he recognised in her the mistress of his own haram, a thousand

[1] Among Muslims when the moon is new or full is the preferable time for marriage, but she must be clear of the sign of the Scorpion, which is considered very unlucky.

suspicions beset him; nevertheless he composed himself as well as he was able, but could not help thinking: "This is a very wonderful business; and I have never seen two persons resembling each other so much." While he thus plunged the pen of his mind into the inkstand of meditation and amazement, the carpenter exclaimed: "My lord, the time is passing, and what is the use of delaying?" The Kází looked up, and again scrutinised the lady, but found no difference between her and his wife, so he cried: "Praise be to God! There is no power nor strength but by his will!" Then putting his hand to his breast he said: "What memory is this?" and arose from his place. The carpenter asked: "O Kází, where are you going?" The Kází replied: "My good fellow, my 'Key of prosperity' has been left in the house, and there is a prayer in it that must be recited before pronouncing the matrimonial formula, in order to procure the mutual enjoyment of the newly married couple." Accordingly he went to the house, but was forestalled by his spouse, who entered it through the secret passage and lay down on her bed. When the Kází arrived and saw his wife in this position he said: "I ask pardon of God from all that displeases him in words, deeds, thoughts, or intentions! To what a strange suspicion have I given way! May God forgive me!" His wife, on hearing these exclamations, yawned and turned from one side to the other, and said: "Violet, did I not tell you to allow no one to

enter this room, so that I might repose for a time?" Quoth the Kází: "Beloved partner! there is no stranger. Excuse me, and pardon me for having harboured evil suspicions concerning thee." The wife replied: "Perhaps you have become mad!"

The Kází again returned to the carpenter's house, but his wife had preceded him and was sitting in her former place. As soon as he looked at her the same suspicions overwhelmed him, and he exclaimed in amazement: "O Lord of glory! I have fallen into a strange predicament, and am, as it were, between two screws of the horns of a dilemma that presses me, on the one hand, quickly to perform the ceremony, and, on the other hand, rather to defer it." Then said the carpenter: "My lord Kází, I see you despondent and hesitating in this business; and although you ought not to expect anything from me because I am your neighbour, yet I will give you these thousand dínars to hasten your proceedings, because the time is elapsing." No sooner did the Kází see the money than he put it at once into his pocket and began: "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Clement," and continued to read the matrimonial formula till he arrived at the words, "I marry," when he perceived a black mole on the corner of his wife's lip, which he had so often kissed. He felt uneasy, and the sugar of the thousand dínars was bitter in the palate of his greediness, he again lowered his head into the collar of meditation and said within himself: "O assembly of

genii and men! are you able to withdraw yourselves from the precincts of heaven and earth?" The carpenter exclaimed: "O Kází, I really do not know the reason of your delay, nor from the fountain of what pretence the water of this procrastination is gushing." The Kází smiled and thus replied: "O carpenter, we are the sureties of legal affairs, the successors of the prophets, and the pontiffs of the laws and canons of the ways of guidance. In every affair that we perform we must attentively consider a thousand subtleties, lest we should become liable to blame in the next world by the commission of a fault. Why are you in such haste? All affairs in this world succeed only by civility and patience, and not by confusion and impatience. Thou resemblest that shepherd who was one day engaged in pasturing his flock and became very thirsty. As a village was very near, he left his sheep and entered it to look for water. He happened to pass near a tree under the shadow of which a schoolmaster was teaching a crowd of boys. After looking for a while, he perceived the teacher reposing and issuing orders, and the boys humbly obeying him in all things and occupied in melodiously rehearsing their lessons. This sort of employment disgusted the shepherd with his own calling, and he thought: 'While I am able to learn this trade, I do not see why I should spend my whole life to no profit by running about the fields with a lot of sheep. I must change the profession of a shepherd for that of a

schoolmaster, and then I shall spend my days in comfort, like this man.' Accordingly he stepped forward and said: 'My good master, I have a great inclination to learn your business; please instruct me in it.' When the master looked at the figure and aspect of the shepherd, he was astonished, and saw he was an ignorant fellow who had no capacity. For the sake of fun, however, he took a piece of paper, wrote the alphabet on it, and said to the man: 'Be seated, and read this.' The shepherd asked: 'Why do you not teach me from these large books?' Said the master: 'You are but a beginner, and you cannot read books till you have learned the alphabet.' Quoth the shepherd: 'Master, what letters are you speaking about? Please fill me with them now, for my flock roams about without a shepherd, and I have no time to sit down and learn the alphabet.' The schoolmaster smiled at this and drove the shepherd away. O carpenter," continued the Kází, "do not fancy every business to be easy. Now I meditate and study how to divide the possessions of a certain wealthy man, who died yesterday, among thirty-two men who have inherited them. This has just occurred to my mind, and I was engaged in multiplication and division." Then the Kází again glanced at the lady, and beginning to feel uneasy arose once more. The carpenter asked: "O Kází, what fancy is moving you now, and causes you to look so confused?" Said the Kází: "This transaction is one of the greatest importance according

to the religious law. It cannot be performed unless after the general ablution, about the completeness of which a doubt has just arisen in my mind; therefore I must return to my house and renew it." The carpenter answered: "You can wash yourself here." Quoth the Kází: "No, by God! I never perform my ablutions with water which I have not seen before, and I have all the arrangements for purification in my house."

The Kází returned to his house accordingly, but his wife went before him through the passage, and was reading a book when he entered her room. He exclaimed: "I ask forgiveness from God, and I repent of all my sins and transgressions." The lady looked at him in astonishment, and said: "This day I perceive the neck of your intellect confined in the halter of a lunatic fit. How many times have you come and again gone away after holding a soliloquy as madmen are wont to do! If you have become subject to such a distemper, and do not take the proper steps to cure it, I shall not be your nurse." Said the Kází: "O Bilkís[1] of the compact of pru-

[1] Bilkís, according to Muslim tradition, was the name of the celebrated Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon "in all his glory." Many curious legends, or stories, are related, both by the Rabbins and the Muslims, regarding Solomon and Bilkís. It is said that Solomon had been told by some slanderer that she had goats' feet and legs. In order to ascertain the fact, he caused the floor of the audience-chamber to be laid with glass or crystal. When Bilkís entered the chamber and perceived what

dence and innocence, to-day I have indulged in a suspicion regarding thee: I have made a mistake—forgive me!" The wife answered: "The worst people in the world are those who indulge in evil imputations, and those of yours must be expiated." She then gave a few dínars to Violet, bidding her distribute them among the poor as a penitential expiation. After this the Kází took an apple from his pocket, cut it in twain, and gave one moiety to his wife, saying: "Though apples have many qualities, the chief of them is to increase conjugal love: I intend to go to the bath."

Putting the other half of the apple in his pocket, the Kází returned to the house of the carpenter. His wife preceded him as usual, and sat down in her place. When he drew near he saw the half of the apple in her hand, and was greatly amazed, but said nothing, for fear of offending the carpenter, who cried out: "O Kází, tell me for God's sake what you have to say, and why is all this going and coming and all this delay? If this affair is disagreeable to you, I shall bring Shaykh Jahtás, or Mullah Allam-Abhuda,

looked like clear water on the floor, she gracefully raised the skirt of her dress a few inches, to save it from being wetted, and Solomon saw, to his great relief, that she had a pair of "natty" little human feet. We are told in the Bible that the Queen of Sheba plied the sage monarch with "hard questions," but he answered them every one (1 Kings, x, 1-3). So much was Solomon charmed with her sagacity, virtue, and modesty, that he ultimately married her.—Our friend the Kází, to mollify his wife, calls her a second Bilkís.

the servant of the college, to perform the matrimonial ceremony. O Kází, I expected more kindness from you as a neighbour. This business is not worth so much haggling about, and if you wish more than the thousand, take these five hundred dínars." When the Kází saw this additional sum of money he was overpowered by covetousness and exclaimed: "I take refuge with God from the lapidated Satan![1] I marry and couple!" Then his eye again alighted on the countenance of his wife and he saw she wore the ruby necklace which he had bought for three thousand dínars. He shook his head and said: "Every now and then I must somehow stop: I do not know what is again distracting my attention," and he glanced once more at his wife. Quoth the carpenter: "O Kází, your amorous looks have convinced me that your desires are centred in the possession of this lady, for your eyes constantly wander over her countenance. If this be the case, do not make a secret of it, that we may consult her opinion on the matter." The Kází thought within himself, that, as the carpenter was an ignorant and illiterate man, he might play a trick on him, and recite something else instead of the marriage formula, so that, if his suspicions proved to be well-founded, he might be able to annul the marriage. So he sat down on his haunches and

[1] The usual exclamation of a Muslim when he believes the Devil is playing him some mischievous trick.—See note on page 277.

recited: "Iazghára, Iajargára Aftanys Salanká, Dáma Talkuvára," etc. Then he spoke to the carpenter: "Say, 'I agree.'" But as the carpenter had frequently heard the marriage formula, he answered: "Kází, this is a formula read to country fellows and retainers. I have given thee one thousand five hundred dínars to marry me like one of the grandees. I am not a child to be thus played with: this formula is not worth twenty dínars. Either return me the money or recite the proper manly formula." Quoth the Kází: "You are but a working man, carpenter, why then do you entertain such high pretensions? I have just now read to you the formula which I made use of in marrying Mullah Abdullah, the householder in the market, yet you want a formula used for grandees, scholars, and judges, and to give me a headache!" The carpenter replied: "I also covet science and distinction." Said the Kází: "How will you convince me of that?" The carpenter continued: "I know the story of the 'Sun and Moon.'[1] I have heard the tale of 'Sayf ul-Mulúk and Badya'á ul-Jumal.' I have likewise seen 'The Road to the Mosque.' My father used to pass once every day near the school-house of Mullah Namatullah Kylak." Said the Kází: "There is no science or perfection higher than this. I did not know the degree or limit which thou hast attained."[2] In consequence of this irony of the Kází,

[1] An abstract of this story will be found in the Appendix.

[2] The carpenter is a curious compound of shrewdness and

the carpenter put a feather in his bonnet[1] and said: "There is no excuse." Once more the Kází attempted to begin the formula, but when he looked at the half of the apple that was in the lady's hand, he cried: "Woman, give me that half-apple!" She complied, and the Kází took the other half from his pocket, and by placing the two halves together he found them to fit exactly. The carpenter exclaimed: "Kází, apparently some jugglery is going on here! What delusion are you subject to every moment?" The Kází replied: "I have done this simply to produce conjugal love between you." Then he again rose and wanted to go to his house for the purpose of verifying his surmises, but the lady turned to the carpenter and said: "Foolish man, hast thou brought me here to marry me, or to make a laughing-stock

simplicity: not content to vaunt his acquaintance with popular tales, he must add that his father daily passed by a famous school-house—implying that the *knowledge* supposed to be thus obtained by his parent had been transmitted to himself! The Kází is no doubt "all there," but for his love of money and jealousy of his artful wife. We have the authority of a certain noble poet that avarice is "a good old-gentlemanly vice"; but nobody can say a word in favour of jealousy, the "green-eyed monster," who caused the death of sweet Desdemona.

[1] "Put a feather in his bonnet" is not quite the Eastern expression, though its meaning is thus fairly enough rendered in English: the carpenter may be said, in Biblical phrase, to have "exalted his horn"—as the poet Burns has it in his verses on his first visit to Lord Dare, "up higher yet my bannet!" We used also to say of a man who evidently thought highly of himself that he "cocked his beaver."

of me? I have never before seen such proceedings. I think his eyes have become subject to [the disease called] pearl-water." The Kází took no notice of these remarks, but hastened to his house, where his wife met him with these words: "O Kází, thou resemblest those people who have the pearl-water in their eyes." Said he: "There is no God but *the* God! The other woman has spoken the same thing. Tell me at all events what is the distemper called pearl-water." His wife answered: "Pearl-water is a humour caused by heavy particles in the stomach rising into the head, and from thence descending into the eyelids, which injures the eyes, so that different persons appear to be the same, and cannot be distinguished from each other. If this malady is not cured it degenerates into blindness." Quoth the Kází: "Perhaps this is because I have not kept my depraved appetite in subjection. Several days ago I was with the superintendent of police in the house of Kávas the Armenian, who had died; we went there to take an inventory of his goods and chattels for the Amír. The children of Khoja Kávas had, by way of a sweetmeat, something baked in hog's blood; as I was hungry and this food happened to be delicious, I ate somewhat freely of it; and as it had been prepared from the property of the deceased man, it may possibly have had its consequences."[1]

[1] We have also seen in the story of Sháh Manssur, p. 18, how the unchaste woman made her husband believe that he was

A third time the Kází returned to the carpenter's house, and when he beheld his wife, and glanced stealthily at her, the lady was wroth and said to the carpenter: "This fellow is every now and then casting amorous glances at me, and through my connection with thee I have lost my reputation. Either drive him away or forfeit my company." Quoth the Kází: "Respectable virgin and honourable lady, in all matters consideration is useful." The carpenter lost his patience and exclaimed: "You have nearly killed me with your folly and loquacity. I do not wish any longer for marriage. If thou hast considered this woman worthy of thy haram, why hast thou for so long a time been undecided?" Whilst the carpenter was thus talking, they heard the voice of the muezzin, and he exclaimed: "Alas, it is noon[1]—the propitious hour has elapsed!" Said the Kází: "You are a carpenter; you know how to handle the saw and the axe, to make

mad.—The Kází ascribes his imaginary ailment to over-eating, but also, as I understand it, to the fact that the food of which he partook too freely had been baked in *hog's blood.* Swine's flesh is an abomination to the Muslim as to the Jew, though the law allows the former to eat any kind of food if he be pressed by hunger and nothing else can be procured. Possibly the worthy Kází at the time he was in the house of the deceased Kávas the Armenian—where hog's flesh and hog's blood might well be found—thought that his condition, as to appetite, justified his eating of the "funeral baked meats," though partly composed of the unclean animal.

[1] The muezzin was proclaiming the hour of prayer.

windows and doors. But what idea have you of the rotation of the spheres—about good and bad stars and hours? This science belongs to our profession." Then taking an almanac from his pocket and opening it, he said: "The moon is a luminary of quick motion. Yesterday she entered the sign of the Balance, but has so quickly travelled through the degrees that she feels tired to-day and is still reposing, and will not travel to-morrow. From hour to hour till to-morrow, inclusive, wedding dinners and other feasts are propitious. I shall now go to my house and prepare a medicine for the pearl-water of my eyes, as it will probably hinder me from studying." But the carpenter and the lady seized the Kází, one on either side, and said: "Mayhap the affairs of this world are only a play! By Allah, we shall not let thee go ere thou hast tied the matrimonial knot." Quoth the Kází: "Let me go, else I shall immediately write a mandate for the capital punishment of both of you." They rejoined: "May the columns of the house of Khoja Ratyl, the merchant, fall upon you, if you do us the least harm!" Upon this the Kází turned his face upwards and prayed: "O Judge of the court of justice of destiny, protect me from the evil of all mad persons and from all malefactors, and grant me health and peace! Thou judgest—thou art the sovereign Judge!" As he had no alternative now but to marry the lady to the carpenter, and as at that time it was customary for the bride to kiss the hand of the Kází after the

termination of the ceremony, the lady stepped forward for this purpose; but the Kází was so anxious to mark his wife for identification afterwards, that he struck her such a blow on the cheek with his clenched hand as to cause her to bleed profusely. Then he ran into his own house, where he found his wife disfiguring her face and crying out: "I renounce such an adulterous husband, who is carrying on an intrigue with the carpenter's wife." She and her maids then took him by the throat and pulled off his turban, and he fled into the street. The carpenter, who had heard the noise, came out, and seeing him with his head uncovered placed his own turban on it, and said: "O Kází, women are of an imperfect understanding, and quarrels between husbands and wives have taken place at all times. If you have lost your senses, this can easily be remedied by taking up your lodging for a few days in a madhouse, until your spouse repents of her deed." And so the Kází went to repose himself in a lunatic asylum.

The secret-knowing bulbul of the musical-hall of narratives, namely, the pen, thus continues its melody: After the wife of the Kází had severed the robe of his conjugal authority with the scissors of deceit, she again stitched it with the needle of fraud, and invested with it the bosom of the wretched Kází's imbecility by means of the above-narrated tricks. Then she sent word to her two accomplices, that she had drawn

the bow of machination to its utmost extent by the exertion of her skill, that she had with the arrow thereof hit the target of the conditions stipulated, and that now the field was free to them for the display of their cunning.

The Trick of the Bazár-Master's Wife.

The blandly-ambling pea-fowl of the pen continues the narrative as follows: Now it was the turn of the bazár's-master's wife, whose tricks were of a kind to instruct Iblís in the laws of deceit and fraud.[1] She began to weigh all kinds of stratagems in the balance of meditation, to enable her to decide what course of roguery would be best for her object. She happened to have a nurse who had also attained the highest degree of intrigue by the instigations of Iblís, and was her assistant in all her devices; so calling this woman, and anointing with the balsam of flattery the limbs of her attachment, she said: "O beloved and kind mother, the ornaments and pictures of my house of fraud and cunning are the offspring of thy instructions. It is long since the bond of amity was torn between me and my husband. In spite of all my endeavours, I am unable to cope with his sagacity; but I trust in thy affection, and hope that

[1] Iblís: Satan. Possibly Iblís is a corruption of Diabolus.—Artful, intriguing women are often described as being able to pull out the Devil's claws, and Satan himself would confess there was no escaping from their cunning!

we shall be able to arrange this matter by thy assistance." The nurse answered: "Ornament of the tribe of the lovely!

> My soul is longing and my eyes waiting,
> Both to be sacrificed at thy behest.

As long as the child of the spirit remains in the cradle of my body, and the milk of motion and rest circulates in the members of it, I cannot avoid obeying thy commands. I sincerely comply with all thy orders." Then said the wife of the bazár-master: "As I was one day coming from the bath, the son of a banker was walking in the lane. And when the smoke of the torch of my tenderness reached his nostrils, he fell from the courser of the intellect upon the ground of insensibility and followed me everywhere with groans and sighs; but the vanity of seeing myself beloved allowed me not to sprinkle the rose-water of a glance upon the face of his expectation. When he arrived at the door of my house, he sobbed, and then went away. I know that the bird of his heart is captivated by the pursuit after the grain of this phantom, and is imprisoned in the meshes of exclusion. I want thee to go to him and convey to him the following message: 'From that day when the chamberlain of carelessness hindered me from admitting thee to the intimacy of an interview, I dreamed every night fearful dreams, and am to this day at all times so much plunged into the drowning waters of uneasiness, that it has become plain to me

that all this is the consequence of thy disappointment and exclusion. Now I wish to remedy my incivility by promenading a little in the gardens of thy love and attachment. As the bazár-master will be engaged till the morning in some business, the house will not be encumbered by his presence. So put on a woman's veil, bring wine and the requisites for amusement, and come hither, that we may sweeten our palates with the honey of meeting each other.'"

After the lady had despatched her nurse to the banker's son, the bazár-master arrived, and his wife thus addressed him: "Beloved husband, to-morrow, one of the principal ladies of the town, whose acquaintance I have made at the bath, will come to me on a visit. As it is for my interest to receive her with all possible courtesy, you must remain in the town-hall to-morrow until evening. Send in the supplies required for a handsome entertainment, and please to arrange all in such a manner as we shall not reap shame from anything." The bazár-master lighted the lamp of acquiescence in the assembly of compliance and said: "Let it be so."

When the banker of morn sat down in the shop of the horizon, and when the unalloyed gold of the sun stamped in the mint of creation with the legend of brilliancy, and the light began to ascend towards the meridian of the sphere, the son of the banker put on costly garments, perfumed himself, and threw over his clothes a large veil, and taking under it a flask of

ruby-coloured wine, proceeded with a thousand joyful expectations to the mansion of his mistress, who had, like the crescent moon on a festive eve, gone to meet him with open arms as far as the vestibule of the house, saying:

> "To-day my moon visits me with joy,
> And renews the covenant of love with his light.

Thou art welcome! For the rays of thy sun-like countenance have made my humble cottage the object of jealousy of the palaces of Europe, and delightful, like Paradise!

> Come! For without thee I cannot endure life:
> The eyelids of my repose meet not sleep without thee.
> I wish not for the water of immortality through Khizr:
> Thy cheeks are not less to me than immortality."

The lady took him into the interior apartments, divested him of the veil, threw the hand of amity over the neck of his affection, begged his pardon for her past offence, entangled with kindness the feet of his heart in the stirrup-leathers of hope, then entirely undressed him, and said: "Rest thyself comfortably in this secret apartment until I go and bring the requisites for company and music, when we shall enjoy ourselves." She went out and said to her female attendants: "When I go in again, you must call the bazár-master into the house and say: 'Our lady has brought a strange man, with whom she is amusing herself and drinking wine.'" Then she returned to the young man and kept him company.

In the meantime her husband was informed of what was going on in his house, and becoming greatly excited, sent in a servant to inquire. The lady said to the youth, in seeming perplexity: "This coming of my husband is not without a cause—perhaps he has a notion that you are here." The youth, trembling with terror, said: "Alas, I shall lose my life through this affair; for the bazár-master is jealous, and will injure me." Then the lady opened a chest and said to the young man: "Conceal yourself in this chest until I see what will come of the business;" and having locked the box and put away the youth's clothes, she met her husband, who was inflamed like an oven. Throwing her arms round his neck, she exclaimed: "Darling of my soul! I see thee greatly discomposed and confused—what is it?" He replied: "My reason is unwilling to put faith in what I have heard, and I want you to tell me the truth." The lady smiled and said: "What thou hast heard is quite true. The lamp of my heart was for a long time blazing in the assembly of love towards a young man; the palm-tree of his imagination likewise bore the fruit of attachment to me; and now I have brought him and am in his company. Love is innate in human nature, but has never manifested itself between me and thee. Hast thou not heard of Laylá and Majnún, or read the story of Yúzuf and Zulaykhá? Is there anyone in the world who has not felt the pangs of love? He in the mother-shell of whose

heart affection finds no refuge has indeed reaped no fruit from the spring of life.

Love is the ornament of the rose-grove of the heart ;
It is the guide and leader to each mansion.
The breast is a lamp whose flame is love ;
The heart is a shell, and love the pearl in it.
The lamp without a flame is the grave ;
Without a pearl the shell has no light.

O bazár-master!" she continued, "there is no man or woman who has not tasted the pleasures of this passion; it is inherent in life, and its exhilarating breezes invigorate the rose-garden of politeness. There is no animate being whose nostrils have not been perfumed by the fragrance of the garden of love: perhaps I have no heart, and am no human being? How long shall I dwell with thee? In all circumstances a change of climate becomes necessary. My unfortunate friend has been long prostrated on the bed of sickness for the love which he bears to me, and on account of his exclusion. Humanity and compassion are the chief corner-stones of Islám, and what shall I answer on the day of resurrection if I do not act in compliance with these two duties? Hast thou not heard that a mendicant must not be sent away unrelieved, and that if an ant creep away with one grain the stores will not be diminished?

No harm befalls the granary
If a poor ant obtains half a grain.

A hundred thousand persons drink water from one fountain, and several people eat fruit from one date-tree.

What deficiency will be entailed upon the rose-grove of my tenderness if the odour of a rose bring tranquility to the nostrils of an unfortunate man? Quench the thirst of a thirsty man with a drop of water, and rescue a fainting one from the labyrinth of distress; for good acts are a dam to misfortunes. Be not melancholy, O bazár-master, for in the banquet of my existence the plates of my tender delicacies are so numerous that a thousand persons like thyself may be satisfied by them for many years."

The bazár-master said, with astonishment: "Worthless, foolish, and vain woman, what senseless words are you saying?" She replied: "I swear, by the gratitude due for thy affection and friendship, that everything I said was only fun and dissimulation. But if you have any doubts on the subject come and see for yourself." She then led the way, and her husband followed her until they reached her chamber. When he beheld the youth's clothes, the arrangements for drinking, and the decorations, he began to blaze up like a flame, and to ferment like a tub of wine—in short, he was quite beside himself, and asked: "Where is the young man?" She answered: "He is in that chest. I have concealed him in it, and if you do not believe it, take the key—open and look." The bazár-master had no sooner taken the key than his wife burst into laughter, clapped her hands, and exclaimed: "I remember, but you forget!" Her husband threw down the key, and said: "Miserable

woman, you have destroyed my patience. Was it worth while thus to trifle with my affection?" With these words he left the house; but during the conversation the young man was like one suspended between death and life. When it was evening the lady opened the chest, and said to him: "Leave this place quickly, and remove the spectacle of this intention from your eyes, for you were near being invested with the robe of a lover." The young man thanked God for having preserved his life, and fled precipitately.[1]

After the bird of the bazár-master's wife had laid

[1] There is an omission in this tale which leaves it practically pointless, since it is not apparent how the lady's words, "I remember," should have sent her husband away without his having opened the chest. Much the same tale occurs in Mr. Gibb's translation of the Turkish story-book, *Qirq vezír taríkhí* ("History of the Forty Vazírs," p. 401), in which a man and his wife are playing the game of *yad est*, or "I remember"—a game that may continue for days, and even weeks, the conditions being that neither must accept of anything from the other without saying, "I remember"; should one of them do so, the other on repeating these words becomes entitled to a forfeit. In the Turkish story, as, quite obviously, in the foregoing, the husband has taken a *yad est* with his wife, and is led by the latter to believe that she had made these preparations as for a feast, and trumped up the story about having concealed her lover in the chest, in order to take him by surprise when she should give him the key, and by his omitting to say "I remember" she should win the forfeit.

this egg in the nest of deceit, she informed the spouse of the superintendent of police that she had also spread her net and captured the coveted game; and that now, the field being free, she was prepared to see what fruit the tree of her friend's accomplishments would bear.

The Trick of the Wife of the Superintendent of Police.

The narrator of this tale causes the rose-bud of his rhetoric to blossom from the dew of composition as follows: When the wife of the superintendent of police was apprised that her turn had come, she revolved and meditated for some time what trick she was to play off upon her lord, and after coming to a conclusion she said to him one evening: "To-morrow I wish that we should both enjoy ourselves at home without interruption, and I mean to prepare some cakes." He replied: "Very well, my dear; I have longed for such an occasion." The lady had a servant who was very obedient and always covered with the mantle of attachment to her. Next morning she called this lad and said to him: "I have long contemplated the Hyacinth[1] grove of thy symmetrical stature. I know that thou travelest constantly and faithfully on the road of compliance with all my wishes, and that thou seekest to serve me. I have a little

[1] Sumbul: Hyacinth, the name of the youth.

business which I wish thee to do for me." The lad answered: "I shall be happy to comply." Then the lady gave him a thousand dínars and said: "Go to the convent which is in our neighbourhood, give this money to one of the Kalandars,[1] and say: 'A prisoner whom the Amír had surrendered to the police escaped last night. He resembles thee greatly; and as the superintendent of police is unable to give account of his prisoner to the Amír, he has despatched a man to take thee instead of the escaped criminal. I have compassion for thee and mean to rescue thee. Take this sum of money; give me thy dress, and flee from this town; for if thou remainest till the morning thou wilt be subject to torture and lose thy life.'"

The lad acted as he was ordered; brought the Kalandar's garments and handed them to his mistress. When it was morning the lady said to her husband: "I know you have long wished to eat sweetmeats, and, if you will allow me, I will make some to-day." He said: "Very well." His wife then made all things ready and began to bake the sweetmeats, when the superintendent of police said: "Last night a theft was committed in such a place and I sat up late to extort confessions; and as I have had a sleepless night, I feel tired and wish to repose a little." The lady answered: "Very well;" so her husband reclined on the pillow of rest; and when the sweetmeats were ready she took a portion, and after putting an opiate

[1] An order of religious mendicants.

into one she roused him, saying: "How long will you sleep? This is a day of feasting and pleasure, not of sleep and laziness. Lift up your head and see if I have made the sweets according to your taste." He raised his head and ate a piece of the hot cake and presently a deep sleep overcame him. The lady at once undressed her husband and put on him the Kalandar's garments, and the slave-boy shaved his beard and made tattoo marks on his body.

When night had set in the lady called to the slave-boy: "Hyacinth, take the superintendent on thy back and carry him to the convent in the place of that Kalandar, and should he wish to return home in the morning do not allow him." The lad obeyed; and towards morning the superintendent recovered his senses a little, but as the opiate had made his palate very bitter he became extremely thirsty. He fancied he was in his own house and bawled out: "Narcissus,[1] bring water." The other Kalandars awoke, and after hearing several shouts of this kind they concluded he was under the effects of bhang and said: "Poor fellow! The narcissus is in the garden. This is the convent of sufferers, and there are green garments enough here. Arise and sober thyself; for the morning and harbinger of benefits, as well as of the acquisition of victuals for subsistence, is approaching." When the superintendent heard these words he thought they were in a dream, for he had not yet fully recovered his senses. He sat

[1] Narkis: Narcissus, the name of one of his servants.

quietly, but was amazed on beholding the vaults and ceiling of the convent. He got up, looked at the clothes in which he was dressed, and at the marks tattooed on his body, and began to doubt whether he was awake or asleep. He washed his face, and perceived that the caravan of his mustachios had likewise departed from the plain of his countenance. In this state of perplexity he went out of the monastery and proceeded to his house. There his wife and servants had made their arrangements and were expecting his arrival. Approaching the door and knocking for admission, Hyacinth demanded: "Whom seekest thou, O Kalandar?" "I want to enter the house." Quoth the slave-boy: "Evidently thou hast taken thy morning draught of bhang more copiously than usual, since thou hast thus foolishly mistaken the road to thy convent. Depart! This is not the place in which vagabond Kalandars are harboured. This is the mansion of the superintendent of the police, and if the símurgh should look uncivilly at this place from his fastness in the west of Mount Káf,[1] the wings of his impertinence would be at once singed." The superintendent replied: "What nonsense is this thou art speaking? Get out of my way, for I do not relish thy imbecile prattle." But when he would have entered, Hyacinth dealt him a blow on the shoulder with a bludgeon, which the superintendent returned with a box on the ear, and they began to wrestle

[1] See note on page 303, and note 1 on page 306.

together. Just then the lady and her slave-girls rushed forth from the rear and assailed the superintendent with sticks and stones, shouting: "This Kalandar wishes in broad daylight to force his way into the house of the superintendent, who is unfortunately sick, else he would have hanged the rascal." By this time all the neighbours were assembled before the house, and on seeing the Kalandar's shameless proceedings they exclaimed: "Look at that impudent Kalandar, who wants forcibly to enter the house of the superintendent!" Ultimately the crowd amounted to more than five hundred persons, and the superintendent was put to flight, pursued by all the boys of the town, who pelted him with stones.

At a distance of three farsangs from the town was a village, where the superintendent concealed himself in a corner of the mosque. In the evenings he went from house to house and begged for food to sustain life, until his beard grew again and the tattoo marks began to disappear. Whenever any one inquired for the superintendent at his house, the answer was, that the gentleman was sick. After a month had passed, the grief of separation and the misery of his condition had again drawn the superintendent back to the city. He went to the monastery because fear hindered him from going to his own house. His wife happened one day to catch a glimpse of him from a window, and perceived him sitting in the same dress with a company of Kalandars. She felt compassion for him, and

thought: "He has had enough of this!" Making a loaf and putting an opiate into it, she said to the slave-boy: "When all the Kalandars are asleep, go and place this loaf under the head of the superintendent," which he did accordingly. When the superintendent awoke during the night and found the loaf, he supposed it had been placed there by one of his companions, and ate part of it and fell into a deep sleep. Some hours afterwards, the slave-boy, as directed by his mistress, went to the convent, and taking the superintendent on his back carried him home.

When it was morning the lady took off the Kalandar's dress from her husband and clothed him in his own garments, and then began to bake sweetmeats as on the former occasion. After some time the gentleman began to move, and his wife exclaimed: "O superintendent, do not sleep so much. I have told you that we are to spend this day in joy and festivity, and it was not right of you to pass the time in this lazy manner. Lift up your head and see the beautiful sweetmeats I have baked for you." When the superintendent opened his eyes and saw himself dressed in his own clothes, the rose-bush of his amazement again brought forth the flowers of astonishment, and he cried: "God be praised! What has happened to me?" He sat up, and said: "Wife, things have occurred to me which I can hardly describe." Quoth the lady: "From your uneasy motions during sleep, it appears that you

have had very strange dreams." "Strange dreams!" echoed the husband. "From the moment I lay down I have experienced the most extraordinary adventures." The lady rejoined: "Assuredly! Last night you ate food which disagreed with your stomach, and to-day its vapours seem to have ascended into your brains, causing you all this distress." Said he: "You are right. Last evening I was with a party at the house of Serjeant Bahman, where I heartily partook of a pillau, and it has surely been the cause of all my trouble."

When the three companions in the lists of deceit had executed their different stratagems, they went according to arrangement to the same bath, in order to state their cases to the old hag who had promised to award the ring to the most cunning of the three ladies; but to their surprise and chagrin they learned that she had departed to another country, thus outwitting them all, and kept the coveted ring for herself.

THE ENVIOUS VAZIR.

IN days of yore and times of old there was a merchant in Yaman of the name of Khoja Bashír, who was adorned with all good qualities. He enjoyed the intimacy of the king's society, and the star of his good luck was so much in the ascendant with the king's

favour that the splendour of the lamp of his presence was constantly illuming the courtly assembly of royalty, which could never for a moment dispense with it. The king was accustomed to avail himself of his advice in all grave and subtle affairs, and rewarded him with many favours. But his majesty had a Vazír of an envious disposition, the merchandise of whose unhappy temper was neither current nor acceptable in the warehouse of humane qualities. This Vazír hated Khoja Bashír because he was superior to himself in ability and was much in the king's intimacy. He thus reasoned with himself: "It is probable that the king will become alienated from me and confer the vazírate upon Khoja Bashír. It is every man's duty to look after his own affairs and endeavour to remove his enemies. While Khoja Bashír continues to drink from the cup of life and dress in the robe of royal favours, the colour of distress will never be removed from the face of the sun of my quietude, nor can my heart rest for a moment in peace. Therefore I must make the utmost efforts and concoct a plan by which Khoja Bashír will not only lose the regard of the king but be either put to death or exiled from this city." Day and night this purpose was uppermost in his mind, until on one occasion he happened to be alone with the sultan, and availing himself of the opportunity he said to his majesty:

"O king of high lineage and great power,
By thy existence the throne's glory is honoured!

May the flag of thy prosperity and grandeur always adorn the sphere !
The very dust of thy court brightens the eye of dignity !

As, according to the canons of government and the administration of affairs, vazírs are called the keys of the treasury of the regulations of business, and the bankers of the good and evil transactions of the governments of honoured potentates, I venture to trouble your majesty about a matter which has taken place in opposition to the customs of obedience." The king said: "Speak," and the Vazír thus proceeded: "Two things injure the edifice and the dignity of government: one is to lightly esteem honoured and respected persons, and the other is to exalt those who are mean and nameless. Every one who seeks the shadow of the humaí of prosperity and of royalty must for several reasons keep in mind these two things. Khoja Bashír, the merchant, who is placed on the upper seat of your majesty's proximity and regard, is a man of low extraction, a criminal, and notorious for his immorality. His wife is an adulteress, who has stepped quite beyond the pale of modesty, and scruples not to be present and to roam in all assemblies and crowds and associate with all sorts of vagabonds and profligate persons. And it is a matter of astonishment that, with all your perfections and wisdom, your majesty should have fallen into this heedlessness." As the king had many times tried the character of Khoja Bashír on the touchstone

of examination and experience, and had never discovered a flaw in the gem of his essence and qualities, he was amazed, and, refusing to assent to the accusations of the Vazír, he said to him: "It is scarcely possible that I should associate with a man of that description. I have found him perfect, and the pure gold of his morals void of the dross and alloy of vices. What you say about his character is far from probable, and you must establish your asseveration by witnesses and proofs, that I may believe it, else I shall punish you with the utmost severity." The Vazír now regretted and repented of what he had said, but asked the king for a week's respite; and during that time his mind was day and night wandering like a pen over the plain of composition, and meditating by what ruse he might strike the lightning of defamation into the granary of the modesty of Khoja Bashír's wife.

In that city lived a deceitful old hag, who was well skilled in all sorts of cunning tricks. The Vazír sent for her, and, after anointing all the limbs of her expectations with the oil of promises, he said to her: "There is an engagement between me and the king, and for my purpose I require you to bring me, in any way you possibly can, some token from Khoja Bashír's wife." The old crone answered: "By my soul! I shall endeavour my utmost to do you this piece of service." Next day she put on an old tattered dress, and assumed the appearance of a poor and destitute creature; and going to the house of

Khoja Bashír, as if to beg, wished to enter, but the porter repulsed her, upon which she exclaimed: "O accursed one! hast thou not heard that

'Whoever impedes the begging of the poor
Is a mean wretch, who will go to hell'?

What loss wilt thou suffer if I go into the prosperous house of the Khoja and the ant of my hope obtain one grain of profit from the storehouse of his succour?" She again put forth the foot of effort to gain admittance, but the porter held his staff before her, and said: "The Khoja is at present with the king, and I cannot allow any person to enter in his absence." Hereupon the old woman threw herself upon the ground, and screamed: "The doorkeeper has killed me!" She bit and wounded her limbs, besmeared them with blood, and cried: "Alas, my little ones will be orphans!" When the wife of the Khoja heard the clamour of the hag she sent the eunuchs out, and when they saw an old woman lying on the ground, apparently in the agony of death, they asked her: "Who art thou, and what has happened to thee?" She replied: "I am a poor, weak, old woman, and have come to the prosperous mansion of the Khoja in the hope of obtaining assistance, but in consequence of my unfounded expectations my life has fallen a prey to the winds of annihilation from the beating inflicted on me by the doorkeeper." The eunuchs blamed the porter, saying: "Unfortunate man! The removal of misfortunes and the attainment of high

degrees are connected with the advent [and relief] of mendicants. Art thou not ashamed of having so unmercifully stricken this old beggar-woman?" The porter swore to the untruthfulness of her assertions, and related the whole matter, after which the eunuchs communicated the facts to the wife of the Khoja, who was very kind-hearted, and said to them: "Bring the poor creature in, by all means, that I may investigate her case; for destitute persons and darveshes are the caravan of God's mercy and pity, and to injure them kindles the flame of his anger."

The eunuchs wrapped the old hag in a carpet and carried her before the Khoja's wife, who at once applied to her nostrils different perfumes, such as castor, sandal, and aloe. After a while the old crone opened her eyes and let loose the general of the caravan of deceit, namely, her tongue, in praises and good wishes for the lady, saying: "Noble lady, may you obtain the approbation of God, and may your future circumstances be still more prosperous! Had my weak limbs not been strengthened by the balsam of your kindness, the stamina of my life would have been disturbed by the grasp of death in consequence of the ill-treatment which I received from the doorkeeper, and my little children would have been afflicted by the bitter poison of becoming orphans." Then she began freely to weep and lament, saying: "O treacherous Destiny! thou hast thrown me into the heart-burning flames of the death of Khoja Távus, my

husband. Was it not enough to deprive me of so great a blessing, and to subject me to the trials of poverty, and to compel me to seek for a precarious maintenance for my children, and to induce me to do things of which my slaves would have been ashamed? O noble lady, I was a woman of honour and reputation, and of a very high family, but the reverses of Fortune have deprived me of my husband and property, and driven me away from the mansion of tranquility and comfort. Every day a thousand destitute and worthy persons were supplied from the table of my bounty. But one day I sent a mendicant away empty-handed, and on that account the torrent of diminution has overthrown the castle of my affluence, and reduced me to this needy condition. The poor are the spies of the palace of monotheism: to give them alms, and to treat them well, is an occasion of the increase of the vernal garden of God's favour; but to disappoint them brings on the destruction of the mansion of comfort and life.

If thou debar a beggar of aid
Thou wilt enjoy no pleasure.
The prayer of the mendicant
Will preserve thee from ill luck.
Give thy scraps to the poor,
That thou mayest always prosper.

O respected and noble lady, the fame of Khoja Bashír's liberal disposition has to-day induced me to apply at this place. I came here eagerly to obtain a

morsel of your bounty; but as such an accident has befallen me, God be praised, what other remedy is there but patience and gratitude? What use is there to contend with Fate?"

By this address the old hag had so well sown the seeds of weeping and lamentation in the net of incantation, and had so dexterously sung the threnody of her sadness and poverty, that the unsuspecting bird of the lady's simplicity was taken in the meshes of her ruse. The lady wept, and begged her pardon for the injuries she had received from the doorkeeper, and said: "Wait until the Khoja returns home, and I will give thee gold and silver enough for the comfort of the remainder of thy life, and thou wilt not need to make any more demands on the liberality of others. Though thou seest much property here, I am not able to dispose of it without my husband's permission." The old crone waited till evening, but the Khoja had not returned, so she said: "Honoured lady, the Khoja has not yet come, and my little children, who know that I have taken refuge at this threshold, are expecting to participate in his bounty." The lady divested herself of a robe, handed it to the old trot, and said: "This dress is my own property; sell it and provide for your orphans, until I get something handsome for you from the Khoja in the morning."

The old woman took the robe and hastened with it to the house of the Vazír, saying to him: "I have obtained an evident token from the wife of Khoja

Bashír." The Vazír was extremely rejoiced, and proceeded that very night to the king after the Khoja had departed to say his prayers, and, showing the dress, said: "May the spheres always revolve according to the will of your majesty, and may the sun of your prosperity shine in the zenith of good fortune! Your humble servant has brought a token of the guilt of Khoja Bashír's wife, who often comes to me; but, in consideration of my virtue and of the favour which I enjoy from your majesty, as well as because of the good will I bear towards Khoja Bashír,[1] I have always tried to dissuade her from her misconduct and never admitted her into my house. Last night, however, for the purpose of obtaining some proof of her guilt I sent for her; she was with me till morning, and this is a sign of her presence. Even this evening she came again, but I sent her away. Let this robe be shown to Khoja Bashír, and if he should not recognise it I shall find means to give him the particulars." The king was greatly displeased, and the vazír took his leave. When Khoja Bashír returned the king said nothing to him about the affair, and the Khoja, as usual, slept in the palace. But when the belle of the morn invested herself with the robe of dawn and seated herself in the edifice of the Orient, the king showed the garment to Khoja Bashír, saying: "Last night the police met a gang of thieves and took this

[1] The Vazír forgot that he had previously told the king that the Khoja was "notorious for his immorality"—p. 392.

dress from them. I wonder whose it may be?" As soon as the Khoja's eye alighted on the garment he recognised it, trembled and became pale, and said: "The dress belongs to one of your servant's household; but as I have been for some time in attendance on your majesty, I do not know what has happened in my family." Then said the king: "You vile wretch! Are you not ashamed to keep so guilty a woman in your house, who spends every night in the company of a fresh lover? Last night your wife was in the house of the Vazír till morning, and this dress has been brought to me as a proof of the fact. I am in fault to have admitted such an unprincipled fellow into my society." Khoja Bashír was thunder-struck; but as he had no reason to doubt his wife's modesty, he knew that this was a trick of the Vazír. He tried in vain to undeceive the king, who was so excited that he at once issued orders for his execution, and so he was taken from the palace to the place where he was to be put to death.

The Khoja had a slave-boy who was much attached to him, and he ran to the house and informed his master's wife of what had happened. The lady said: "There is no harm done. I gave away the dress in charity and for the sake of gaining favour with the Most High; nor can the promise which he has given with reference to the beneficent ever fail in its effects, and he will not allow any ill to befall the Khoja." She handed a purse of gold to the lad and

bade him give it to the executioners, to induce them to delay carrying out the sentence on the Khoja, to which they willingly consented, as they had received many favours from him while he was in the king's service. In the meantime the Khoja's wife threw a veil over her head and went to the palace, where she found the Vazír, who had come to prevent any attempt that might be made to rescue the Khoja. The lady exclaimed: "O king, I seek justice from the tyranny and wickedness of the Vazír!" Said the king: "What injustice has the Vazír done you?" She answered: "I am a stipendiary of grandees, and in this way do I gain my livelihood. It is almost fifteen years since I began to wait on the Vazír. He promised to give me nine hundred dirhams annually, but he now presumes upon his high station and gives me nothing. Last night when I asked him for what is due to me he threatened to have me killed." The Vazír was amazed, and on being questioned by the king said: "This woman speaks what is not true. I swear by the head of your majesty that I have never seen her nor do I know her." Then the lady said: "He has made a false oath by the head of his benefactor! Let him write down his assertion, and if his treachery should become evident to your majesty let him be duly punished." The Vazír arose and scrutinised the face and stature of the lady, and then wrote a declaration that he had never seen or known this woman, and that if his assertion proved false he would resign his

life and leave his blood to be licked by the dogs. After the Vazír had delivered this paper to the king, the lady said: "Let it be known to the exalted mind of your majesty that I am the wife of Khoja Bashír, the merchant, against whom this tyrannical individual, to satisfy his hatred and envy, concocted this stratagem with reference to me. God the Most High has said that whoever uses cunning towards another shall also be over-reached by cunning." She then explained the matter fully, and added: "As the Vazír declares that he does not know me, how could I have been with him last night?"

The king became convinced of the treachery of the Vazír, who was overwhelmed with shame and fell, as it were, into the agonies of death. Khoja Bashír was by the king's order immediately brought back from the place of execution, and his wife returned to her house. The old hag was produced and examined, but would not confess until the instruments of torture were brought, when she spoke as follows: "As women are of imperfect understanding,[1] I cannot be guilty. At the instigation of the Vazír I entered the house of the Khoja, where that virtuous and modest lady, his wife, took off the robe from her own body and

[1] Among the slanderous sayings about women ascribed (falsely, many of them, no doubt) to Muhammed is this: "They are deficient in sense and religion, and hence are more disposed than men to practise what is unlawful."—In Eastern tales most agical things are done by women.

bestowed it on me for the sake of God. Disregarding her kindness, the greediness of my disposition induced me to transgress the straight path, in order to obtain the reward promised to me by the Vazír." The king caused both the Vazír and the old hag to be suspended on the gallows. He approved the prudent demeanour of the wife of Khoja Bashír, begged pardon of the Khoja, and installed him into the dignity of the Vazír, whose whole property he bestowed upon him.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

THERE was a man in Tabríz the orbs of whose vision were deprived of the faculty of seeing, and the stature of his circumstances had lost the robe of wealth. He went from house to house begging and was in the habit of chanting these verses:

"Whoever turns his face from the road of justice,
His breast will become a target for the shafts of misfortune."

One day he went about according to his custom, and having stopped near a rich man's house, he began to beg, and also recited the above distich. The master of the house refreshed his thirsty lips with the pleasant shower of a gift and said: "I have often heard you chant these words; tell me your reason for so doing." The blind man thus replied:

"Kind and humane Sir, why do you ask me to

relate to you an event which is sad, and still rankles in my heart? My birth-place is in Syria, near Damascus. My father in the beginning of his career was a hawker, and in that business he considered honesty, piety, and justice as the principal stock-in-trade of the shop of his livelihood. By the blessing of these upright principles his condition was improved, and day by day the darkness of his poverty was being dispelled by the lamp of prosperity; his wealth gradually increased so much that he became a dealer in jewels, and having with some other merchants undertaken an expedition to Bahrayn, he bought there a great quantity of pearls and returned home. He engaged in that business with several assistants and the star of his good fortune was daily rising till it culminated, and he became one of the wealthiest men in that country. The diver in the sea of Destiny extracted the pearl of my father's life from the shell of his existence. All his property became mine; and having sat down in the depository of my father's welfare and ease, I spread like him the carpet of the self-same employment and occupation. The tree of greediness for money had struck deep roots in my heart; and worldliness had obtained such a complete dominion over me that I was deprived once for all of the reins of self-control. In lucrative speculations and mercantile transactions I took dishonesty and fraud into my partnership; and, although I endeavoured to cover the reproving eye of conscience

with the sleeve of prohibition, I was unable to cope with my insatiable greediness. It is considered as very mean to commence business in the bazár before sunrise, but I was in the habit of doing so,[1] and one day, just when I had opened my shop, there came a man of sinister aspect, from whose face the jaundice of poverty had wiped off the bloom of health. He began to praise God, and, having drawn from his pocket a precious pearl, thus addressed me: "Young man, I had once great riches and possessions, but by a sudden reverse of fortune I was made penniless in the twinkling of an eye, and all that has remained to me is this pearl. The destitution of my family and my own difficulties have compelled me to offer it for sale in order to ward off other evils, until the breeze of prosperity again begins to blow towards me." I took the pearl from his hand, and although it was extremely valuable and I was astonished at its beauty, purity, and splendour, yet, influenced by the cunning of our trade, I turned contemptuously towards the man and said: "This pearl is not so precious as you suppose; your poverty, however, induces me to buy it. What is the price?" Then I pretended to busy

[1] In the "History of Farrukhrúz"—p. 179—we find that it is dangerous to open shops before sunrise, because if shopkeepers do so they become liable to be injured by genii and demons; and it will be seen from the present story that the wretched narrator had too much cause to regret his "early opening" practice.

myself with something else, but the desire to possess the pearl had pervaded my whole being, and I was afraid lest it should become the prey of another dealer. The man replied: "Dear friend, though you see me now in a state of distress, there was a time when I presented many such pearls to my friends. It is not worth while to make so much about the sale of a single pearl, and I myself am perfectly aware of its real value; but as I have come to your shop I should feel ashamed to go round the others. Your own skill and knowledge are perfectly competent to decide this matter, and you may offer me whatever you think just and equitable." He then handed the pearl to me once more, and though I contended with my greediness to offer him one half of its value my wicked nature would not consent. I drew forth twenty dirhams from my pocket and placed them before him. He took the money, and drawing a deep sigh he exclaimed: "What justice and humanity!" and went his way. I was highly pleased at having thus obtained a gem for twenty dirhams which would have been cheap at a thousand. I drew every moment the comb of complacency over the mustachios of my shrewdness, and placed the hand of approbation on the shoulder of my expertness, and never suspected that the day of retribution would overtake me.

"Only two days had elapsed after this transaction when I again opened my shop at sunrise, before any other inhabitant of the bazár had begun to stir. I was

arranging my shop when one of the principal citizens passed on horseback, and, thrusting my head out from the door to see who the cavalier was, the horse shied, the rider was thrown violently to the ground and immediately expired. A crowd of attendants that followed fell on me, beat me with sticks, and then tied my hands. The other shopkeepers, who were unfriendly towards me on account of my greediness of gain, began to gather round me; they heartily wished that I might fall into some scrape, and much as I tried to explain no one paid any attention; but one of them said: 'The accumulation of wealth by the unworthy and dishonest clearly points to accidents like this.' So much of this kind of talk passed that the majority were convinced of my guilt, and declared that I had killed the man. The police, having tied my hands and neck together, took me before the Amír of Damascus, who was a rapacious man and coveted riches. He considered this as a very good opportunity to attain his end; and the guards also said that, by the corruscation of the Amír's star of prosperity, this day a wonderfully fat piece of game had fallen into their hands. No time was given me to explain: the Amír made a sign that I should be decapitated. Some of the bystanders, however, pleaded for mercy, and I was fined a thousand gold dínars.

"By the depredation of this misfortune I was mulcted of more than half of my property, and,

although the loins of my patience had been crushed by the burden of this loss, I again spread out on all sides the net of acquisition, and the sportsman of my mind was running about in search of the game of wealth, when one day, while I was sitting in my shop, two well-dressed women came up, one of whom had a baby in her arms, the other carried a casket, and both sat down on the threshold of the shop. The woman with the child in her arms took some gold ashrafís from her pocket, and, handing them to the other, said: 'Give this money to Haji Jalál Kazviní for the articles which you bought yesterday, and say that I shall send him the balance to-morrow. Tell him also that he must quickly procure the jewels which are required, because the wedding is to take place in ten days. I will wait here for you; return speedily with an answer.' When the woman had departed on her errand I became anxious for gain, because I had heard a wedding spoken of and had seen the gold ashrafís; so I said to her who remained: 'Lady of the haram of modesty, where have you sent your companion?' She replied: 'The daughter of such a citizen is to be given in marriage to the vazír's son, and we, being attached to the household of the young lady, have come to the bazár, because we were in need of some fine linen and jewels; the first we bought yesterday of Haji Jalál and have now sent him the price, with orders to procure the jewels as soon as possible.' On hearing this, I poured a considerable

sum of money into the pocket of my imagination, and I said to her: 'Noble and honoured lady, I have many precious jewels. Allow me to exhibit them to you, and you may choose those which you consider suitable; there will be no difficulty in agreeing about the price.' The woman answered: 'The lady to whom the jewels are to be submitted for approbation is very nice in her choice and difficult to please. During the last few days we have shown her many jewels, but she desires to see only high-priced gems; besides, we have already bargained with Haji Jalál and bought jewels of him, and he is very considerate towards ourselves.' When she had spoken thus, I knocked at the door of compliance and observed: 'Nor would I be disposed to forfeit your good will, because thereby I should be greatly benefited in the profitable transaction of business with great people.' She said: 'We shall see.' While we were thus conversing her companion returned and handed her a string of valuable pearls. She cast a glance at me, whispered something to her companion, and then continued speaking to her aloud: 'Since you have brought them, let them remain also.' Turning to me, she said: 'Show us your jewels.' I produced a small box which contained my principal stock, displayed the most rare and beautiful pearls and gems which I possessed, and stated the price of each. I also fixed the price of the pearl which I bought from that stranger at two thousand dirhams. The woman

said: 'I cannot tell whether they will approve of these or not.' She sealed the box, took out her tablets and wrote something, which she delivered with the box to her companion, and said to me: 'I shall remain here, while the lady of the house makes her choice. If you like, you may send somebody with my friend, in order to learn where the house is.' I had a faithful servant whom I sent along with her companion, and the woman herself sat down in my shop. Presently two men in the bazár began to quarrel, and when they reached my door they drew their swords and began to fight. A great crowd gathered quickly, and the men of the Amír also came to fetch those who had witnessed the affair. They compelled the shopkeepers to follow and dragged me also with them. Meanwhile the woman remained sitting in my shop with the child in her arms, and said to me: 'Do not be uneasy about your shop, for I will take care of it till you return.' I proceeded a few paces, till it occurred to me that the woman might deceive me, so I said to the butcher whose shop was next to mine: 'Take care of this woman.' As he had no knowledge of my transaction with her, he supposed that I wished him to take care of the shop only, and said: 'All right.'

"As some time had elapsed since my servant went with the woman and the box of jewels and had not yet returned, and as the other woman was by herself in my shop, I was full of anxiety and went with an

oppressed heart to the court of the Amír. When I arrived there all the witnesses had been examined and discharged. I was taken into the presence of the Amír to give my testimony, but being in a very distracted state of mind I gave my evidence in a way which did not correspond with that of the other witnesses. The Amír smiled and said: 'This is the wretch who killed such a man,' and the people said: 'So it is!' The Amír continued: 'This is the reason why his evidence is contradicting that of all the others; such a worthless fellow deserves to be severely punished.' When I was led out of the palace I gave a large sum to the officials to induce them to take bail of respectable persons and set me at liberty.

"On returning to my shop, the woman was gone, and my servant was sitting alone crying and in sore distress. I asked him what had become of the jewels and the woman he accompanied; and he in his turn inquired what had become of the woman he had left in the shop with me. I told him that I had committed her to the care of the butcher, and demanded to know where he had been and what he had done with the box of jewels. He replied: 'You gave the box to the woman, and ordered me simply to follow her so as to learn where the house is, and this I did. I went with her from the bazár and passed through several streets until we reached the street of the Forty Virgins; she stopped at the door of a house, before which a number of respectable people were sitting, and bade me sit

down till she came out again. The woman went in, and I remained waiting for her till near noon, but she did not make her appearance. When it was mid-day and I heard the voice of the muezzin, and beheld crowds entering the house, I supposed that somebody had died there and that the people were going to condole with the relatives. After a while they all came out again. At last I asked one of the people: "Does the woman who went in here not intend to come out at all?" The man laughed and said: "Whose house do you suppose this is? And what woman are you speaking about? Step forward, there is none to prohibit you, and see what place this house is." I arose from my seat and entered the portico with fear and apprehension, and proceeded till I reached the interior of a mosque where I saw people engaged in prayer. On the opposite side of the mosque I saw an open door through which people were also coming and going. Then I knew that the woman must have passed through it. I went out by that door and saw women like her walking about, but as there was nothing particular in her dress by which I might have recognised her, and not knowing her name, I wandered through the streets for some time and then hopelessly returned to the shop.'[1]

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[1] We see from this story that Oriental sharpers are not a whit behind their European brethren in swindling tricks—such as, despite the publicity given to them in the newspapers, continue to be perpetrated every day in great cities.

"I was choked with grief at these tidings, and almost lost my senses. I went to the butcher and asked him what had become of the woman whom I had left to his care, and he answered: 'When did you entrust a woman to me? You only asked me to look after your shop. When you were gone I noticed a woman sitting there with a child in her arms, and I asked her with whom she had any business, to which she replied: "I want a sum of money from the jeweller." Presently she brought the child and said: "Let this child remain here till I come back," and went away, and there is the child in your shop.' I said: 'Bring it out, that I may see it.' The butcher did so, and when I raised the veil from its face we discovered that it was a plaster figure dressed up as an infant. I said to the butcher: 'This is a very strange child!' He replied: 'Leave off joking; go in and inquire for the woman.' I continued: 'I entrusted the woman to your care, and I want you to produce her. She remained in my shop as a pledge for more than three thousand tománs' worth of jewels.' He replied: 'You fool! Perhaps I was your servant, that I should take care of the woman, instead of your doing so yourself!' I was in so great a state of excitement that I took up his great knife which was lying near me and threw it at him; it wounded him in the face. His friends and neighbours seized and carried me before the Amír, who ordered them to kill me. But there were many that

said: 'This man is crazy: of what use could it be to kill him? Let his possessions be confiscated, and himself be expelled from the city, as a warning to others.'

"All that I possessed was taken from me as a mulct for my crime, and being driven out of the city, I went away poor and naked. When I reached the desert I lost my road, and wandered about thirsty and hungry for ten days, bitterly lamenting my misfortunes. Suddenly a man met me and mounted me on a camel. Having carried me into the main road, he asked me whether I knew him. I said: 'Your voice seems to be that of a friend.' He continued: 'I am the man who sold you the pearl for twenty dirhams to try your honesty, and I have it with me now'; and putting his hand into his wallet he drew forth the same pearl and showed it to me, saying: 'Know that I am King Akabil, and that several thousands of genii are subject to me, and my occupation is to go about in the cities and bazárs under various disguises, to discover whether people are honest in their dealings. When I find one upright I always remain his friend and helper; but when I see a man who is unjust and fraudulent, I endanger his life and property. You ought to know that base actions are unrighteousness and deceit towards your fellow beings. On account of your deceitfulness and injustice, the granary of your immense property has in a very short time been blown away by the wind of non-existence.'

I began to cry and complain, but he said: 'Remorse is now of no avail,' and disappeared from my sight. So I came to this country and am wandering about in a state of helplessness and destitution, in bitter repentance and grief for my former dishonesty and the loss of my property. Whatever I undertook, nothing succeeded, and at last I became blind. Now begging has become my trade; and the reason why I always chant the same distich is that neither the high nor the low should quit the road of honesty and justice, lest they be exiled, like myself, from the abode of peace and prosperity."

THE KAZI OF GHAZNI AND THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

DURING the reign of Sultan Mahmúd Sabaktaghin,[1] of Ghazní, a man was travelling from Aderbaijan to Hindústán; and when he arrived in Ghazní, he was much pleased with the climate and resolved to settle there. As he had great experience in commerce, he went to the bazár, became a broker, and was very successful in business. He intended to marry, and Fortune being propitious to him, he entered into a

[1] Mahmúd ruled in Ghazní from A.D. 997 till A.D. 1030. It was at his request that the Persian poet Firdausí composed his grand epic, the *Sháh Náma*, or Book of Kings.

matrimonial alliance with a virtuous and handsome young woman. By degrees his business became more and more flourishing, and, having accumulated much wealth, he was numbered among the richest merchants. Wishing to extend his transactions to Hindústán, he sent goods to that country; but as he had no connections or intimate friends who might take charge of his wife till his return, this thought troubled him greatly; and as it is the first duty of a respectable man to be on his guard in this matter, and not to hazard his reputation and honour, he determined not to start on his journey till he had provided an asylum for his spouse. The Kází of the city being noted for his piety, virtue, and honour, the merchant said to himself: "I cannot do better than entrust the keeping of my wife to so godly and honest a man, who enjoys the esteem of rich and poor; so she shall remain in his house until I return from my journey."

The merchant hastened to make his obeisance to the Kází, and said: "O president of the judgment-seat of truth and piety, from whose highly gifted and penetrating intellect the explanations of religious and secular questions flow, and by whose essentially holy authority the commendatory and prohibitory laws are corroborated—may your most righteous opinion always remain the guide of those who seek to walk in the straight path of piety! I, your humble servant, am an inhabitant of this city, and it is my intention to undertake a journey to Hindústán. I have a young wife,

the leaves of whose modesty and virtue are bound up in the splendid volume of her natural excellence; and as I have nobody who might protect and take care of her, and lest she should fall under the obloquy of false tongues, I venture to hope that she may find refuge with your lordship." The Kází placed the seal of acquiescence upon this request, and said that he would take charge of her; and the merchant, having furnished his wife with money to defray all the necessary expenses for a year, delivered her to the Kazí, and set out on his journey.

The lady passed all her time in the house of the Kází in prayer and devotion; and nearly a whole year had elapsed, without the breeze of a single profane glance having blown on the vernal abode of her face, and without her having ever heard the bird of a voice in the foliage of her ears, till one day the Kází unexpectedly made his appearance and looked at her, when he perceived the Laylá-like beauty sitting within the black mansion of her musky ringlets, and her sweet tenderness mounted upon the face of attractiveness and melancholy, the Majnún of the Kází's intellect became troubled, and, Ferhád-like, he began to dig the Bistán of his soul, which was melting and burning in the censer of distraction. He was desirous of making an attack upon her virtue, but, being aware of her pure nature and chastity, durst not attempt it. One day, however, when his wife went to the public bath and had left the lady alone to

take care of the house, he was so completely dominated by his unlawful passion that he threw skyward the turban of concupiscence and exclaimed:

"The desired game for which I looked in the skies
Has now on earth fallen into the net of my good fortune."

He locked the door, and commenced his stratagem by complimenting her modesty, and continued to address her in the following strain: "Virtuous lady, the reputation of my honesty and piety has spread through the world and penetrated all corners. Even the charms of the húrís of Paradise could not seduce my righteous disposition from the road of firm determination, or impel me to transgress the laws of purity; then why do you avoid me so much? If the absence of intelligence and of the knowledge of the true state of things keep your face veiled with the curtain of bashfulness, my obedience to the laws of God and my fear of eternal punishment at the day of resurrection prohibit me from allowing the fire of sensuality to be kindled within me. I would not disturb your peace, even with a single glance of my eye. Be of good cheer, therefore, and throw aside the veil of apprehension from your face, for there is no danger of sinning; and although it is against the law of God and the Prophet to exact services from guests, yet as you belong to the house and I am dependent on your kindness, I would request you to procure me some food, for I am hungry."

Drawing the prohibitory veil of bashfulness over

her face, the lady waited upon the Kází with all due modesty, and having placed food before him she retired into a corner. Now the Kází had provided himself with a drug which deprives of all sense any one who partakes of it, and he said to the lady: "You know that three kinds of persons will be rejected from the mercy of God on the day of the resurrection and subjected to endless tortures: he who eats alone, he who sleeps alone, and he who travels alone; and till now it has never happened to me that I did any of these three things. As I am now eating alone, and one who does this has Satan for his companion, and his faith is endangered, why should you not, in order to free me from the snares of the Devil, defile your hands by partaking of this meal?" He ceased not thus to press the lady till she at length sat down near the table and helped herself to some food, into which the Kází unobserved threw some of the drug. After she had eaten a few morsels she felt faint, and on attempting to rise from the table her feet refused to bear her and she fell senseless on the floor.

The Kází quickly gathered up the articles that were on the table and purposed worse things, when he heard noises outside, which greatly disturbed him, and he was perplexed where to conceal the unconscious lady, so that nobody might discover the matter. He thought of the vault where he kept his money and valuables, which was known only to himself, and into

it he thrust the lady, and then went out and found that his family had returned from the bath.

The Kází asked his family: "Why did you leave the house empty?" They answered: "We left the wife of the merchant to take care of the place." Quoth the Kází: "It is two hours since I came home, and I have seen no one; why do you trust a stranger? She may have taken away something." They were all astonished, protested that she was not such a woman, and wondered what had become of her. While this talk was going on, the merchant, having just returned from his journey to Hindústán, came to the house of the Kází to inquire for his wife. The Kází said: "It is some time since your wife left my house, without giving notice or asking permission." But the merchant replied: "O Kází, this is not a time for jesting; give me back my wife." The Kází swore that he was in earnest. But the merchant said: "I am too well acquainted with the nature and disposition of my wife to believe her capable of such conduct. There must be something more in this affair than appears." At this the Kází affected to be wroth, and said: "It is I who ought to be offended, you foolish man. Why do you talk nonsense and needlessly insult us? Go and look for your wife!"

As the merchant was devotedly attached to his wife, and the smoke of distress was beginning to ascend from the oven of his brain, he tore the collar of patience and hastened to make his complaint to the

sultan, and, prostrating himself upon the carpet of supplication, he recited these verses:

"O exalted and happy monarch,
May felicity be the servant of your palace!
The Kází of the city has done me injustice
Greater than the blast of the tornado of the west.
If it be permitted, I will explain
The injustice of that mean-spirited wretch."

The sultan replied: "Set forth your complaint, that I may become acquainted with it." Then the merchant spoke as follows: "I am a native of Aderbaijan, and the fame of the justice and protection which the poor obtain at the hands of your majesty induced me to settle in this country, and I have dwelt for some years under the shadow of the sultan's protection. I had a beautiful and modest wife, and, purposing to travel to Hindústán, I committed her a year ago to the charge of the Kází. Now I have returned from my journey, the Kází, led away by covetousness, refuses to give up to me my wife." The sultan ordered the Kází to be brought before him. When he appeared, the sultan asked him what he had to say regarding the complaint which the merchant made against him. Said the Kází: "May the torch of your majesty's welfare be luminous and the castle of opposition ruinous! This man entrusted his wife to me, and it is nearly three months since she quitted my house without giving notice, and up to this time she has not come back,

and we have failed to discover any trace of her." To this the merchant responded: "Such conduct is inconsistent with the character of my wife, and I do not believe it." The sultan asked: "Where are the witnesses?" The Kází said that several neighbours and householders were acquainted with the fact, and wrote down the names of a number of rascals whom he had bribed to give evidence in his favour. At a sign from the sultan to the chamberlain they were brought in and confirmed the assertion of the Kází, upon which the sultan said to the merchant: "As the Kází has established his statement by witnesses, your complaint falls to the ground," and the merchant retired disappointed.

Now the sultan was in the habit of walking about the bazárs and streets of the city occasionally in disguise, mixing among the people, in order to discover what they thought of him. That night he left his palace according to his wont, and as he walked about he chanced to pass near the door of a shop where a party of boys were playing at the game of "The King and his Vazír." One of the boys was made king, and said to the others: "As I am king, you are all under my authority, and you must not seek to evade my commands." Another boy said: "If you give unjust decisions like Sultan Mahmúd, we shall soon depose you." The boy-king asked: "What injustice has Sultan Mahmúd done?" The other boy answered: "To-day the affair of the merchant came

before the sultan. This merchant had confided his wife to the keeping of the Kází, and he hid her in his own house. The sultan called for witnesses, and the Kází gained the case by producing in court witnesses whom he had previously bribed. It is a great pity that people should have the administration of justice in their hands who are unable to distinguish between right and wrong. Had I been in the place of the sultan I should very soon have discovered the truth or falsehood of the Kází's witnesses."

When the sultan had heard the conversation of these boys he sighed, and returned to his palace in great agitation of mind; and next morning as soon as it was daylight he sent a servant to fetch the boy who had criticised his judgment of the merchant's case. The boy was brought, and the sultan received him in a very friendly manner, saying: "This day you shall be my lieutenant from morning till evening, and I intend to allow you to sit in judgment and to act entirely according to your own will." Then the sultan whispered to the chamberlain to invite the merchant to repeat his complaint against the Kází, and the merchant, having been brought into court, did so. The Kází and his witnesses were next summoned, and when the Kází was about to seat himself the boy said: "Ho, Master Kází, the leading-strings of justice and the power of tying and untying knotty points of law have been long in your hands—how then do you seem to be so ignorant of legal customs? You have

been brought into this court as a party in a law suit, and not as an assessor. It is the rule that you should stand below, on an equality with your accuser, till the court breaks up, and then you should obey whatever its decision may be." Then the Kází went and stood near the merchant, and again asserted that the woman had left his house three months ago. The boy asked: "Have you any witnesses?" The Kází pointed to his followers, saying: "These are the witnesses." The boy called one of them to him, and asked him in a subdued voice whether he had seen the woman. He said: "Yes." Then he asked what signs there were on her person, stature, or face. The man became embarrassed and said: "She had a mole on her forehead; one of her teeth is wanting; she is of fresh complexion; tall and slender." The boy asked: "What hour of the day was it when she went away from the Kází's house?" The man replied: "Morning." "Remain in this place," said the boy. Then he called another witness, who thus described the woman: "She is of low stature and is lean; her cheeks are white and red; she has a mole near her mouth; she left the house in the afternoon." Having placed this man in another corner, the boy called for a third witness, whose evidence contradicted both the others; and gradually he examined them all and found they disagreed from each other in everything. The sultan was sitting by the side of the boy and heard all; and when the hearing of the witnesses was ended the boy

said: "You God-forgetting wretches, why do you give false evidence? Let the instruments of torture be brought that we may find out the truth." As soon as they heard the word torture they all offered to say the truth, and confessed themselves to be a set of poor fellows whom the Kází had bribed with a sum of money and instructed what to say, and that they knew nothing whatever about the woman. Then the boy called the Kází, and asked him what he had to say in this business. The Kází commenced to tremble and said: "The truth is as I have stated." The boy said: "Our Kází is a bold man, and his haughtiness hinders him from confessing the truth: the instruments of torture ought to be employed." When the Kází heard this, the fear of torture greatly distressed him, and he confessed the truth. On this the boy kissed the floor of good manners with the lips of obedience and said: "The rest of this affair is to be settled by the sultan." The sultan was much pleased with the acuteness and intelligence of the boy, and ordered the Kází to be beheaded and all his property to be given to the merchant's wife. The boy was treated kindly and educated, until by degrees he won the entire confidence of the sultan and became one of his greatest favourites.

THE INDEPENDENT MAN AND HIS TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

HISTORIANS relate that there were two men of the inhabitants of Kabúl sitting in the corner of poverty, fettered with the chains of hardships and difficulties. The thunderstorms and disturbance of the whirlpools of the sphere's revolution had overturned the boat of their possessions, and it had become the prey of the whale of destruction. They were screwed in the press of poverty and destitution, like flower-beds from which the oil is to be squeezed out, and the pain and suffering of distress caused them to change colour at each moment like a chameleon till each day was changed into evening. Although they hastened with the foot of labour and diligence in the performance of their occupations, they could never reach the desired mansion of their object on account of their unpropitious fortune and their constant mishaps. The blackness of their morning tinctured the night even of the poor with the reflection of grief, and the mirror of their evening imparted new sorrow to orphans.

One day they said to each other: "In this country the gates of peace are shut upon us, and it is a maxim of the wise that if people meet with difficulties in their own country they ought to remove to another. As the liberal Sultan Mahmúd is now reigning, we

must go to Ghazní and do our best to see him, when perhaps the aroma of his generosity will perfume the nostrils of our intention, and our dilapidated circumstances will be altered." So they set out for Ghazní, and on the road they were joined by a man, the rose-bush of whose disposition was always kept fresh by the dew of piety, and who passed his life in contentment, like one of the blest. He asked them: "My brothers, the shoe of what desire have you put on the foot of your intention? And towards the castle of what pretension have you turned the face of your inclination?" They answered: "Since the lamp of each of us has been extinguished by the wind of misfortune, and the thorn of hardships has pierced the feet of our hearts, and as we could not find the plaster in Kabúl by which the wound of our untoward condition might be healed; and hearing that the gates of the generosity and liberality of Sultan Mahmúd the Ghaznivide have been opened to the rich and poor, and that the banquet of his unbounded graciousness is always spread for the relief of the poor, we hope to re-light the lamp of our circumstances at the blaze of his regard." Those two men of Kabúl also asked the young man about his intention, and he replied: "Having no possessions in my own country, and the day of my well-being having reached the evening, I am in pursuit of a lawful means of support, but I do not expect aught from Sultan Mahmúd or persons like him. I desire grace and

favour of a Sultan, the door of the treasury of whose gifts is besieged by a hundred thousand men as indigent as Sultan Mahmúd, who are contemplating with the eye of hope the storehouse of his infinite grace and bounty." In short, the three travellers pursued their journey in company till they arrived in Ghazní, where they took up their lodging in a ruined building.

One night all three of them were sitting together in the ruin, conversing on various subjects. It happened that Sultan Mahmúd, accompanied by two of his intimates, had left the palace to walk about in the moonlight. They passed through several streets and lanes till they came near the ruin, and, attracted by the voices, they discovered the travellers and asked them who they were. The two men of Kabúl replied: "We are benumbed by the crapula of the wine of helplessness and distress; we are veiled by the curtain of misery; we are riding the horse of poverty, and are roaming through the ups and downs of this world; and now our fate has guided us to this place, and we shall see how our affairs terminate." The sultan asked: "What are your wishes?" They answered: "If we tell them, they will never be accomplished; so there is no use in relating them." Quoth the sultan: "Since the inhabitants of this world are bound to aid each other, it is your duty to inform me of your desires, in order that the complicated knot of that affair may be disentangled by the help of some

one's nail." One of them replied: "I was one of the rich and the prosperous, and possessed great wealth. This world, which is inconstant like the hues of the chameleon, has ceased to be propitious to me; and the shame of poverty and the disgrace of my family have induced me to quit my country. If I were possessed of ten thousand dínars, I should consider the sum as a capital which might enable me to raise my head again and return to my country." The other said: "I had a wife sitting veiled in the haram of compliance: the loveliness of the sun of her features surpassed the rose in beauty, and the moon was lessened in splendour by the rays of her cheeks. I loved her much, and could not live one moment without her. She died, and the fire of grief has burnt my liver, and thrown me into the most unhappy condition. Should his highness the sultan present me with a member of his haram, so that by the sun of her presence the mansion of my joy and happiness might become again illumined, I would gladly return to my country." The third companion remained silent, and the sultan turning to him asked: "Do you not wish for anything?" He answered: "I have to do with God. I need neither a wife nor gold. I turn my face towards the vivifying treasury of God's mercy, by whom desires are granted, who knows the innermost recesses of our hearts, and what every one deserves: my wishes are all regulated by his good pleasure. If you are in the enjoyment of God's favour and are

able from him to obtain your desires, pray to him for my sake that he may grant me the grace that I should not once draw my breath contrary to his goodwill." The sultan said nothing, but arose and departed.

When the chamberlain of Destiny had opened the gates of life upon the inhabited earth, and the world-illuming king, the sun, had seated himself in the azure tent of the upper sky, the sultan ordered the three strangers that were in the ruin to be brought into his presence. When they perceived the sultan, they knew him to be the same man who had been with them the preceding night, and they were under the apprehension that he would be angry with them. The sultan called them forward, and inquired of each of them his wants, and the two men of Kabúl repeated what they had said on the previous evening. When the third stranger's turn came he said:

"Bitter indeed to our lips is the colocynth of mendicancy;
We have tasted the sweets of liberality from the hands of the noble-minded.

O thou illuminated speculum of potentates, as long as the storehouse of the works of God is full of blessings, may the treasury of thy desires also remain plentifully provided with the exhilarating gold, silver, and jewels of prosperity! Although people in general may be rejoicing with the delicacies of the table of thy bounty, and thyself mayest thereby taste the sweets of good deeds, still those that sit in the tent of exquisite

feelings have so much refreshed their palates with the honey of contentment that they would by no means defile their lips with a single mouthful which belongs to others.

The palate of the contented has never been sweetened by the liberal ;
The delights of independence are far above the delights which liberality can bestow.[1]

My hopes and expectations are dependent on the threshold of the Eternal King: he will grant to me all that he thinks fit, without my fastening myself on the skirts of petition to any one else, or jeopardising the position of a retiring and modest individual."

The sultan tried much, but could not induce the young man to act contrary to his avowed principles, and to open his lips to beg for some favour. He gave orders that the man who was in want of a wife should be provided with one of his own damsels, and presented the man who wanted money with two purses of gold. Then he said : "Now, all three of you, return to your own countries." In obedience to this order they set out together on their journey to Kabúl. After proceeding about two parasangs,[2] the man who obtained the gold felt tired by carrying it, so he handed

[1] It is seldom such a sentiment occurs in Eastern books. Alms-giving is enjoined by the Kurán on all who have anything to give, and the rapacity of Asiatic despots has not been conducive to a spirit of independence among their subjects.

[2] A parasang is a Persian measure of three or four miles, more or less in different countries.

it to his empty-handed companion, requesting him to carry it for a short time till he had rested himself.

Now the chroniclers relate that when the three men left the presence of the sultan, he turned to his courtiers and said: "That independent man has put me greatly to shame. He left me as if I were in the position of a poor man; and although I tried much he would not accept of anything." One of the courtiers, who was labouring under the asthma of covetousness, and as the covetous are the natural enemies of the contented, thus gave expression to his innate feelings: "The sultans and kings of this world are the collectors of the treasury of God; and, according to the requirements of the order of mundane affairs, he grants drafts or letters of credit to the poor for the alleviation of their wants, which drafts the rich are bound to accept and honour. Whoever refuses to apply to kings for help scorns their favour, and in this manner acts contrary to the will of God, on account of his pride and independence. Such a man is certainly deserving of death, and ought to be so punished." The sultan became excited, and ordered one of his chamberlains to proceed on the same road which the three men had taken, and, leaving undisturbed the man who had the gold and him who had the girl, to kill the third person who was empty-handed, and bring his head. It so happened, however, that when the messenger of the sultan overtook them, the independent man carried the gold upon his back, and the

possessor of the gold was empty-handed. The chamberlain made no inquiry, but cut off the head of the proprietor of the gold and returned with it to the sultan. When the sultan had looked well at the head he exclaimed: "You are a thoughtless fellow, and have made a mistake." He despatched forthwith another chamberlain, and enjoined him to decapitate that man who was without any burden whatever. But now it fortuned that the possessor of the girl had entrusted her for a time to the independent man, and fallen a little behind. When the messenger came up, he perceived the owner of the girl following empty-handed in the wake of the independent man, and immediately cut off his head, and on presenting it to his master, the sultan, after looking at it, cried in astonishment: "This man has also been killed by mistake!"

The sultan reflected for a while, and when he became calm, perceived that the grace of God had been a bulwark of protection to that independent man, which had prevented him from coming to any harm. He summoned another attendant, and commanded him to pursue the same road, and bring into his presence the man who possessed both the gold and the girl, which he did accordingly. As soon as the sultan beheld the man, he smiled, and said: "What has become of your companions?" He answered: "May the life of the sultan be everlasting, and may the compliant hand of the sweetheart Pro-

sperity be always round his neck! He who presented them with the gold and the maid has in return taken their lives; and indeed whoever prefers the creature to the Creator turns away his face from the threshold of real felicity, has no refuge whither he might flee. will be trampled under the feet of distressing events, and will not pluck a single flower from the rose-garden of his desires.

> Whoever averts his face from his portals
> Will meet with no regard, to whatever door he turns."

These observations of the man aroused the sultan from the sleep of indolence, and made him aware that this person had tasted the sweets of benefits from the spread-table of the love and knowledge of God; and he said to him: "Thou ornament of the society of obedience to the laws of God! I am very anxious to bestow something upon you, that I may become infinitely your debtor. I adjure you, by God, to ask something of me." That happy man thus answered: "I have two wishes. The first is, that you send a very considerable sum of money to Kabúl, to recompense the heirs of the two men who have been slain without any guilt of their own; and the second is, that I may be allowed to enjoy the lease of a small dwelling, in which I may carry on the trade of a weaver, and thus earn an honest livelihood." The sultan stroked the face of agreement with the finger of beneficence, and said: "You flower-gatherer in the gardens of beneficence! I have also three requests to

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make of you, with which I trust your kindness will comply. The first is, that, should you entertain any ill-feeling towards me, I beg you to forget it; the second is, that you pray to God that he may blot out my sins from the book of my actions with reference to those two innocent men; and the third is, that you come to me every Friday evening, so that I may profit by my intercourse with you." The man agreed to all this, and applied himself diligently to his business, till his singleness of purpose placed him in possession of the key to prosperity and wealth; and the gates of well-being having become open in correspondence with his expectation, he was enabled to advance money to the royal treasury whenever it was required, to redeem many people from the penalty of death, and to do much good to worthy and poor people.

THE KING WHO LEARNED A TRADE.

THERE was, in days long past and in the country of Aderbaijan, a king who administered justice and cherished wisdom; the tiller of his equity-loving nature kept the garden of his kingdom always free of the chaff and rubbish of oppression, and preserved, with the light of the torch of high-mindedness and gifts, the surface of the breasts of those who hoped

and solicited from the darkness of hardship and destitution. By means of his discernment he became acquainted with the worth and station due to men of skill, and always honoured the high polish of the speculum of accomplishments and perfections with the throne of dignity and the place of respect. One day, while he was seated in the palace of pomp and splendour, dispensing justice and retribution, and engaged in diving into the depths of the circumstances of the people, two men took hold of the collar of complaint before him, one of whom had no trade, while the other was skilful and accomplished; and, although the former brought forward arguments and evidence in support of his claim, and it became clear that he was in the right, the king purposely turned the scales in favour of the clever man, and ordered him that was without a trade to be punished.

The king had a vazír equal to Plato in science, who always drew upon the book of circumstances with the pen of propriety of opinion and prudence of arrangement. Wondering at the decision of the king, he rose from his place and said: "O thou leader of the caravan of prosperity of realms, by the strokes of whose world-conquering scimitar the peace of the breasts of opponents is destroyed, and from the fruits of whose convoy of success the countries of the hearts of the amicable are made populous and flourishing! I have a request to make: first, that the skyward-flying humaí of your gracious disposition may pervade the atmo-

sphere of compliance with my solicitation." The king said: "Explain." And the vazír continued: "I pray that the life of this innocent youth, whose guiltlessness must be visible upon the mirror of your majesty's mind, may be spared for my sake; and that it might be disclosed to me why your majesty pardoned the guilty one and condemned the innocent." The king replied: "I have absolved him whom you called guilty because I have arrived at the certainty that he is unblameable and has the right on his side. But I do not consider this the proper time to explain the matter, which, however, will be done as soon as we are alone."

When the tree of the assembly had shed the leaves and fruits of its multitude and the lamp of the apartment of privacy was trimmed and made bright, the king spake thus to his vazír:

"Thou quintessence of acuteness, something happened to me once which plunged me into the sea of astonishment. From that time I made a vow to show favour to a man who has a profession, even should he be blameworthy otherwise, and to punish him who has no trade or occupation, even though he should be my own son; so that the high and the low, seeing this, should be induced to have their children taught trades in due conformity with their circumstances.

"Know, then, that when my father was yet walking in the garden of life, and was sitting upon the throne

of happiness and government, on a certain day those who were present at the audience were discussing the advantages of trades and accomplishments; and, although I had made myself acquainted with several sciences and accomplishments befitting a royal prince, I was desirous of learning some useful craft. I therefore caused each one of the tradesmen of the city to exhibit his skill before me, in order that I might apply myself to the craft which I should prefer. After having seen them all, none pleased me so much as mat-making, because the master of that art had introduced into the specimen which he wrought all sorts of pretty figures. The instructor was engaged, and I was taught until I became skilful in this business. One day I happened to entertain a desire to make a pleasure excursion on the sea, and, having taken leave of the king, embarked in a boat with a number of companions. We amused ourselves for two days with fishing, but, as all mortals are subject to the vicissitudes of Fortune, on the third day a dreadful storm arose, the sea was lashed into furious waves, our boat went to pieces, and my attendants became food for the palate of the whale of destiny. I floated about on a broken plank with two of my associates for several days, drifting like chaff in the ebb and flow of the abyss, and having our throats choked every moment by the gripe of mortal fear. We humbled ourselves at the footstool of the Answerer of prayer, because no one ever besought him in vain;

and by his favour the wind drove the broken plank towards the shore, and all three of us, having landed in safety, made our way to an oasis in which were various fruits and aromatic plants, numerous beyond conception. We travelled through this oasis, resting during the night on trees, for fear of wild beasts, and at length reached the city of Baghdád. I possessed several rings of great value, and went to the bazár, accompanied by my friends, in order to procure food. Having sold a ring, we entered the shop of a cook, who displayed a great variety of dishes, and in whose service a handsome boy was busying himself. We handed the master of the shop a few dirhams desiring him to furnish us with some food. He cast a glance at us and said: 'Young men, nobility and greatness shine from your foreheads. In this city it is considered disgraceful that youths like yourselves should be eating their food in the bazár. There is a handsome room in the neighbourhood to which persons like you are accustomed to resort: do me the favour to proceed thither, and I will supply something worthy of you.' He sent his boy with us, and we soon reached the house, which was very neat and tastefully ornamented. And we were beginning to amuse ourselves by examining the beautiful paintings upon the walls, when the boy said: 'I am going to fetch your food.' As soon as he was gone the floor of the house began to move as if a great earthquake had occurred, and we were all precipitated into a deep

well, which was dark like the graves of infidels[1] and black as their hearts.

"Now that cook was a Jew, and an enemy of the Faith; and it was his practice to decoy Muslims into this house, and, having thus entrapped them and put them to death, to roast their flesh and sell it to other Muslims.[2] Our necks were pledged in this affair, and we were in expectation of what turn it would take when the same youth descended into the well, sword in hand, with the intention of murdering us, upon which we said to him: 'Friend, what advantage will you derive by killing us unhappy wretches? If gain be your object, we know the trade of mat-making, which is very profitable in this city. Bring hither the tools and materials necessary for that business, and we will make a mat every day.' The youth hastened to inform his master of our proposal, and

[1] That is to say, all who are outside the pale of Islám; like Gentiles with the Jews, and Barbarians with the Greeks.

[2] A most absurd idea, and a foul slander on the "chosen people"—not to say that *all* are to be considered as "Israelites indeed," and so forth. During the middle ages in Europe it was generally believed that the Jews, on certain of their religious festivals, stole and murdered little Christian children!—See the Tale of the Prioress in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and in *Originals and Analogues* (printed for the Chaucer Society, pp. 251, 257), "The Boy killed by a Jew for singing 'Gaude Maria!'" and "The Paris Beggar-boy murdered by a Jew for singing 'Alma redemptoris mater!'" Such idle stories were invented and diligently circulated by the monks, and sore persecution had the unfortunate and innocent Jews to suffer in consequence!

we were furnished with the required materials, and began at once to make mats, receiving each day a loaf of barley bread. After being in this condition for some time, a plan occurred to me through which our release might be achieved. I finished a mat with all possible care, and worked into the borders of it an account of my circumstances in the Arabic language. This was during the reign of Harún er-Rashíd, and I thought that if this mat were offered to the khalíf it might be the means of our release. The greediness of the Jew having become an obstacle to his circumspection and regard of consequences, he carried the mat to the palace of the khalíf, who highly approved of it; but after examining it more minutely he discovered the meaning of the characters in the borders, and demanded of the Jew whose work it was and where he had got it. He answered: 'I have a friend in Basra who sent it to me.' The khalíf said: 'Wait a little, that I may present thee with a reward worthy of it.' Then calling a servant to him he whispered something in his ear, upon which he came and delivered us from the well and conducted us into the presence of Harún. When the Jew saw us he began to tremble, and the khalíf demanded of him: 'Who are these men?' The Jew struck with his hand the ring of the door of negation, and replied: 'I do not know.' Then the instruments of torture were ordered to be brought, and when the Jew heard this he confessed everything. The khalíf commanded the Jew to be hung

upon the tree of punishment, and the poison of perdition to be poured into the throat of his existence.

"My plan was highly approved of, and I was sent to the bath and presented with rich clothes. The khalíf then asked me about my adventures, which I related to him from beginning to end. As the long service of my father had laid the khalíf under many obligations to him, and the khalíf knowing well that I was as the apple of my father's eye, he was the more kind to me, and said: 'Be of good cheer. Please God, we will help you to return to your own country.' After entertaining me for several days, he presented me with ten strings of camels and all sorts of things which are necessary or useful to grandees, and dismissed me, with a letter to my father and a guard of fifty men. When I arrived in this city the corpse of my father was just being carried to the cemetery. Having mourned for the death of my father, I established myself firmly upon the throne of dominion. Although my peace was for some time in jeopardy from the misfortunes I had endured, yet it was by the help of a trade that I was saved. I have perfect confidence in skilful men, and have decided always to honour men who have a profession and despise those that have none."[1]

[1] I have read an Indian story very similar to this, in which a brother and sister, children of a king, are accidentally separated, and the young prince falls into the hands of a rascal like the Jew in the above; but I cannot recollect the particular story-book in which it occurs.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

THERE dwelt in Damascus a man of the name of Zayn al-Arab, with the honey of whose life the poison of hardship was always mixed. Day and night he hastened like the breeze from north to south in the world of exertion, and he was burning brightly like straw, from his endeavours, in the oven of acquisition, in order to gain a loaf of bread and to feed his family. In course of time, however, he succeeded in accumulating a considerable sum of money, but as he had tasted the bitterness and poison of destitution, and had for a very long time borne the heavy load of poverty upon his back, and fearing to lose his property by the chameleon-like changes of Fortune, one night he carried his money out of the city and buried it under a tree. After some time had passed he began to miss the presence of his treasure and betook himself to the tree, in order that he might refresh his eyes with the sight of it. But when he had dug the ground at the foot of the tree he discovered that his soul-exhilarating deposit was refreshing the palate of some one else. The morning of his prosperity was suddenly changed into the evening of bitterness and of disappointment. He was perplexed as to what friend to confide his secret, and to what remedy to fly for the recovery of his treasure. The lancet of grief had

pierced the liver of his peace; and the huntsman of distress had tied up the wings and feet of the bird of his serenity.

One day he went on some business to a learned and wise man of the city, with whom he was on a footing of intimacy, who said to him: "I have for some time past observed the glade of your circumstances destroyed by the burning coals of restlessness, and a sad change in your health, the cause of which I do not know, nor do I know what thorn of misfortune has pierced the foot of your heart, nor what dawn of hardship has risen in the east of your mind." Zayn al-Arab wept tears of sadness and replied: "O thou standard coin from the mint of love! the treachery of Fortune has brought a strange accident upon me, and the bow of Destiny has let fly an unpropitious arrow upon my feeble target. I have a heavy heart and a great sorrow. Were I to reveal it to you perhaps it would be of no use, and might also plunge you into grief." The learned man said: "Since the hearts of intimate friends are like looking-glasses, and are receiving the figures of mutual secrets, it is at all times necessary that they should communicate to each other any difficulties which they may fall into, in order that they may be overcome by taking together steps which prudence should dictate." Zayn al-Arab answered: "Dear friend, I had some gold, and fearing lest it should be stolen, I carried it to such a place and buried it under a tree; and when I next visited

the spot I found the garment of my beloved Joseph sprinkled with the blood of the wolf of deception." The learned man rejoined: "This is a serious mischance, and it will be difficult to get on the track of your gold. Perhaps you were seen by some person when you concealed it: he who has taken it away will surely have to account for it in the next world, for God is omniscient. Give me ten days for consideration of this matter, and it may be that something will occur to me when I have examined the book of expedients and stratagems."

That knowing man sat down for the space of ten days in the school of meditation; but after turning over the leaves of the volume of his mind from the preface to the epilogue he could devise no plan. On the tenth day they met in the street, and he said to Zayn al-Arab: "Although the diver of my mind has plunged and searched most diligently into this deep sea, he has been unable to take hold of the precious pearl of a wise plan of operation. May God recompense you from the stores of his hidden treasury!" They were conversing in this way when a lunatic met them and asked: "Well, my boys, what is all your secret-mongering about?" The learned man said to Zayn al-Arab: "Come, let us relate our case to this crazy fellow, and see whether some flower will bloom in his mind." Zayn al-Arab replied: "Dear friend, when you with all your knowledge have failed to devise aught during ten days' cogitation, how can

we expect to obtain any information from this unfortunate, who does not know whether it is day or night?" Quoth the learned man: "There is no telling what he might say to us; but you are aware that the most foolish as well as the wisest have ideas, and a remark, uttered perhaps at random, often furnishes a clue by which the desired end is attained." Meanwhile a little boy had approached, and seeing the crazy fellow stopped to observe his antics.

The two friends explained their case to the lunatic, who, after being apparently immersed in thought for some time, remarked: "He who took the root of that tree for a medicine also took the gold," and then turning his back to them went his way. They consulted with each other as to the meaning of the crazy man's observation, when the little boy asked what kind of a tree it was. Zayn al-Arab replied that it was a jujube-tree. Then said the boy: "This is a simple affair. You ought to inquire of all the doctors in the city for whom a medicine compounded of the roots of that tree has been prescribed." The learned man greatly approved of the boy's acuteness and also of the crazy man's lucky thought; and being very well acquainted with all the physicians of the city, he made his inquiries till he was informed by one of them that about twenty days before he had prescribed for a merchant named Khoja Samander, who suffered from asthma, and that one of the remedies was the root of that jujube-tree. The learned man soon dis-

covered the merchant's house, found him enjoying perfect health, and thus addressed him: "Ah, Khoja, all the goods of this world ought to be given up to purchase health. By the blessing of God, you have recovered your health, and you ought to restore what you found at the foot of the jujube-tree, because the owner of it is a worthy man, and it was his only possession." The honest merchant replied: "It is true, I have found it, and it is with me. If you will tell me the amount of the gold I shall deliver it into your hands;" and when Zayn al-Arab stated the exact sum he obtained his lost money.

THE DEAF MAN AND HIS SICK FRIEND.

A DEAF man had a friend, the garden of whose health became withered by the autumnal breeze of sickness, and by it he was laid prostrate on the bed of infirmity, and once went on a visit of condolence to him. On the road he said to himself: "When I meet the sick man I shall ask him how he is. And he will certainly reply: 'I feel a little better.' Then I will say: 'God be praised!' After that I will inquire who his physician is, and he will give me the name of the doctor. Then I will say: 'He is very skilful, and he will soon free you from your disease.' After that I will ask what food and medicine he takes. He will

tell me, and then I will say: 'Both of them are very appropriate for your distemper;' and having recited the *Fátiha*,[1] I shall depart."

He exercised himself in these questions and answers till he reached the house of his sick friend, who happened at the time to labour under great nausea and depression of spirits. The deaf man asked him: "How do you feel, my friend?" Said the sick man, in peevish tones: "Do not ask me—I am ready to give up the ghost." The deaf man smiled and said: "God be praised! My prayer has been heard." After that he asked: "Who is your physician, my friend?" Quoth the sick man: "The angel of death." This puzzled the deaf man a little, but he answered: "That is well. I also had him in view, because he is so skilful, and cures every patient he treats." Then he asked what his food and medicine were. The sick man replied: "Pain and distress." Said the deaf man: "May they redound to your welfare; both are very proper for your disease." Then he began to recite the *Fátiha*, and the sick man said: "May God forgive you," and the deaf man took his leave.

[1] The first chapter of the Kurán; employed by Muslims as the Paternoster is among Christians.

THE GARDENER AND THE LITTLE BIRD.

IT is related that a rich man in the city of Balkh possessed a garden pleasant to behold as the roses on the cheeks of fairies, adorned with various fragrant plants, blossoming flowers, and fruit-bearing trees. In that garden a little bird took up its abode and amused itself by casting the fruits, whether they were ripe or not, on the ground. Whenever the gardener entered and beheld the damage thus occasioned, the bottom of his heart was stung with the thorn of grief, and the blooming verdure of the spring of his joy became withered by the cold blasts of the autumn of that event. Though he rubbed the hands of regret much on each other, he could not remedy the evil until he had spread a net in the haunts of the bird, which was soon made a prisoner. When the gardener discovered his good fortune he joyfully leaped from his ambush, caught hold of the little bird, intending to despatch it to the regions of non-existence. In its extremity the feathered captive thus spoke to the gardener: "Ornament of the world of intelligence! may the paradise of your good wishes always be the recipient of various divine favours! Consider that if you destroy me, your loss cannot be repaired, and that he who dies is saved from all the troubles of this world. But as I am to be killed for acts which you deem improper, the love of life impels me to make a

statement, if you will permit me, after which you may do as you choose; but remember that patience is a virtue of the high-minded, and hastiness a failing of foolish men."[1] The gardener, whose wrath had somewhat abated during the address of the little bird, replied: "Before the whirlwind of death blows in the field of your life, you are at liberty to say what you desire to say."

The little bird then said: "Wise gardener, be aware that in the west there is an oasis which my tribe inhabits, but I left my relatives and came to this spot. The pleasantness of this garden attracted me, and for some time I reposed myself on the branch of a tree. A nightingale and a lapwing were sitting together on the top of a date-tree, and a locust was flying towards them which both of them wished to catch. The nightingale was fortunate enough to seize it, but the lapwing snatched it from its captor's beak. Hereon the nightingale said: 'O lapwing, are you not ashamed to possess yourself of my prey? If you are able, why do you not catch your own game?' The lapwing replied: 'Silence! To get the prey is no honour, but it is so to deprive the hunter of his prey.' Said the nightingale: 'This may be true; so I give it up. But, lapwing, I have heard the other birds speak a great deal about you, and now that we have met, and as your species has in the service of

[1] The Turks have the proverb: "Patience is of God; haste is of the Devil."

the Lord Sulayman (salutation to our Prophet and to him!) enjoyed greater proximity to him than has been the lot of any other kind of birds, I wish to know what gifts or rewards you have obtained from him for the account which you furnished him of the city of Saba and your help in other matters.'[1] The lapwing replied: 'King Sulayman bestowed on our species three gifts: (1) Whenever the earth is being dug up for water, we are able to tell at what depth it may be found; (2) our heads have been adorned with the crest of nobility; and (3) we are acquainted with the qualities of fruits, and know that this year the garden in which we are at present has been subjected to a visitation of God, so that whosoever should eat of any of its fruits must immediately die.' Then the lapwing asked: 'Has your species been favoured with any other gifts?' And the nightingale answered: 'We have also been granted three favours: (1) a very melodious voice, which is pleasing to all hearers; (2) we possess the property of being awake during the night, which we enjoy in common with ascetics and pious men; and (3) we have been invested with the gaudy robes of love, and roses have been assigned for our spouses, whose society we enjoy without let or hindrance, and in the aspect of whose heart-ravishing cheeks we perpetually delight.'

[1] According to the Kurán, it was a hoopoe, or lapwing, that brought Solomon a description of Saba (or Sheba) and of Bilkís, its celebrated queen.

"O most intelligent gardener," the little bird continued, "when I heard from the lapwing that the fruits of this garden were become deleterious, I made haste to pluck and to throw them down, lest any person should eat of them and be injured. And now if you will promise to liberate me, I will communicate to you three maxims, by means of which you may be happy in this world and the next, and friends and foes will alike obey you." The gardener said: "Speak!" And the little bird proceeded: "First, never trust persons of a low and uncongenial disposition; secondly, never believe impossibilities; and thirdly, never repent of anything that cannot be remedied." So the gardener relaxed his hold, and the little bird flew away, perched on a tree, and stretching out its neck, exclaimed: "O gardener, if you knew what a treasure you have allowed to slip from your hand, you would end your own life. Verily, I have deceived you!" Said the gardener: "How?" "In my body is a gem as large as a duck's egg, the like of which has never been discovered by the diver into the region of imagination. Had you obtained possession of this jewel you might have lived happily during your whole earthly existence." When the gardener heard these words he tore his robe from top to bottom, strewed the ashes of repentance upon his head, and the brambles of confusion and uneasiness sprouted in the wilderness of his heart. As he looked to the right and the left how he might again get hold of the little bird, it flew to a high tree and

said: "Having now by my cunning escaped from your grasp, I shall take care not to fall into it again. Do not flatter yourself that you will get hold of me a second time." The gardener began to weep and heaved every moment deep sighs from the bottom of his heart, but the little bird said jeeringly: "It is a pity that the name of man should be applied to a silly fellow like yourself. I just communicated to you three maxims, all of which you have already forgotten. I advised you not to be deceived by mean and uncongenial persons;—why, then, have you believed my words and set me free? I farther told you not to believe impossibilities;—then why do you put faith in my words, seeing that nothing could be more absurd than the idea of a weak little bird like myself having in its body a gem as large as a duck's egg? Lastly, I advised you not to repent of anything which is irreparable, nevertheless you now moan and lament." After uttering these words the little bird disappeared from the sight of the gardener.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

Hatim Tai and the Benevolent Lady—p. 46.

This story seems to have been written down from recollection of some of the incidents in the Persian Romance which purports to recount the adventures of the renowned Hatim et-Ta'í, the generous Arab chief—a work of uncertain authorship or date. It was probably written about the end of the 17th or beginning of the 18th century, as the MS. copy used by Dr. Duncan Forbes for his English translation, published in 1830, which he procured in 1824, he considered to be at least a hundred years old. The opening of our version—if indeed such it may be styled—is absurdly inconsistent with all that is traditionally recorded of Hatim. This is how the incident of Hatim and the Darvesh is related in a Persian story-book, according to Dr. Jonathan Scott's rendering in his *Tales, Anecdotes, and Letters from the Arabic and Persian*, published in 1800, p. 251 :

Hatim had a large storehouse having 70 entrances, at each of which he used to bestow alms on the poor. After his death his brother, who succeeded him, wished to imitate his great example, but his mother dissuaded him from such an attempt, saying: "My son, it is not in thy nature." He would not attend to her advice, upon which she one day, having disguised herself as a mendicant, came to one of the doors, where her son relieved her; she went to another door and was relieved once more ; she then went to a third door, when her son said : "I have given thee twice already, and yet thou importunest me again."

"Did I not tell thee, my son," said the mother, discovering herself, "that thou couldst not equal the liberality of thy brother? I tried him as I have tried thee, and he relieved me at each of the 70 doors without asking me a question; but I knew thy nature and his. When I suckled thee, and one nipple was in thy mouth, thou didst always hold thy hand upon the other, but thy brother the contrary."

It is quite ludicrous to represent Hatim as setting out for China to see a lady who was declared by a wandering darvesh to be far more liberal than himself. From the following abstract of the Romance—which begins where our story ends—it will be seen that Hatim was actuated by nobler motives in undertaking his several adventures. The opening of the romance is reproduced almost in full from Forbes' translation.

Abstract of the Romance of Hatim Tai.

In the kingdom of Khurasan, during the reign of Kardán Sháh, there lived a worthy merchant, of great dignity, named Burzakh, who was on intimate terms with the king. He died, leaving an only daughter as his heir, twelve years of age, and the king took her under his protection, saying: "She is my daughter." Husn Bánú esteemed her wealth as no better than sand, and she began to distribute it in charity. One day a darvesh, attended by forty slaves[1] passed her house while she was seated in her balcony.

[1] Yet once more the number *forty*, which the Jews and their Arabian cousins seem always to have regarded with peculiar veneration—see pages 140, 155, 188, and to the instances there noted I may here add a few others. In the Arabian tale of the Third Calender, his voyage is prosperous for *forty* days, and he is entertained by *forty* fairy damsels, who absented themselves for *forty* days. In the tale of Aladdin and his Lamp, when his magic palace has disappeared the sultan allows him *forty* days to find it and the princess.—Among other Biblical instances, "Isaac was *forty* years old when he took Rebekah to wife," Gen. xxv, 20, and Esau was of the same age when he wedded two Hittite damsels, Gen. xxvi, 34. Eli judged Israel *forty* years, 1 Samuel, iv, 18. David and Solomon each reigned *forty* years,

He was the king's spiritual guide. Husn Bánú sent a servant to invite him to an entertainment at her house, and he promised to come the next day. She prepared for an offering to him nine suits of silken garments, embroidered with gold, and seven trays of pure solid gold and baskets of fruit. The pride of this darvesh was such that he would not touch the earth when he walked, but had his path paved with bricks of gold and silver, and on these alone he placed his feet. On entering the house of Husn Bánú he was presented with trays full of gold and silver. He was amazed at the display of wealth, and resolved that very night to seize the treasure. Accordingly he and his forty slaves broke into the house, killed such as resisted them, and carried off all the treasure. Husn Bánú and her nurse, concealed in the lattice, saw the thieves and knew them. Next day, she complained to the king that the darvesh had robbed her house. This the king refused to believe, calling the darvesh the most holy man of the age; but she declared that he was the fiend of the age. Upon this the king in a rage ordered Husn Bánú and her attendants to be stoned to death, as a warning to others. But the chief minister reminded him that she was the daughter

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2 Samuel, v, 4; 1 Kings, ii, 11; xi, 42. The "curious" reader may farther refer to Exodus xxvi, 19; Joshua xiv, 7; Judges iii, 11, viii, 28, xiii, 1; 2 Samuel, xv, 7; 1 Kings, vi, 17, vii, 38; 2 Kings, viii, 9; Ezekiel xxix, 11, 12; Acts xxiii, 21; 2 Corinthians, xi, 24.—In Wales *forty* loaves of bread and *forty* dishes of butter are a common quantity in the records of rents paid to the bishops of Llandaff. The fee of a bard for his vocal song at a festival was *forty* pence when he was a disciple, and *twice forty* for a master. The "unthrifty Heir of Linne," according to the fine old ballad, tried to borrow *forty* pence of John o' the Scales, who had become the owner of his lands. And who is not familiar with Wamba's song, in praise of "Forty Years," in Thackeray's *Rebecca and Rowena*, where we are told that

"Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you've come to Forty Year!"

And do we not speak of a buxom dame as "fat, fair, and *forty*"?

of Burzakh the merchant, and that by putting her to death he would estrange the hearts of his subjects. So the king spared her life, but caused her to be expelled from the city.

In the desert, under a shady tree, Husn Bánú and her old nurse fell asleep; and in a dream a man appeared to Husn Bánú, and told her that beneath that tree was buried the treasure of the seven regions, hidden there by the King of Truth, for her sake, and she was to arise and take possession thereof. "I am a woman," she replied, "and how can I bring it out of the earth?" The apparition said: "Dig the earth with a little spade: let the means be applied by thee, and God will grant success. Moreover, no one is able forcibly to deprive thee of the treasure. Arise and build a city on this spot." Husn Bánú having told of her dream to her nurse, they both set to work and dug with a piece of wood, when instantly they saw a pit full of yellow gold, chests full of jewels, cups full of rubies, and costly pearls the size of ducks' eggs. Husn Bánú rendered thanks to the Most High, then giving some gold to her nurse desired her to return to the city and fetch food and raiment, architects and labourers. Just then her foster-brother, in a mendicant's garb, passed by, and he recognised her. Telling him how God had given her wealth again, she requested him to bring thither his relations.

The foster-brother soon returned with a builder named Mu'amír. She bids him begin to build a city, but he explains that the king's permission must be first obtained. So Husn Bánú dresses herself in man's apparel, and takes for a present a cup full of rubies and a casket full of brilliant jewels. She gives valuable gifts to the king's officers, representing herself as a merchant newly arrived from abroad and desirous of offering presents to the king. His majesty is astonished to see the priceless gifts and asks: "Sir, whence art thou?" She replies that her father was a merchant of Irán, who died at sea; that she was an orphan and without kindred; had heard of his good qualities; had pitched tents in a tract of desert, and desired leave

to build a city there. The king presents her with a dress of honour and adopts her as his son; and suggests that she should rather build her city near the capital and call it Sháhábád (*i.e.* king's city). But Husn Bánú prefers the desert, so the king gives her the required permission.

The city was built in about two years, and Husn Bánú visited the king once every month. One day he tells her that he is about to visit his darvesh and prevails on her to accompany him. She invites the darvesh to her house, and on his consenting she observes: "But my house is far distant, and in the capital there is the unoccupied house of Burzakh the merchant." The king makes it over to her as a free gift. Finding her father's house has fallen to decay, she has it repaired and furnished splendidly. On the day appointed the darvesh came, and he declined the jewels offered to him by Husn Bánú, who had also displayed vast wealth throughout the apartment; and even at the banquet he pretended that he could not partake of dainty dishes. When the darvesh and his attendants had taken their leave, Husn Bánú caused all the golden dishes, etc. to be left as at the banquet, and warned the captain of the watch that she had reason to fear being robbed. At night the darvesh and his forty slaves entered the house, and having tied up the valuables in bundles were about to be off with their plunder—the darvesh himself carrying a cup full of rubies in his hand—when the night watch rushed in, seized and secured the robbers, and laid them in prison. Next day when the king opened his court Husn Bánú appeared,[1] and the kutwál brought the prisoners, each with his bundle of booty hanging from his neck, and made his report. The king thought the leader of the gang resembled a certain darvesh. Thereupon Husn Bánú told her story, and the king ordered all the robbers to be instantly put to death. Her father's property, of which she had been formerly robbed, was found in the house of the darvesh, and she presented it all to the king. Soon after this occurrence the king visited Husn Bánú at

1 Still in man's attire, of course.

Sháhabád, and she gave him much gold; then pointing out the source of her wealth desired him to cause his attendants to convey it to his own treasury. But when they began to handle the gold, it turned into serpents and dragons, which convinced the king that it was devoted to her sole use. She built a house for the entertainment of travellers, each of whom received a handsome present on leaving, and the fame of her generosity was noised abroad.

Husn Bánú, being young, beautiful, and passing rich, had of course many suitors for her hand in marriage, and she one day consulted with her nurse as to the best means of securing herself from the importunity of worldly men. The nurse said she had seven questions (or tasks), which Husn Bánú should propose to every suitor, and he who complied with the terms which they embraced should be her husband, to which she agreed. Her fame being spread far and wide, Prince Munir, the son of the king of Kharizm, sent a painter to draw her portrait, which he did from the reflection of her face in a vessel full of water[1] and brought it to the prince, who on seeing it became quite frantic from love, and that same night he set out privily for Sháhábád. Obtaining an interview with Husn Bánú and declaring his passion, she replied: "You must first answer me seven questions. There is a man who constantly exclaims: '*What I once saw I long to see a second time.*' Inform me where he lives and what he saw, and then I will put the second

1 The painter not being permitted to behold her face. This often occurs in Persian stories; but I have seen many native pictures of Persian women of all classes, which were evidently portraits and could not all have been drawn in the manner above described. Judging from those pictures, the in-door clothing of Persian ladies is extremely scanty; but it should be recollected that they are not seen in the haram apartments by any but women and children and very near male relatives. The "full" dress of European ladies is much more reprehensible than the in-door dress of their Persian sisters (if indeed that of the latter may be considered at all "improper"), since it exposes the greater part of the bosom and the shoulders and the spine to *public view!*

question." The prince takes his leave and wanders about all sad at heart. He is met by Hatim Taï, who learns from him the cause of his evident sorrow, and undertakes to perform the task for him. Having entertained the prince for three days, Hatim takes him back to Sháhábád, and they go into the caravanserai there; but Hatim refusing both the food and the gold always presented to travellers, he is taken before Husn Bánú, who asks him the reason of this strange conduct. Hatim only desires to look at her face. She tells him that he must first bring her the solution of seven questions, to which Hatim agrees, on the condition that she would become at his disposal in the event of his succeeding, which condition was at once written and signed and confirmed by witnesses. Then Hatim, leaving the love-struck prince at the caravanserai, sets out to obtain an answer to Husn Bánú's First Question.

After many surprising adventures, Hatim at length reaches a desert where an old man is crying: "*What I once saw I long to see a second time*," and learns from him that once he was walking on the border of a lake, when he saw a damsel who took him by the hand and leaped with him into the water, whereupon he found himself in a magnificent garden and beheld a lovely female form closely veiled; and on venturing to raise the veil he was instantly struck to the ground, and opening his eyes found himself in that desert, where he had ever since wandered about, restless and forlorn, wishing to see that beauteous fairy once more. Hatim—for whom nothing was too difficult, for he had all sorts of talismans—conducts the old man to the fairy, after which he returns with the required information to Husn Bánú.

His Second Adventure is to ascertain why a man has above his door these words: "*Do good, and cast it on the water;*" who he is, and where his house is situated. In the course of this expedition he performs three additional tasks in order to obtain

for another distracted lover the daughter of a merchant for his wife, the second of which is: Who is the man that cries every Friday and why does he cry: "*I have done nothing that will benefit me this night*"? Hatim comes to a sand-hill (having been directed to the spot by the grateful inhabitants of a town, whose lives he had saved by slaying a man-eating monster), and hears the voice. As he advances he discovers a number of the dead rising out of their graves, with angelic countenances and apparelled in splendid robes—all save one, who was covered with dust and ashes and sat on the cold ground, while the others sat on thrones drinking nectar, and never gave him to drink thereof. This wight sighed heavily and exclaimed: "*Alas, I have not done that which might benefit me this night!*" He tells Hatim that he was a merchant and those around him had been his servants. He was a great miser, but his servants fed the hungry and clothed the naked. On a journey a gang of robbers attacked and murdered him and all his followers. "Here they rest as martyrs—*they* are crowned with glory, while I am plunged in misery. In the capital of China, my native country, are my grandchildren living in abject poverty. In a certain chamber of my house is buried an immense treasure, of which no living man has knowledge." Hatim inquires whether it was possible for him to minister to his relief. "Proceed to the capital of China," says the miser's shade, "and find out my house. My name is Yúsuf, and in my day I was well known in all parts of the city. Seek my descendants; tell them of the treasure; divide it into four equal portions; bestow one portion on my grandchildren, and the other three on the poor of the city; then perhaps my case may be ameliorated." Hatim goes at once to the capital of China, but before he is allowed to enter he must answer three questions put to every stranger by the governor's daughter. Of course Hatim gives correct solutions of the enigmas, and then complies with the directions of the miser's ghost.

He now addresses himself seriously to the solution of the

Second Question of Husn Bánú, but he has many wondrous experiences before he comes at length to the bank of a large river, on which is a lofty mansion of stone, and over the door is written the motto: "*Do good, and cast it on the water.*" Ushered by attendants into the house, Hatim sees a venerable man of a hundred years seated upon a throne, who receives him with great courtesy and causes him to be supplied with refreshments. When Hatim asks the meaning of the motto over the door, the old man relates his history: In his youth he was a great robber, yet every day he made two large loaves mixed with sweet oil and sugar, which he threw into the river, saying: "This I give away, to propitiate Heaven." One day, continues the old robber, "I was seized with a sickness and I thought a man grasped me by the hand and pointing to the infernal regions said: 'There is the place destined for thee.' But two youths, divinely fair, came up and laid hold of me, saying: 'We will not permit this man to be cast into hell, sinful though he has been. His future state is in Paradise, and thither let us carry him.'" They conveyed him accordingly to the regions of bliss, and an angel of exalted rank telling them that he had a hundred years yet to live, they brought him back to his house, and explained that they were the two loaves he was wont to cast into the water for fishes to feed on. His health was at once restored and he made two loaves as before. When he went to cast them into the water he found a hundred dínars, which he took up and carried to the village, where he caused it to be proclaimed that such a sum of money had been found, but no one came to claim it. Next day when he went to the river with the two loaves he found another hundred dínars, and this continued till the eve of the eleventh day, when a man appeared to him in the visions of the night and said: "Servant of the Almighty, thy two loaves have pleaded thy cause in heaven: the merciful Creator has forgiven thy sins. The dínars which thou receivest are for thy subsistence, and what is superfluous do thou bestow in charity." Since then the old robber had

built that mansion and written the motto over the door, and every day when he went to throw the loaves into the river he found a hundred dínars.[1]

Hatim returns with this story to Husn Bánú, and she forthwith despatches him on his Third Adventure: "There is a man who constantly cries: '*Injure no one; if you do, evil will overtake you.*' Find out where that man lives, what injury he has done, and what evil has overtaken him." After having performed a difficult task on behalf of a despairing lover whom he met on his way, Hatim at length, aided by a band of fairy troops, arrives at the outskirts of Himyar, where he hears a voice crying these words, and discovers a blind man confined in a cage, which is suspended from a branch of a tree. Hatim having promised to mend his condition and relieve him, the blind man related his history, as follows:

"I am by occupation a merchant, and my name is Hamír. When I became of age, my father had finished the building of this city, and he called the same after my name. Shortly after my father departed on a sea voyage and left me in charge of the city. I was a free-hearted and social young man, and so in a short time expended all the property left under my care by my father. Thus I became surrounded with poverty and want; and

1 "Cast thy bread upon the waters," saith the Preacher, "and thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccl. xi, 1); but here the reformed robber finds it —or rather, more than its equivalent—every day. This notion of the loaves he threw daily into the river reappearing to him in the form of two celestial youths is certainly of Buddhist origin, and was, with many other essentially Buddhist ideas, adopted by the Bráhmans after they got the upper hand of their rivals and drove them out of India. In the *Hitopadesa* (Friendly Counsel), a Sanskrit collection of apologues and tales, Book iii, fab. 10, a pious soldier is directed in a vision by Kuvera, the god of wealth, to stand in the morning behind his door, club in hand, and the beggar who should come into the court knock down with his club, when he will instantly become a pot full of gold. A similar story is found in the Persian *Tútí Náma* (Parrot Book) of Nakhshabí, where a merchant is thus rewarded who had given away all his wealth to the poor.

as I knew that my father had hidden treasures somewhere in his house I resolved to discover them if possible. I searched everywhere, but found nothing; and, to complete my woe, I received the news of my father's death, the ship in which he sailed being wrecked.

"One day as I was sauntering, mournful and dejected, through the bazár, I espied a learned man who cried out: 'If any one has lost his money by theft or otherwise, my knowledge of the occult sciences enables me to recover the same, but on condition that I receive one fourth of the amount.' When I heard this seasonable proclamation, I immediately approached the man of science, and stated to him my sad condition and how I had been reduced from affluence to poverty. The sage undertook to restore my wealth, and above all to discover the treasures concealed in my father's house. I conducted him to the house and showed him every apartment, which he carefully examined one after another. At length by his art he discovered the stores we were in search of; and when I saw the gold and silver and other valuables, which exceeded calculation, the demon of fraud entered my heart, and I refused to fulfil my promise of giving a fourth of the property to the man of wisdom. I offered him only a few small pieces of silver; instead of accepting which, he stood for a few moments in silent meditation, and with a look of scorn said: 'Do I thus receive the fourth part of your treasure, which you agreed to give me? Base man, of what perjury are you guilty!' On hearing this I became enraged, and having struck him several blows on the face I expelled him from my house. In a few days, however, he returned, and so far ingratiated himself into my confidence, that we became intimate friends; and night and day he displayed before my sight the various hidden treasures contained within the bowels of the earth. One day I asked him to instruct me in this wonderful science, to which he answered that no instruction was requisite. 'Here,' said he, 'is a composition of surma, and whoever applies the same to his eyes, to him will all the

wealth of this world become visible.'[1] 'Most learned sir,' I replied, 'if you will anoint my eyes with this substance, I promise to share with you the half of all such treasures as I may discover.' 'I agree,' said my friend: 'meanwhile let us retire to the desert, where we shall be free from interruption.'

"We immediately set out, and when we arrived here I was surprised at seeing this cage, and asked my companion whose it was. I received for answer, that it belonged to no one. In short, we both sat down at the foot of this tree, and the sage, having produced the surma from his pocket, began to apply it to my eyes. But, alas! no sooner had he applied this composition than I became totally deprived of sight. In a voice of sorrow I asked him why he had thus treated me, and he replied: 'Such is the reward of treachery; and if you wish to recover your sight, you must for some time undergo penance in this cage. You must utter no complaint and you shall exclaim from time to time: "Do no evil to any one; if you do, evil will befall you."' I entreated the sage to relieve me, saying: 'You are a mere mortal like myself, and dare you thus torment a fellow-creature? How will you account for your deeds to the Supreme Judge?' He answered: 'This is the reward of your treachery.' Seeing him inexorable, I begged of him to inform me when and how my sight was to be restored; and he told me, that a noble youth should one day visit me, and to him I was to make known my condition, and farther state that in the desert of Himyar there is a certain herb called the Flower of Light, which the youth was to procure and apply to my eyes, by means of which my sight should be restored.

"It is now three years since he left me in this prison, which, though quite open, I cannot quit. Were I to attempt to leave my confinement, I should feel the most excruciating pain in my limbs, so as not to have the power of moving, and thus I am

1 In another part of the romance we read of a wondrous stone, called the Shah-muhra, which, when fastened on the arm, enabled the wearer to see all the treasures of gold and gems that are hid in the bowels of the earth.

compelled to remain. One day, shortly after my companion left me, I reflected that I could do nothing for myself while I continued like a bird in this cage, and accordingly resolved to quit it at all hazards; but the moment I was outside of it the pain that seized my whole body almost killed me. I immediately returned to my prison, and have since that time resigned myself to my fate, exclaiming at stated times the words which have attracted your attention. Many people have passed by me, but on learning my condition they left me as they found me."

When the man in the cage had ended his story, Hatim bade him be of good cheer, for he would at once endeavour to relieve him. By the aid of the fairies who had conducted him thither and now carry him through the air for the space of seven days, he arrives in the desert where the Flowers of Light shine brilliant as lamps on a festival night, diffusing the sweetest perfume far and wide; and, recking naught for the serpents, scorpions, and other beasts of prey which infest the place (for he was guarded by a powerful talisman), he advances and plucks three of the largest and most brilliant flowers. Returning in the same manner as he had come, he reaches the spot where the blind man Hamír is imprisoned. Taking down the cage, he releases the wretched man, compresses the stalk of the flower so that the juice should drop upon his sightless eyeballs, and when this has been repeated three times Hamír opens his eyes, and, seeing Hatim, falls prostrate at his feet with a profusion of thanks.

The Fourth Adventure is: "Who is the man that has this motto over his door: '*He who speaks the truth is always tranquil*'; wherein has he spoken the truth, and what degree of tranquility does he enjoy in consequence?" Passing through regions of enchantment, Hatim then comes to a city, and discovers the motto written above the gate of a splendid mansion. He enters and is received graciously by an old man, who entertains him hospitably. Next day he relates his story: He is eight hundred years old. In youth he was a great gambler, and

having lost all his substance he became a robber. One night he broke into the king's palace, entered one of the chambers, where the daughter of the king was sleeping, and seizing all her jewels and a golden lamp that burned beside her he made his escape. He fled to a desert, where he found a gang of thieves dividing their plunder, to whom he showed his own booty, and their avarice was aroused so that they were proceeding to take it from him by force, when a tremendous voice was heard close by, at which they ran off in different directions. Presently a figure appeared before him and demanded: "Who art thou?" He told his story. "'Tis well for thee," said the figure, "that thou hast related the whole truth; therefore I forgive thy crime, and leave the treasure to thy enjoyment. But swear never to gamble again." He took the required oath. "Well, keep thy oath, and the years of thy life shall reach nine hundred." Returning to the city with his plunder, his comrades envied his prosperity, and reported him to the chief of the police, who brought him before the king, to whom he told the whole truth as to the source of his wealth, and the king pardoned him and gave him more gold. Then he wrote that motto over his door.

Hatim's Fifth Adventure is to bring an account of Mount Nida, whence a voice from time to time proceeds, crying: "Come quickly!" Whereupon one of the citizens in the neighbourhood is seized with an uncontrolable frenzy, rushes away to the mountain and is seen no more. This strange occurrence Hatim learns is the manner in which the inhabitants taste of death: when the doomed person approached a rock it split asunder, and as soon as he had entered the opening it closed behind him and his soul quitted his body.

The Sixth Adventure is to procure Husn Bánú a pearl similar to one she already possesses, which is as large as a duck's egg. Hatim learns from the conversation of a pair of Nitka birds that their species used to "lay" such pearls once in thirty

years, but this faculty had ceased since the days of Solomon; that only two were on the face of the earth now (all others being at the bottom of the sea), one being in the possession of Husn Bánú, the other in the treasury of a fairy, who has an only daughter: he who can tell the history of that pearl (which Hatim has heard from the well-informed birds) shall have her in marriage and the pearl for her dowry. Needless to add that Hatim is successful in his quest, bestows the young fairy on her lover, who had been unable to comply with her father's condition, and returns with the pearl to Husn Bánú.

Hatim's Seventh Adventure, and the last, is to bring the lady an account of the bath of Badgird—an enchanted palace erected for the preservation of a peerless and priceless diamond by its owner, a powerful magician. The stone is in the body of a parrot, Hatim is told by a bird of the same species before entering the hall, and whoever enters shall never return unless he obtain possession of the gem. He will find a bow and three arrows laid on a sofa in the hall, and must shoot the arrows at the parrot, and if he hit right through its head he will break the spell, but if not, he will, like all others before him, be turned to marble. Nothing daunted, Hatim shoots one arrow, and, missing, he becomes marble up to his knees; the second arrow also missing, he becomes marble up to his middle; but (placing his reliance in God) when he shoots the third arrow it pierces the head of the parrot and it falls lifeless to the ground. This achievement is immediately followed by a storm of wind, thunder, lightning—darkness. And Hatim can see no palace or parrot, but at his feet are the bow and arrow and a diamond of dazzling brilliance. No sooner had Hatim seized the diamond than all the marble statues started into life, being freed from the spell of the enchanter.

Returning to Sháhábád, Hatim presented the diamond to Husn Bánú, and, as he had now fulfilled all her conditions, she was straightway married to Prince Munir, who thus reached the

summit of happiness. Hatim then returned to the capital of Yaman, where he was affectionately received by his father and mother, and his arrival was hailed with universal joy, while every house resounded with music and mirth. Shortly after this Hatim's father resigned the reins of government into his hand and lived in retirement for the remainder of his life, which amounted to twelve years, seven months, and nine days. Hatim reigned long and happily in Yaman.[1]

Such is the substance of the wonderful Adventures of Hatim Taï, though I have necessarily omitted many details and some rather curious incidents: like a tale in the *Arabian Nights*, out of which spring several other tales, each of Hatim's expeditions led him on to others, which had to be accomplished before he could attain the end for which he originally set out. He undergoes some extraordinary experiences, too, such as being

1 An abridged and "improved" version of the romance of *Hatim Taï* was printed at Calcutta about the year 1825, of which a translation—by James Atkinson, I understand—reprinted from the Calcutta *Government Gazette*, appeared in the *Asiatic Journal*, March—June 1829. Whoever may have been the learned Múnshí that made this version, he has certainly taken most unwarrantable liberties with his original. Thus: Husn Bánú's father dies, leaving her "an orphan, *poor*, and unprotected." She has the misfortune to "attract the admiration of a darvesh," whom she "indignantly spurned from her presence." The darvesh goes to the king and complains that "a certain woman has solicited me to marry her, and not being able to accomplish her object, enraged at my refusal, she has bitterly reproached and even beaten me"! The king orders her to be thrust out of the city, and so on. The "man" who appears to her in a vision is Khoja Khizar, which however is appropriate, that mystical personage being the tutelary friend of good Muslims in distress. He tells her where she may find the "treasure of the Seven Kings, buried in seven different places; seven splendid peacock thrones, adorned with gems beyond all price, and one precious pearl of unequalled beauty. All these are thine." The king on hearing of her "find" attempts to seize the contents of six of the pits of treasure *by force*, but the gold and gems become serpents and dragons. In this version it does not appear that the queries, or rather tasks, were suggested by the nurse. Altogether it is much inferior to the story as translated by Forbes.

swallowed alive and unhurt by a dragon of such monstrous dimensions that he kept tramping to and fro in its stomach till it was at last obliged, for its internal peace, to eject him and be off; dipping his hand into a lake in order to drink of the waters, and finding it instantly turned into pure silver—where, O where is *that* lake?—and coming to another, which had the property of restoring the *argentine* member to flesh and blood; not to speak of the scenes of enchantment, which indeed seem to have been begot of hashish or a like narcotic. With all its absurdities, however, the *morale* of the romance is excellent: the hero goes about constantly doing good; benevolent towards bird and beast as well as to mankind; feeding the hungry, relieving the distressed, and binding up the broken heart.—This work is still a first favourite among the Persians, who continue to entertain a firm belief in dívs, parís, and many other kinds of spirits, good and evil.

Of the three stories which are interwoven with our tale of Hatim and the Benevolent Lady but one is represented in the Romance, that of the Blind Man, namely, but the details are very different in the two versions.

The Painter's Story (p. 53)

begins with an account of a fight which he witnessed in his garden between a white snake and a black snake, and seeing the former was about to succumb he slew the black snake. This incident also occurs in the Romance, when Hatim is returning from his second expedition, only the magnanimous hero does not kill—or even *scotch*—the black snake: he simply shouts, when it lets go its hold of the other and wriggles off. The white snake then becomes a handsome young man, and tells Hatim that he is the son of a king of the jinn, that the black snake is his father's slave, and bears a most deadly enmity towards himself,

and so forth—an incident found in many Asiatic story-books. The Painter's subsequent experiences in the subaqueous palace of the king of the jinn do not occur in the romance, though the story is known to several collections, and, introduced by the incident of the two snakes, it is found, as follows, in *Turkish Evening Entertainments*, a translation,[1] by J. P. Brown, of a Turkish story-book entitled *'Ajá'ib el-ma'ásir wa ghara'ib en-nawádir* (Wonders of Remarkable Incidents and Rarities of Anecdote), by Ahmed ibn Hemden, the Ketkhoda, surnamed Suhaylí (*i.e.* Canopus), who composed it for Murád, the fourth Ottoman sultán, who reigned between A. D. 1623 and A. D. 1640:

In ancient times the sovereign of the country of Saba was a man called Yeshrah. One day, when this excellent prince was travelling, he came to an extensive plain where were two serpents resembling frightful dragons. One of these was white, the other black. They were entwined around each other in desperate conflict, and the white one had received a wound in a most tender part of its body. The black serpent being thus victorious, the strength of the white one was exhausted; it could move no more, and the black one wreaked its vengeance upon the helpless animal. King Yeshrah, touched with pity, went to the assistance of the white snake, and aided it in its conquered state. He placed a diamond-pointed arrow in his bow, and, taking aim at the black snake, he let fly and instantly killed it. The white snake, thus released, crawled away.

One day the king received a visit from a youth of a handsome exterior, who informed him that he belonged to the race of the jinn, and was the white serpent rescued by him. The youth then made proffers of service to the king, which he declined, upon which he offered the king his sister in marriage. The king, enchanted by her beauty, accepted her, and the marriage took place on the king undertaking to consent to everything which his wife did, were it good or evil. Soon after the birth of

1 Published at New-York, 1850.

his first son, a dog approached the queen, who suddenly cast the child into the dog's mouth, and the dog ran away with it, to the king's great grief. Their next child, a girl, the queen cast into a brazier, where the infant was immediately consumed. The king was now exceedingly afflicted; but the birth of a second daughter, who was so delicately beautiful on account of her resembling the húrís of Paradise that she was called Bilkís, somewhat reconciled him to his loss. The king implored her not to treat this child as she had done the two others, for which she severely rebuked him.

Soon after this a powerful enemy attacked the king, and his own vazír, secretly allying himself with the enemy, poisoned the provisions designed for the king's army. The queen destroyed the provisions, at which the king in wrath demanded her reason. The queen explained the affair to her husband, and gave the remaining bread to an animal which fell dead after eating it. She then said that the king having broken the condition made on his marriage with her, all intercourse must now cease between them, and informed him that the son thrown to the dog was still alive, and had been brought up by a nurse in that form, and that the daughter was also in perfect health, nursed by the fire. Beseeching him to be mindful of their daughter Bilkís, who should succeed to the throne and become a great and illustrious queen, and promising to send to his succour an army of jinn-soldiers, she disappeared from the king's sight for ever. The troops of jinn came to his assistance as promised, routed the enemy's forces, and restored the king to his throne. But still he was afflicted by the loss of his wife. At length the fatal moment arrived, and he died; and his daughter Bilkís succeeded him on the throne, and her history has been written elsewhere in a detailed manner.

Thus, if we may place any credit in the foregoing story, the thrice-renowned Queen of Sheba was jinn-born: no wonder, therefore, if she was a miracle of beauty and wisdom! It does

not appear, however, why her fairy-mother did not dispose of her soon after she was born, in the same extraordinary manner as she "made away" with her previous babes.—Regarding the notion that when a human being unites with one of a supernatural order there are certain conditions always imposed by the latter, the breaking of which must result in their separation, generally temporary, I take leave to refer the reader to my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, p. 212 ff.

In more or less different forms the same story is found in the following works: in *Les Mille et un Jours*, which purports to have been translated, by Petis de la Croix, from a Persian collection entitled *Hazár ú Yek Rúz*, the Thousand and one Days, by a darvesh named Mukhlis, of Isfahán, from whom M. Petis obtained a copy in 1675, where it is entitled "Histoire du Roi Ruzvanschad et de la Princesse Cheheristani," but in this version the king's fairy-wife leaves him only for a time; in a Turkish story-book, entitled *Al-Faráj ba'd al-Shiddah*, Joy after Distress, a work written not later than the 15th century;[1] and in a collection described by Dr. Chas. Rieu in his *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, vol. ii, p. 759, Or. 237, which has no specific title, the compiler, whose poetical name was Hubbí, merely calling his work, *Hikáyát-i 'Agíb ú Gharíb*, Wonderful and Strange Tales. In this last work, the MS. of which is unfortunately imperfect, the final story, No. 34, relates how a king of Yaman, while hunting, saw two snakes, a white one and a black one, engaged in deadly combat. He sends an attendant to kill the black snake and rescue the white one, which was half dead; which being done, he causes the rescued snake to be laid down beside a spring of water, under the shade

1 I am greatly indebted to the courtesy of Prof. E. Fagnan, of the Ecole des Lettres, Algiers, for many interesting and important particulars regarding this Turkish work, of which several MS. copies are preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris—particulars of which I have already made some use in *Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, printed for the Chaucer Society, and I hope soon to make still farther use of them in another publication.

of a tree. The snake rallies, and after a while crawls away. When the king is asleep at night, the wall of his chamber suddenly opens and a fair youth appears. "I am," says he, "the king of the parís (fairies). You rescued me from the black snake. I am now come to requite your kind act. If you wish it, I will make you rich with many treasures." No more of the MS. remains,[1] but it is not unlikely that the sequel was similar to that of the Turkish story cited above.

The battle between the two snakes, which is found so often reproduced in Arabian and Persian story-books—though I cannot recollect having met with it in any Indian collection—seems reflected in two incidents in the Voyage of Saint Brandan. One day the saint and his companions discover a monstrous sea-serpent on the surface of the water, exhaling fire from its nostrils, as it were the roaring flame of a furnace; and while the pious voyagers could not measure its length they were more successful with its breadth, which was "full fifteen feet, I trow"; presently a monster of the same species appears, and a terrific combat takes place between the two, until one is torn by his antagonist into *three* pieces, when the victor sinks down into the sea. After this they see a deadly conflict in the air between a griffin and a dragon.—It is well known to students of the history of popular fictions that many Eastern tales and incidents had found their way into Western literature long before the collection commonly but incorrectly called the *Arabian Nights*, in its existing form, was compiled.

Among the countless absurdities abounding in the *Toldoth Jeshu*, a scurrilous "life" of Jesus Christ of Jewish invention—the text of which, with a Latin translation, is given at the end of the second volume of Wagenseil's *Tela Ignea Satanæ*, 1681—is an aërial conflict between Jeshu and Rabbi Judas before Queen Helena: "And when Jeshu had spoken the incommunicable

1 Dr. Rieu, of the British Museum, kindly furnished me with the above outline of the story, so far as it exists in the MS.

Name,[1] there came a wind and raised him between heaven and earth. Thereupon Judas spake the same Name, and the wind raised him also between heaven and earth. And they flew, both of them, around in the regions of the air, and all who saw it marvelled. Judas then spake again the Name, and seized Jeshu and sought to cast him to the earth. But Jeshu also spake the Name, and sought to cast Judas down, and they strove one with the other." Ultimately Judas prevails and casts Jeshu to the ground, and the elders seize him; his power leaves him; and he is subjected to the tauntings of his captors. Being rescued by his disciples, he hastened to the Jordan; and when he had washed therein his power returned, and with the Name he again wrought his former miracles.[2] This "story"—to employ the term in its nursery sense—strongly resembles the equally apocryphal legend of the aërial contest at Rome between St. Peter and Simon Magus, in which the apostle overthrew the magician.

The Washerman's Story (p. 58)

calls for but slight remark. The fairies who alighted in succession on the tree in the form of doves, and putting off their feather-dress appeared as the most beautiful damsels, belong, of course, to the Bird-Maiden class, and the Washerman, by his own showing, did not deserve to possess any one of them. Could he have decided—but perhaps the trial was too much for him—he might have secured even the last and most bewitching of the three, by taking possession of her feather-robe, when she would have no alternative but to follow him wheresoever he might go: but evidently he did not know this. (See the chapter on "Bird-Maidens" in my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i. p. 182 ff.)

1 See note, page 163.

2 *The Lost and Hostile Gospels*, p. 83, by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who has pointed out the gross anachronism of making the imaginary conflict take place in the presence of Queen Helena.

The Blind Man's Story (p. 60)

differs considerably from its representative in the Romance, the story of the blind man Hamír in the cage (*ante* p. 464ff.); and it is also observable that in our story Hatim does nothing to mitigate the poor man's wretchedness. Both versions agree in treasure being found in a dwelling house; but in our story it is the geomancer who is the blind man, and his eyes are blinded in mistake by a vindictive neighbour of the friend whom he thought to entrap;—while in the other story it is the man in whose house the treasure was discovered who is blinded by the geomancer, in revenge of the ill-treatment he had received at his hands; and it is by the application of *surma* to his eyes, by means of which he expected to behold all the hidden treasure of the world, that he is deprived of sight. The analogous tale in our common version of the *Arabian Nights*, of the Blind Man Baba Abdullah (it has not yet been found in any Arabic text of the collection), is wholly different in all its details until it reaches the catastrophe, when the greedy cameleer, after getting back from the darvesh all his share of the treasure, returns to request the box of salve, which, after having had applied to his left eye and thereby been enabled to see all concealed treasure, he insists—in spite of the repeated warning of the darvesh—on being also applied to his right eye, whereupon he instantly becomes stone-blind. Widely as the three stories differ one from the other, in details, however, it is very evident, I think, that they have been independently adapted from a common source.

The very climax of absurdity is surely reached by the author of our version of the story of Hatim when he represents the *benevolent* Lady as saying (p. 50) that she is so jealous of the wide-spread fame of Hatim for liberality that she wishes him to be killed; and when, on his return, she reproaches him for not having brought her Hatim's head, he replies that he is himself

Hatim and that his head is at her disposal, whereupon the lady, struck with such magnanimity, at once consents to marry him.

According to tradition, an enemy of Hatim despatched one of his officers to slay him and bring his head. When he reached the encampments of the tribe of Ta'í, he was courteously greeted by an Arab, and invited into his tent, where he was treated most hospitably; and in the morning he told his host that he had been sent thither by his master to slay Hatim and bring back his head. The host smilingly replied: "I am Hatim; and if my head will gratify your master, smite it off without delay." The man hastened away in confusion; and returning to his master told him of his adventure, and the enemy of Hatim ever afterwards loved and esteemed him. — This seems to be the tradition adapted so incongruously by our author.

The idea of our tale of Hatim and the Benevolent Lady may have been partly taken from the Story of the Third Darvesh in the Persian work, *Kissa-i Chehár Darvesh* (Romance of the Four Darveshes), an anonymous book, of uncertain date,[1] where the narrator, a Persian prince, tells how he tried to imitate the generosity of Hatim, by causing a great palace to be erected with four gates, at each of which he distributed gold and silver to all comers. One day a wandering darvesh receives money at each of the gates in succession, and then begins to beg again at the first gate, upon which the prince upbraids him for his greediness, and the darvesh retorts, as in our story, that there is a lady to whose liberality there is absolutely no bound. The

1 This romance is ascribed by mere popular tradition, and on no solid authority, to the celebrated poet Mír Khusrau, who died in 1324, A. D. Authentic accounts of the poet make no mention of any such work, and it is probably to be assigned to a much later date. An incorrect copy of the *Chehár Darvesh* is described in Dr. Rieu's *Catalogue of the Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, vol. ii, p. 762, Add. 8917. In the *Bagh o Bahár* (Garden and Spring), which is a modern Urdú amplification, by Mír Amman, not always in the best taste, the Story of the Second Darvesh is that of the Third in the Persian original.

prince learns that this generous lady is the princess of Basra, and donning the robe of a darvesh he sets out for that city, where he is sumptuously entertained for several days by the servants of the princess, after which he writes her a letter, declaring his rank and offering her marriage. He is told that the princess has resolved to marry only him who should bring her the explanation of the singular conduct of a youth in the city of Namrúz who appeared once a month riding on a bull, carrying a vase of gold and jewels in his hand, which he smashed in the market-place, and then smote off the head of one of his slaves, immediately afterwards riding away again, foaming at the mouth. The royal mendicant undertakes to ascertain the cause of the youth's madness (he proves to be in love with a fairy, like the Painter in our tale), and before setting out for Namrúz is admitted into the private chamber of the princess, who is concealed behind a curtain, where a slave-girl relates the history of her mistress: how she was one of seven daughters of a king, and was driven out of the palace because she would not acknowledge that she derived her good fortune from her father, but maintained that it was from God. In the wilderness she meets a darvesh, and discovers underground immense treasures, and so forth.—This story of the princess of Basra is one of the numerous parallels or analogous tales cited by my friend Mr. E. Sidney Hartland in a very able and interesting paper on the "Outcast Child" cycle, in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, 1886, vol. iv, p. 308 ff.

Story of Prince Kasharkasha.

The latter part of this tale — where the merchant Sadullah befriends the imprudent prince, bestows his own wife on him, afterwards becomes ruined in fortune, and visits the now prosperous sovereign, on whom he had lavished such favours (pp. 89-97)—has long been current in Europe as well as in the East, in various forms. It occurs in the collection of Persian Tales translated into French by Petis de la Croix, under the title of

Les Mille et un Jours (first published in 1710–12, 5 vols.), where it is entitled: "Histoire de Nasiraddole, roi de Mousel; d'Abderrahmane, marchand de Baghdad; et de la belle Zeineb," and it is to the following effect:

A rich young merchant named Abd er-Rahman, meets with a stranger in a confectioner's shop in Baghdád, and the two soon become very intimate friends. After some time the stranger informs the merchant that he must now return to Mosul. The merchant says that he himself may soon have to visit that town, and begs to know his friend's name, so that he may be able to inquire for him there. The stranger bids him to come and see him at the palace. Abd er-Rahman goes to Mosul on business and discovers that the stranger is no less a personage than King Nasír ad-Dole, who is delighted to see him and entertains him in the palace for a whole year, after which he returns to Baghdád, the king parting with him very reluctantly. Arrived in Baghdád, the merchant regales his friends and acquaintances in the most sumptuous manner, and purchases a number of slave-girls, with one of whom, a Circassian beauty called Zaynib, he becomes greatly enamoured. The king of Mosul comes again to Baghdád, without attendants, and is the honoured and cherished guest of his friend the merchant Abd er-Rahman. One day the king boasts of some beautiful slave-girls in his haram in Mosul, when the merchant, inflamed with wine, leads the king into an inner apartment, magnificently furnished, where are seated thirty lovely damsels, adorned profusely with the rarest diamonds. The king is perfectly amazed on beholding the peerless beauty of Zaynib, and on the following day, in a melancholy tone, informs his friend that he intends returning at once to Mosúl. "Has your majesty aught to complain of, that you have formed this sudden resolution?" the merchant inquired anxiously. "All my complaint," replied the king, "is of my destiny"; but when he is about to depart his friend learns from him that he is desperately in love with the fair Zaynib, and then the king takes his leave and sets out for Mosul. Abd er-Rahman

then reflects that he should not have shown Zaynib to the king, who must now lead a sorrowful life. At length he resolves to send the damsel to his royal friend, and, having ordered her litter to be prepared, sends for Zaynib and tells her that she does not now belong to him, but to the king of Mosul, whom she saw yesterday;—"he is in love with you, and is himself lovely." Zaynib bursts into tears and exclaims: "Ah, you no longer love me—some other damsel has taken your heart from me!" "Not so," says he. "I swear that I have never loved you so much as I do at this moment." "Why, then, do you part with me?" "Because I cannot bear the thought of my friend's sorrow." So a number of attendants are sent with Zaynib to Mosul, but the king had arrived there before them. When she is ushered into the palace, the king perceives that she is sorrowful, and that his presence is distasteful to her—evidently she cannot forget the merchant.

Meanwhile Abd er-Rahman falls into a languishing condition, and one day the grand vazír sends officers to apprehend him on a trumped-up charge of having spoken disrespectfully of the Khalíf in his cups, made by two envious courtiers, his enemies. The merchant's house is razed, his wealth is confiscated, and he is to be put to death the next day. But the gaoler, whom the merchant had formerly befriended, takes pity on him and secretly sets him at liberty. When the vazír learns of this he sends for the gaoler and tells him that if the merchant is not re-captured in the course of twenty-four hours he will certainly suffer in his place. The gaoler answers that he believes the merchant to be innocent of the crime charged against him. In the meantime Abd er-Rahman is concealed in a friend's house and the police are scouring the country in search of him, and during their absence from the city he escapes and takes the road to Mosul. When he enters the palace there, the king simply orders his treasurer to give him two hundred gold sequins. The poor merchant is surprised that the king should bestow such a paltry sum on him, after the sacrifice he had made by present-

ing the fair Zaynib to his majesty. He takes the money, however, and tries all means of increasing it by trade. At the end of six months he returns to the king and informs him that he has lost fifty of the two hundred sequins by his unfortunate speculations. The king bids his treasurer give him fifty more sequins, again to the surprise of the merchant, who departs once more on a trading expedition, but this time he gains a hundred sequins and returning to Mosul he acquaints the king of his success. "Misfortunes are contagious," said the king. "I had heard of your disgrace and dared not receive you into my palace again, fearing that your ill luck should affect me and put it out of my power to assist you when your star should look more favourably on you. But now you shall live with me." Next day the king tells the merchant that he purposes giving him a good wife. "Alas," says he, "I cannot think of any woman after my beloved Zaynib." But the king insists, and that same night the merchant is agreeably surprised to find that the wife given him by his royal friend is none other than Zaynib, whom the king has all along regarded as a sister. Not long after this Abd er-Rahman learns that one of his accusers has confessed, and he goes to Baghdád and recovers part of his wealth, and passes the rest of his life at the court of Mosul.[1]

In another form the tale of the Two Friends is found in the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Peter Alphonsus, a Spanish Jew, of the twelfth century, whence it was probably taken into the *Gesta Romanorum*, the celebrated mediæval monkish collection of

1 In another Persian version, translated by Jonathan Scott, in his *Tales, Anecdotes, and Letters from the Arabic and Persian*, p. 253, the prince happens to see the merchant's wife in her litter, returning from the pilgrimage to Makka, and falls desperately in love with her. He afterwards makes the acquaintance of the merchant, who on learning the cause of his illness divorces his wife and makes her over to the prince. The rest of the story is much the same as the above, excepting that the prince does not put the merchant's "luck" to trial, but at once receives him heartily and restores to him his wife, whom he had adopted as his sister.

"spiritualised" stories for the use of preachers (page 196 of Herrtage's edition, published by the Early English Text Society). It is also found in Boccaccio's *Decameron* (Day x, novelle 8); and Lydgate, the monk of Bury, of the fifteenth century, turned it into verse under the title of "Fabula duorum mercatorum," beginning:

"In Egipt whilom as I rede and fynde"

(Harleian MS. 2251, lf. 56, preserved in the British Museum); and it forms one of the *Fabliaux* in Le Grand's collection, of which this is a translation:

Two merchants had been for a long time connected in business. They had never seen each other, one residing at Baldak [Baghdád?] and the other in Egypt; notwithstanding which, from their long correspondence and mutual services, they entertained a reciprocal esteem and friendship as if they had passed their lives together. The Syrian merchant at last became very desirous to have an interview with his correspondent, and set out on his journey with that intention, after having apprised his friend of it. The Egyptian rejoiced heartily at the news, and on his friend's approach went out several leagues to meet him. On his arrival he lodged the Syrian in his own house, and, making a display of his riches and all that he possessed, told him that everything was at his disposal. In order to amuse his guest, he invited several persons successively to his table. For a week together there was nothing but feasting and pleasure; but in the midst of their enjoyment the traveller was so struck with the beauty of a lady who had one day been present that he fell dangerously ill. Immediately all the best physicians of the country were sent for. At first, neither by his pulse nor by any other symptom could they discover the nature of the merchant's disorder; but at length by his profound melancholy they conjectured that love was the cause. The Egyptian on hearing this conjured him to disclose his secret, that the remedy might if possible be found. His guest, thus called upon and pressed to declare it, acknowledged that he was in love and that without

possession of the object of his affection he could not endure life. "But where to find her I know not. I am wholly unacquainted with her name and abode. My eyes beheld her once, to my great misfortune, but day and night her image is present and without her I shall certainly die." He then fainted away. For several hours he continued in this trance, and was even thought dead. Awaking at length, he cast his eyes about the room to discover the object of his passion, but in vain. She was not among the persons present. His friend at last, in order to obtain for him, if possible, a sight of his beloved, thought of bringing successively to his bedside all the ladies who had been invited to the feasts, or whom he could have seen since his arrival in the country. But she was not of the number. Ultimately the people of the house recollected that there was in an inner chamber a young lady whom the Egyptian merchant loved to distraction, and had brought up with the greatest care, intending her soon to be his wife. She was by his desire introduced. Instantly on seeing her the Syrian exclaimed: "That is she to whom I am to owe either my life or my death!" The Egyptian merchant demurred for some time; but, with a heroic resolution sacrificing his passion to his friendship, he presented the lady to his guest. He not only consented to their union but even insisted on giving her a marriage portion. He made her presents of rich stuffs and money, and himself took charge of the nuptials, to which he did not fail to invite minstrels, who sang pantomimic songs and enlivened the feast with all manner of gaiety.

When all these carousals were ended the merchant proceeded to take leave of his generous host and to return into his own country. His friends on his arrival pressed forward to congratulate him. There was a fresh celebration of the nuptials with rejoicings which lasted for a fortnight, after which the merchant and his spouse lived happily together. But in the meantime sad misfortunes occurred to the Egyptian merchant: he met with such losses that he was entirely ruined. In this deplorable

situation he thought of having recourse to his friend at Baldak, and determined to visit him there, reckoning on his gratitude for the eminent services which he had rendered him. He was obliged to make this long journey on foot and to suffer both hunger and thirst, to endure both heat and cold, extremes of misery to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed. At length after much fatigue he arrived about nightfall at Baldak. But at the moment when he was about to enter the city the state of wretchedness in which he was excited in him a feeling of shame at proceeding farther. He thought that if he presented himself in the dark to his friend in that miserable state he would not recollect him, and therefore he judged it better to wait till morning. With this intention he entered a temple which was hard by. No sooner did he find himself in this dismal, lonely place than a multitude of melancholy ideas assailed him. "Good God!" cried he, "to what a wretched condition has thy will reduced me! Alas, my former affluence renders it still more miserable. I had all that I could desire, and now I find myself an outcast, without property and without friends! Surely in such circumstances death is preferable to existence." While he was speaking thus to himself he suddenly heard a great noise in the temple. A murderer had taken flight thither and some of the citizens were following to seize him. They asked the Egyptian whether he had seen the assassin. He, who wished to die and thus terminate at once his shame and his sufferings, declared himself the guilty person. He was instantly seized, bound, and thrown into prison. The next day he was brought before the judge and being convicted was condemned to the gallows. When the time for the execution arrived a great number of people flocked to the place, and amongst them the friend whose life he had saved and in quest of whom he had left his native country. He had not forgotten the obligation, and luckily he recognised his friend. But what could he do at this juncture to save his life? He could think only of one method, and that was to devote himself for his friend. Having taken

this sudden resolution, he exclaimed: "Good people, take care what you are about, and do not be guilty of the sin of punishing an innocent man. It was I who committed the murder." This declaration astonished the assembly. The execution was suspended, the merchant was arrested, and they began to unloose the stranger. But the real assassin happened to be there, and when he saw them binding the merchant he was seized with remorse. "What!" cried he to himself, "shall this honest man die for my crimes whilst I escape? I cannot escape the vengeance of God! No! I will not charge my conscience with a second offence, but will rather expiate my crime by suffering here than subject myself to the indignation of the Deity, who can punish for ever." He then made a full confession and was rought before the judges, who, being puzzled at this extraordinary case, referred it to the king, who, no less perplexed than they, sent for the three prisoners, and promising them pardon if they would declare the truth, interrogated them himself. Each then recounted with fidelity what had happened, and the consequence was that they were all three pardoned and discharged. The Syrian went home with his friend, whom he in his turn had had the good fortune to save. He ordered some refreshments to be served up to him, and said: "If you choose to reside here, my friend, I call God to witness that you shall never be in want of anything, but shall be as much master as myself of all I possess. If you prefer returning to your own country, I offer you the half of my wealth, or whatever part you may please to take of it." The Egyptian declared his desire was rather to return home, and he departed, charged with presents.

Under the title of the "Mirror of Friends," the Spanish novelist Matias de los Reyes (1634) relates this favourite story, varying the incidents of the *fabliau* version as above, and with a tragical catastrophe. This is an abstract of Reyes' tale, following Roscoe's translation, in his *Spanish Novelists*, ed. 1832, pp. 17-39:

A young man[1] is placed at the university of Bologna, under the guardianship of a friend of his father, named Federico, whose son Lisardo and he at once become most intimate friends. There was so close a resemblance between the two youths in person and features that one was often mistaken for the other. Four years after entering the university, he falls in love with a pretty girl whom he saw seated at a balcony—it is not said how he got introduced to her—and she returns his affection, but insists on their engagement being kept a profound secret. Shortly after this, the father of Laura — such was the sweet name of our youth's secret *fiancée*—proposes that she should marry Lisardo, to which his father Federico most willingly consents, as the young lady's family are of high station and very wealthy. This comes like a thunder-clap upon our poor love-sick youth, but he cannot get himself to confess to Lisardo his devoted attachment to Laura. As the time draws near for the marriage he falls dangerously ill—"sick of love"; and if his friend tried to "stay him with flagons and comfort him with apples," he did so in vain—albeit we have high authority for the efficacy of such remedies. At length Lisardo comes to him one day, and insists upon knowing the secret cause of his illness and melancholy, otherwise their friendship must be at an end. He then confesses his love for Laura and their private betrothal. Lisardo reproaches him for not having told him of this before, since he would willingly sacrifice his life for his friend ; but even now he will contrive means whereby his friend should be united to the young lady instead of himself.

On the morning of the marriage-day Lisardo makes his friend dress himself in his wedding-garments, and, as they were so like each other, none present at the ceremony suspected but that it was Lisardo who led the bride to the altar. Next day, at an early hour, the bridegroom goes into Lisardo's room and receives his hearty congratulations ; but now comes the question of how

1 The story is told in the first person, and the youth does not give his name, which is rather awkward in making an epitome of it.

to disclose the affair to Lisardo's father. After some discussion they go to Federico and confess the deception that had been practised. At first he is very angry but at length consents to explain everything to Laura's father, which he does accordingly, at the same time stating that the match is quite as good as was intended, and this is ere long confirmed by the receipt of documents from our youth's father conveying property and money to him. Soon afterwards the loving couple set out for the husband's home.

Two years pass away, during which Lisardo has not once communicated with his friend, who now goes to Bologna to ascertain how he fares. He finds that Lisardo's father is dead and himself gone no one knows where. Then he visits all the chief towns and ports of Italy in quest of him, but without success. Entering Naples for the second time, he perceives a large concourse of people in the great square, where there is a scaffold erected, on which he sees a youth with his arms pinioned, and the executioner, sword in hand, by his side. He recognises in the unhappy young man his friend Lisardo, and, breaking through the crowd, rushes on to the scaffold, exclaiming: "This man is innocent—I am the guilty one!" When the tumult caused by this singular scene is somewhat allayed, the chief magistrate orders both to be taken to prison in the meantime, and, as a favour, they are both placed in the same cell. Lisardo reproaches his friend for casting away his life, and he innocent of any crime, but his friend replies that he is convinced that Lisardo is equally innocent, for which Lisardo expresses his gratitude and then proceeds to tell his story. His father died worth little money, although he had a reputation of being very rich, and with a few jewels Lisardo departed from Bologna. As he journeyed he was attacked by a band of robbers, who plundered him and even stripped off his clothes. A humane cottager gave him a ragged coat, and he wandered on, not knowing or caring whither he went. He thought of his friend, but was ashamed to be seen by him in such a plight.

After being sick for six months in a public hospital, he resumed his wanderings, and one night took shelter in a cavern. In the morning he was rudely awakened by some peasants, who pointed to the dead body of a man that lay in the cavern, and accused him of the murder. Presently the police came and led him off to prison. At his trial he said nothing in his own defence—for he was weary of life—and he was duly condemned to death. Having heard this sad story, his friend is now more than ever determined to save him by the sacrifice of his own life. But while they are still conversing the cell door is thrown open, and the prison officials inform them that the real murderers of the man have just been captured in a gang of desperadoes, who were discovered to be the same that had robbed Lisardo, his jewels having been found in their possession. The reaction produced by this sudden intelligence proves too much for Lisardo's shattered frame; and, confessing to his friend that he had from the first loved and had never ceased to love the beauteous Laura, his devoted spirit took its flight from this earth, leaving his friend for ever disconsolate: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me!"

Story of the Unlucky Shoayb—p. 110ff.

Was there ever, I wonder, another Shoayb besides the hapless fellow of this story? Not only did good fortune actually run after him and he all the while flee from it, as if the pestilence were behind him, but his very presence anywhere was the cause of manifold disasters! If there be not, however, amidst the multitude of the world's folk-tales an exact parallel to the Story of Shoayb, there is one near akin to it, from Western India, related by M. Putlibai D. H. Wadia, in the *Indian Antiquary*, 1886, p. 221, as follows:

Once upon a time there lived in a certain country a merchant, who was formerly very prosperous, but having suffered great losses in trade, he came to be in such poor circumstances that

starvation stared him in the face. As the king of the country knew him well, his wife advised him to go to court, feeling sure that the king would do something for him. The merchant, however, felt reluctant to go to the king as a suitor, but after suffering great privations for a long time, when he saw that there was nothing left for his family but starvation, he made up his mind to follow his wife's advice, and one morning presented himself at the court, which he found crowded with many persons, who had come there on the same errand as himself. This sight rather unnerved him, and he devoutly hoped the king would not recognise him. When his turn came, however, to be ushered into the royal presence, the king recognised him at once, and asked him what he could do for him. The merchant with great hesitation related his case, and the king, being a very thoughtful man, feared that he would hurt the dignity of one so respectable as the merchant if he gave him pecuniary assistance before so many people. So he requested him to wait till all had left the court, and then going into his private apartments he ordered a water-melon to be brought to him, in which he made a hole, and pouring out its contents, he filled it with gold coins. Then summoning the merchant before him, he gave him the melon and said: "Take this to your family, it is a refreshing fruit, and you will all enjoy it this hot day." The merchant thanked the king and returned homeward very much grieved at receiving only a water-melon when he expected something more substantial. As he was walking along on his way home, he met two travellers, who were very thirsty and looked wistfully at the melon he was carrying, and, being of a very generous disposition and thinking that they needed the melon more than he did, he gave it to them and walked quickly home empty-handed.

After passing many months of privation and misery, he was persuaded by his wife to go to the king a second time, in the hope of better luck. The king was, however, much surprised at the merchant's paying him a second visit so soon after the first;

but when he heard that he was as poor as before, he thought he had invested in trade the money he had given him and lost it. He therefore filled a water-melon once more with gold coins and presented it to him. The merchant was again disappointed at being sent away with such a trifle, but he nevertheless made his obeisance to the king and returned homewards. This time, however, he resolved not to part with the fruit, knowing that it would be welcome to his starving children. He had not gone very far, however, when he met a beggar who asked alms of him, saying that he was very hungry. The merchant could not resist this appeal, and, having no money, gave the melon to the beggar.

When he reached home his wife was sorely vexed at his bad luck, and wondered very much why the king, who was reputed to be very charitable, should treat her husband so shabbily as to send him away with a melon every time he went into his presence. Being, however, of a persevering nature, she once more persuaded him to go to court and ask the king for help. He accordingly went there and stood in presence of the king as before. But this time the king first asked him to explain what use he had made of the two water-melons he had given him. The merchant related how he had given the first to two travellers who were very thirsty, and the second to a hungry beggar who asked him for alms. The king laughed at the merchant for what he considered his folly, and told him what the two melons contained. He then filled another water-melon with jewels in the merchant's presence, and gave it to him, admonishing him to be very careful of it. The merchant went away rejoicing, full of hope that the contents of the fruit would enable him to start in life anew. Now it happened that as his house was situated on the other side of the river which passed through the town he had to cross it, and in doing so his foot slipped and the fruit fell into the water and was carried away by the flood. The poor merchant wept over this misfortune, and returned home, cursing his evil star.

He was now fully persuaded that it was the will of Iswara[1] that he should remain poor; and, thinking it useless, therefore, to struggle against Destiny, he resolved never to ask anybody for help again, but to live as best he could till it should please Iswara that he should see better days.

To the same class, also, belongs No. 104 of the selection of monkish Latin Stories edited by Thomas Wright for the Percy Society, of which this is a translation:

There were two blind men in the Roman state. One of them daily cried through the town: "He is well helped whom the Lord wills to help." The other exclaimed: "He is well helped whom the emperor wills to help." When they had said this very often, daily, and the emperor had frequently heard it, he caused a cake to be made and many talents to be put into it, and ordered this cake filled with talents to be given to the blind man [who said that he was well helped whom the emperor helped]. Having received it, and feeling the cake heavy, and meeting the other blind man, he sold him the cake for his children. He who bought the cake, coming home and breaking it, finding it full of money, gave thanks to God, and for the rest of his life ceased to beg. But the other continued to be as formerly, and the emperor called him, and said to him: "Where is the cake which I ordered to be given you yesterday?" He replied: "I sold it for a trifle to my companion, because I thought it was raw." "Truly," said the emperor, "he is well helped whom God helps!" And he turned away and refused to aid the blind beggar.

A similar story is told by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, Book v, only here the emperor causes two pasties to be made, into one of which he puts some florins and into the other a

1 Iswara signifies Lord, Master, but is a designation by the Hindús for the particular deity, Bráhma, Vishnú, or Siva, whom they regard as the Supreme Being. In Southern India it is generally applied to Siva, also called Mahádeva.—*Balfour.*

capon, and the beggars exchange pasties. Another analogue is found in *Past Days in India* (London: 1874), pp. 169-171, where two *fakírs* (Hindú religious mendicants) are among the crowd at a grand royal festival, one of whom, to flatter the king, bawls out: "Kings have all sublunary power, and they give to whom they please; what, then, can the Ruler of Destiny do?" The other, an honest fellow, rebuked him, saying: "When the Ruler of Destiny gives, what can the greatest king do?" With limes in place of pasties, the result is the same as in Gower's story.[1]

History of Farrukhruz.

This most entertaining little romance, which all readers would wish longer, may be considered as exemplifying—if we can allow ourselves to suppose such strange occurrences to be possible—the adage that "it is better to be born lucky than rich." Unlike most heroes of romance, the troubles of Farrukhrúz are comparatively few and of very brief duration; and even while he is in tribulation we feel confident that he will presently emerge from it, being so evidently a favourite of Fortune. Several of the incidents in the tale are peculiarly interesting to comparative "storiologists."

The Ungrateful Brothers—pp. 149-152.

The diabolical treatment of Farrukhrúz by his two brothers was probably adapted from the tale of "The Witch Shamsah and Táhir of Basra," which occurs in the Turkish story-book, *Al-*

1 It is significant that the "maxims" of the beggars are identical in the Latin story, in Gower, and in the version from Western India. In Gower one beggar cries:

> "Ha, Lord, wel may the man be riche
> Whom that a king list for to riche";

the other exclaims:

> "But he is riche and wel bego
> Whom that God wold sende wele."

Faraj ba'd al-Shiddah, and of which the following is the outline:

One day three jewels were brought to Harúṇ er-Rashíd, who greatly admired them, but his vazír, Fazl bin Rabí', told him that a merchant of Basra, called Táhir the dog-worshipper, possessed much finer ones. Táhir is sent for, exhibits his thirty unequalled jewels, protests that he is a good Mussulman, but admits that he has two dogs well cared for, and then proceeds to relate his history: His father 'Asim had left a wealthy estate to him and his two brothers, who soon squander their shares and become destitute. He has pity for them and takes them with him on a trading voyage. While he slept on deck, they threw him overboard. He escapes on a plank and is cast ashore on the island of Gang, where he finds his two brothers. They trump up a charge against him before the king, to whom they had made a present of his favourite slave-girl, and he is thrown into a dark pit, where he meets with a youth who is also the victim of a treacherous brother, and whose sweetheart rescues them both. Wandering forth, they fall in with a caravan, and here again Táhir meets his brothers, who leave him wounded and almost dead on the road, where he is found by a princess, who has his wounds dressed, and takes him to her father's palace. She is Kamar al-Bahr, the daughter of the king of Gang, and falls in love with him. They are betrayed to the king, who is about to slay them, but makes them over to his vazír, who puts them in a boat. They fall in with pirates, who take the princess and leave Táhir in the boat, which they send adrift. The pirates fight over their prize and kill each other, all but one, whom the princess contrives to get rid of by poison. Táhir, drifting in his boat is picked up by a passing ship, where once more he finds his rascally brothers. They wish to put him to death, but are persuaded to hand him over to the king of Iram, an island on which they land.[1] There the two brothers

1 In this tale Iram is used as the name of an island of the "upper world," not that of a garden in fairyland—see p. 304.

find the princess of Gang and present her to the king, who immediately becomes madly enamoured of her, but she will not yield to his desires. Then he tries to terrify her into submission by slaying a prisoner before her eyes, who happens to be none other than Táhir. The king was raising his sword to cut off his head but gave way to her entreaties and released him. By the advice and with the help of a kind officer, Táhir crosses the sea to Jazíra-i Firdaus,[1] the realm of the mighty sorceress Shamsah, where he finds a paradise indeed, and enters a magnificent but untenanted palace. Suddenly he hears an awful sound, and a dragon appears and ascends the throne. It then changes into an old woman—Shamsah herself. She hears his story, takes pity on him, and sends with him an innumerable host of wild beasts to the conquest of Iram. He returns victorious to pay homage to Shamsah, who gives him his beloved princess in marriage and along with her a string of thirty jewels, and two magic vials of green and red oil, one having the virtue of changing men into beasts, the other that of restoring them to their natural shape. After a while Táhir returns with his wife to Basra, whither he is soon followed by his two brothers, whom he changes to dogs.—At the intercession of the Khalíf Harún er-Rashíd, Táhir consents to forgive his brothers and restores them to their human form.

If the idea of the ungrateful conduct of the two brothers towards Farrukhrúz was derived from the foregoing tale of Táhir, the latter in its turn, seems to have been adapted from the story of the dog-worshipping merchant of Nishapúr, in the Persian *Kissa-i Chehár Darvesh*, of which the *Bagh o Bahár* is a modern Urdú version, and in the latter we find the story told at very considerable length and with more details and incidents than in the Turkish version, while all that relates to the sorcerer Sham-

[1] *Jazíra-i Firdaus*, that is, the Island of Paradise—see p. 244, where the crafty courtesan Dilbar is represented as dwelling in a city called Firdaus; and p. 304, note 3, where it is the name of an island in fairyland.

sah is peculiar to the latter. It would occupy too much space, in view of what remains to be said regarding other tales in our collection, to give even the outline of the Persian original, but it may be mentioned that in place of the two wicked brothers being changed to dogs they are confined in cages; while the merchant's dog, who had often saved his life when attempted by his brothers, and continued faithful to him through all his vicissitudes, is adorned with a collar set with priceless rubies and attended by two slaves—the merchant thereby indicating, so to say, his approval of the aphorism of the ancient Hindú sage, that "a grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man."—In our tale, it will be observed, the two wicked brothers do not reappear after they cut Farrukhrúz adrift.

The Three Expeditions—p. 154 ff.

It is a very usual occurrence in folk-tales, as well as in tales of more elaborate construction, for the hero, after becoming the king's chief favourite, to be the mark for the shafts of envy and malice. Plots are laid in order to bring about his destruction, and, commonly through the suggestions of his enviers, the king is induced to despatch him on most perilous adventures—almost invariably three in succession, as in our little romance. Sometimes it is the hero's brothers who are envious of his good fortune and thus seek to cause his death; sometimes a courtier whom he has supplanted in the king's favour and patronage. We have examples of both kinds of enviers in Geldart's *Folk-Lore of Modern Greece*, an entertaining collection, as well as useful to such as are interested in the study of popular fictions. Thus, in the tale of "Constantes and the Dragon," the hero's elder brother is jealous of his favour with the king, and it is at his suggestion that Constantes is sent to procure for the king (1) the Dragon's diamond ring; (2) the Dragon's horse and bell; (3) the very Dragon himself. And in the tale of "Little John, the Widow's Son," the hero, thus styled, becomes the king's

hunter, and one day kills (1) a wild beast, whose skin was all covered with precious gems. The king shows this treasure to his courtiers, who declare they have seen nothing like it under heaven. The vazír, however, says the skin is all very well, but if the king had the bones of elephants to build a church with, all the kings of the earth would come to admire it, and the skin as well. So the young hero is despatched to procure (2) a sufficient quantity of elephants' bones to build a church with, and returns successful. He is then sent, at the suggestion of the vazír, to bring the Dragon's daughter to the king, in which, of course, he also succeeds, and thus the vazír's malice comes all to naught.

We have three examples from Sweden in *Thorpe's Yule-Tide Stories*. In No. I of "The Boy that stole the Giant's Treasures" a peasant dies and leaves his small property to his three sons. The two elder (as in the story of the merchant of Nishapúr in the *Chehar Darvesh*, referred to, page 495) take all that was valuable, leaving the youngest an old split kneading-trough for his share. The lads all enter the service of a king—the youngest helps in the royal kitchen and is liked by everybody. His two elder brothers are envious of him and induce the king to send him (1) for the Troll's seven silver ducks; (2) his gold and silver bed-quilt; and (3) his golden harp.[1] — In No. II three brothers set out in quest of their fortune, and the two elder obtain employment as helpers in the royal stables, while the youngest is taken as page to the king's young son. His brothers are sorely nettled at his preferment, and consult how they might compass his disgrace. They tell the king of a wonderful golden lantern that shed light over both land and water, and add that it ill beseemed a king to lack so precious a treasure. The king asks, excitedly, where this lamp is to be found and who could procure it for him. The brothers reply: "No one can do that, unless it be our brother Pinkel. He

1 See also Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*: "Boots and the Troll."

knows best where the lantern is to be found." So the king despatches Pinkel to get him the golden lantern, promising to make him the chief person at court should he bring it. Pinkel goes off and returns in safety with the (1) lantern; and the king made him the chief person at court, as he had promised. The brothers, hearing of his success, become more envious than before, and at their suggestion the king sends him to procure (2) the beautiful goat that had horns of the purest gold, from which little gold bells were suspended, which gave forth a pleasing sound whenever the animal moved; and next (3) the Troll-crone's fur cloak, that shone like the brightest gold, and was worked with golden threads in every seam; after which the king gave him his daughter in marriage, and he thus became heir to the kingdom, but his brothers continued to be helpers in the royal stable as long as they lived.—In No. 111 two poor lads roam about the country in search of a livelihood. At length the younger is received by the king among his pages, but the elder goes about begging as before: through the influence of his brother, however, he is shortly taken into the king's service as a stable-boy. The elder brother is continually thinking of how he might get the younger disgraced. One day when the king visits his stables he praises a favourite horse, upon which the stable-lad tells him that he knows of a golden horse that excels all horses in the world, but only his brother could procure it. In brief, the hero procures for the king (1) the golden horse; (2) the moon lantern; and (3) a princess who had been enchanted.

In No. 8 of M. Legrand's *Contes Populaires Grecs* (Paris, 1881) the hero, at the suggestion of the Beardless Man, is sent by the king (1) for the ivory chamber; (2) for the nightingale and wall swallow; and (3) for the belle of the world.—And in M. René Basset's *Contes Populaires Berbères* (Paris, 1887), No. 27, the hero is despatched by the king, at the instigation of his enemies, to procure (1) the coral tree; (2) the palm tree of the wild beasts; (3) the woman with silver attire; and, of course, returns successful from each perilous expedition. M. René Basset in his Notes,

pp. 163-166, refers to several parallels or analogues from Brittany, Lorraine, the West Highlands of Scotland, etc.

A story from Salsette, entitled "Karne da Pequeno João," by Geo. Fr. D'Penha, in the *Indian Antiquary*, 1888, p. 327 ff., is full of interest to folk-lorists, apart from its connection with the "envious brothers" cycle: Three brothers, of whom Little John, the youngest, is as usual the only clever one, set out to seek their fortunes. They rest for the night in the abode of an ogre, who resolves to kill them while they are asleep and eat all three for breakfast. The ogre has three daughters, and he puts white caps on them and red caps on the youths. The two elder brothers are soon fast asleep, not so Little John. He suspects mischief is brewing, and changes caps with the ogre's daughters, who are consequently killed by their father in mistake for the three lads. Little John rouses his two brothers and they cross the river, which the ogre cannot do, being unable to swim. In the morning the ogre sees them, and cries out that he will make John pay for it yet! They take service with a king: John is made a shepherd, the others are given places of trust. John puts on one of the caps (he had taken all of them with him) on his head and begins to play on his pipe, whereupon all the sheep begin to caper and dance. The princess sees this, and gets the cap from him, and so on till she has got the sixth, on the promise of her love. The king, at the instigation of the princess, pays John better wages, and his brothers are envious of his good fortune. Soon after this the king falls ill, and the two elder brothers suggest to him that John should be sent to fetch (1) the ogre's parrot. John manages to carry off the bird, and the ogre cries after him that he'll make him pay for it yet! But John says he'll come again. In short, John afterwards procures (2) the ogre's mare; (3) his diamond ring; (4) his sword; (5) his blanket; and (6) the ogre himself. After each expedition John is promoted to a still higher station till he is made vazír and finally marries the princess. He does not punish his brothers, the good young man, but raises them to high offices of state.

In many instances, as in the case of Farrukhrúz, the hero is assisted by fairies or other superhuman beings, but with the means by which the seemingly impossible tasks are accomplished we have no present concern and so I have passed them over. The third and last expedition of Farrukhrúz, suggested by the envious vazírs of the king of Yaman—who was, like the monarchs of Eastern fictions generally, a credulous blockhead—by which they made sure to cause the death of the favourite, but which ended so disastrously for themselves—thus illustrating the saying that "he who digs a pit for another," and so forth: the proverb is somewhat musty—namely,

The Expedition to Paradise (p. 183 ff.)

has its close parallel in the Kalmuk *Relations of Siddhí Kúr*,[1] which form the first part of Miss Busk's *Sagas from the Far East*, a work chiefly derived from Jülg's German translation. In Miss Busk's book, the story is No. VIII and entitled "How Ananda the Woodcarver and Ananda the Painter strove together," and, pruned of some redundancies of language, this is how it goes:

Long ago there lived two men, a wood-carver and a painter, both named Ananda. While they appeared to be on very friendly terms, in reality jealousy reigned in their hearts. One day the painter presented himself before the Khán, and told him that his father of blessed memory had been re-born in the kingdom of the gods, in proof of which he handed the Khán a letter, forged by himself, which stated such to be the fact, and directed the Khán to send forthwith Ananda the Woodcarver to the kingdom of the gods, to adorn with his cunning a temple which he was building—"the way and means of his coming shall be explained by Ananda the Painter." The Khán, believing all this to be true, at once sent for the Woodcarver, informed him of his father

1 An adaptation, or imitation, of the Sanskrit series of stories entitled *Vetálapanchavinsati*, Twenty-five (Tales) of a Vetála, or Vampyre; called in Hindí, *Baital Pachísí*, and in Tamil, *Vedála Kadai*.

the late Khán's message, and commanded him to prepare forthwith to depart for the kingdom of the gods. The Woodcarver knew that this was the device of the Painter, and resolved to meet craft with craft, but, dissembling his feelings, asked by what means he was to win thither. Hereupon the Khán sent for the Painter, and ordered him to declare the way and manner of the journey to the kingdom of the gods. The Painter replied, addressing the Woodcarver: "When thou hast collected all the materials and instruments appertaining to thy calling, and hast gathered them at thy feet, thou shalt order a pile of beams of wood well steeped in spirit distilled from sesame grain to be heaped around thee. Then, to the accompaniment of every solemn-sounding instrument, kindle the pile, and rise to the gods' kingdom, borne on the obedient clouds of smoke as on a swift charger."

The Woodcarver durst not refuse the Khán's behest, but obtained an interval of seven days in order to collect the materials and implements of his calling, and also to devise some plan of avenging himself upon the Painter. Returning home he consulted with his wife, who proposed a means of evading while seeming to obey the Khán's command. In a field belonging to her husband, not far from the house, she caused a large flat stone to be laid, on which the sacrifice was to be consummated, and, at night, beneath it she had an underground passage made communicating with the house. And when the eighth day came, the Khán and all the people were assembled round the pile of wood steeped in spirit distilled from sesame grain in the Woodcarver's field, and in the midst of it stood the Woodcarver, calm and impassable, while all kinds of musical instruments sent forth their solemn-sounding tones. And when the smoke began to rise in concealing density, the Woodcarver pushed aside the stone with his feet and returned to his house by the underground passage. The Painter, never doubting but that he must have fallen a prey to the flames, rubbed his hands, and, pointing to the curling smoke, cried to the people: "Behold the spirit of

Ananda the Woodcarver ascending to the kingdom of the gods!" And all the people, believing him, echoed his words.

For the space of a whole month the Woodcarver remained secluded in his house, daily washing his face with milk and keeping out of the sunshine. Then his wife brought him a garment of white gauze, with which he covered himself, and, taking with him a letter which he had forged, he went into the presence of the Khán, who when he saw him said: "Thou art returned from the kingdom of the gods—how didst thou leave my father?" Then he gave the forged letter to the Khán, who caused it to be read aloud to the people. The letter stated that the Woodcarver had executed the sculptures well, but it was necessary that they should send thither Ananda the Painter, in order that they should be suitably decorated. When the Khán heard this letter read he was overjoyed, and he loaded the Woodcarver with rich presents. And then he sent for Ananda the Painter, and told him how his father in the kingdom of the gods required his services. On hearing this the Painter was seized with great fear, but when he looked at the Woodcarver, all white and radiant from the milk-washing, and clad in celestial raiment, as if the light of the gods' kingdom yet clove to him, and that the fire had not burnt him, neither should it burn himself: moreover, if he refused to go, death must be his portion, while if he went he should, like the Woodcarver, also receive great wealth on his return. So he consented to have his gear in readiness in seven days. And when the prescribed day arrived, the Khán, in his robes of state, and attended by his ministers and officers, and all the people assembled in the Painter's field, where was a great pile of wood steeped as before in spirit, and in the midst of it they placed the Painter; and, amidst the sound of all sorts of musical instruments, they set fire to the pile. At first the Painter bore the torture, expecting to rise on the clouds of smoke, but soon the extreme pain caused him to shout to the people to come and release him. But the sound of the music—his own device to drown the cries

of the Woodcarver—prevailed against him: no one could hear his cries, and he perished miserably in the flames.

This story is doubtless of Buddhist extraction; but it is not very probable that our author was indebted to any Mongolian version such as the foregoing for the materials of the tale he has told so well, in which he represents the vile complotters against the life of Farrukhrúz as crying out for mercy when they saw the awful doom they had brought upon themselves, and the silly King of Yaman as still firm in the belief that they should really go to Paradise and return in safety with his beatified ancestors' grand presents.

As a pendant, I may reproduce, from Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain's interesting collection of *Aino Folk-Tales*, privately printed for the Folk-Lore Society, 1888, the story of "The Wicked Wizard Punished" (No. XXV):

One day a wizard told a man whom he knew that if any one were to climb a certain mountain-peak and jump off on to the belt of clouds below, he would be able to ride about on them as on a horse and see the whole world. Trusting in this, the man did as the wizard had told him, and in very truth was enabled to ride about on the clouds. He visited the whole world in this manner, and brought back a map which he had drawn of the whole world, both of men and gods. On arriving back at the mountain-peak in Aino-land, he stepped off the cloud on to the mountain, and, descending to the valley, told the wizard how successful and delightful the journey had been, and thanked him for the opportunity kindly granted him of seeing sights so numerous and so strange. The wizard was overcome with astonishment. For what he had told the other man was a lie—a wicked lie, invented with the sole intention of causing his death, for he hated him. Nevertheless, seeing that what he had simply meant for an idle tale was apparently an actual fact, he decided

to see the world himself in this easy fashion. So, ascending the mountain-peak, and seeing a belt of clouds a short way below, he jumped off on to it, but was instantly dashed to pieces in the valley below. That night the god of the mountain appeared to the good man in a dream, and said: "The wizard has met with the death which his fraud and folly deserved. You I kept from hurt, because you are a good man. So when, obedient to the wizard's advice, you leapt off on to the cloud I bore you up, and showed you the world to make you a wiser man. Let all men learn from this how wickedness leads to condign punishment!"

Such a tale as this is not at all likely to have been invented by a race so low in the scale of humanity as the Ainos; and we must, I think, consider it as one of the tales and legends which they derived from the Japanese. As it is, the story presents a remarkable general resemblance to the Mongolian tale of the Woodcarver and the Painter, of which one might almost say it is a reflection or an adaptation.

The King and his Four Ministers.

Under the title of "Strike, but Hear," a considerably abridged and modified version of this Tale is given in the Rev. Lal Behári Day's *Folk-Tales of Bengal* (London: Macmillan & Co., 1883), of which this is the substance:

A king appoints his three sons to patrol in turn the streets of his capital during the night. It happens that the youngest prince in going his rounds one night sees a very beautiful woman issuing from the palace, and he asks to know what business she is bent upon at such an hour. She replies: "I am the guardian deity of this palace. The king will be killed this night, and therefore I am going away." The prince persuades the goddess to return into the palace and await the event. He enters his father's bed-chamber and discovers a huge cobra near the royal couch, and at once cuts the deadly snake into many pieces,

which he puts into a brass vessel that was in the room. Then seeing that some drops of the serpent's blood had fallen on his step-mother's bosom, he wraps a piece of cloth round his tongue to protect it from the poison, and licks off the blood. The lady awakes, and recognises him as he is leaving the room. She accuses him to the king of having used an unpardonable freedom with her. In the morning the king sends for his eldest son and asks him: "If a trusted servant should prove faithless, how should he be punished?" The prince replies: "Surely his head should be parted from his body. But before doing so, you should ascertain whether the man is actually guilty." And then he proceeds to relate the

Story of the Woman who knew the Language of Animals.

There was in former times a goldsmith who had a grown-up son, whose wife was acquainted with the language of animals, but she kept secret from her husband and all others the fact of her being endowed with such a rare gift. It happened one night that she heard a jackal exclaim: "There is a dead body floating on the river; would that some one might give me that body to eat, and for his pains take the diamond ring from the finger of that dead man." The woman arose from her bed and went to the bank of the river, and her husband, who had not been asleep, got up and followed her unobserved. She went into the water, drew the corpse on to the land, and, being unable to loose the ring from the dead man's finger, which had swelled, she bit off the finger, and, leaving the corpse on the bank of the river, returned home, whither she had been preceded by her husband. Almost petrified by fear, the young goldsmith concluded from what he had seen that his wife was not a human being but a *rákshasí*: and early in the morning he hastened to his father and related the whole affair to him—how the woman had got up during the night and gone to the river, out of which she dragged a dead body on to the land, and was busy devouring it when he ran home in horror at the loathsome sight. The

old man was greatly shocked, and advised his son to take his wife on some pretext into the forest, and leave her there to be destroyed by wild beasts. So the husband caused the woman to get herself ready to go on a visit to her parents, and after a hasty breakfast they set out. In going through a dense *jangal*, where the goldsmith purposed abandoning his wife, she heard a serpent cry: "O passenger, I pray thee to seize and give me that croaking frog, and take for thy reward the gold and precious stones concealed in yonder hole." The woman at once seized the frog and threw it towards the serpent, and then began digging into the ground with a stick. Her husband quaked with fear, thinking that his ghúl-wife was about to kill him; but she called to him, saying: "My dear husband, gather up all the gold and precious gems." Approaching the spot with hesitation, he was surprised to perceive an immense treasure laid bare by his wife, who then explained to him how she had learned of it from the snake that lay coiled up near them, whose language she understood. Then said he to his wife: "It is now so late that we cannot reach your father's house before dark, and we might be slain by wild beasts. Let us therefore return home." So they retraced their steps, and approaching the house, the goldsmith said to his wife: "Do you, my dear, go in by the back door, while I enter by the front and show my father all this treasure." The woman accordingly went in by the back door and was met by her father-in-law, who, on seeing her, concluded that she had killed and devoured his son, and striking her on the head with a hammer which he happened to have in his hand she instantly fell down dead. Just then the son came into the room, but it was too late.

"I have told your majesty this story," adds the eldest prince, "in order that, before putting the man to death, you should make sure that he is guilty."

The king then calls his second son, and asks him the same question as he had asked his brother, to which he replies by relating the

Story of the King and his Faithful Horse.

Once a king while engaged in the chase was separated from his attendants, and seeing what he conceived to be rain-water dropping from the branch of a tree, being very thirsty, he held his drinking-cup under it until it was nearly filled, and as he was about to put it to his lips his horse purposely moved so as to cause the contents to be spilled on the ground, upon which the king in a rage drew his sword and killed the faithful animal. But afterwards discovering that what he had taken for rain-water was poison that dropped from a cobra in the tree, his grief knew no bounds.

Calling his third son, the king asks him what should be done to the man who proved false to his trust, and the prince tells the

Story of the Wonderful Fruit

which bestowed perennial youth on him who ate of it, with some unimportant variations from the same story in our Romance.

Then the youngest prince explained the occasion of his presence in the royal bed-chamber, and how he had saved the king and his consort from the cobra's deadly bite. And his majesty, overjoyed and full of gratitude, strained his faithful son to his heart, and ever afterwards cherished and loved him with all a father's love.

Another version is orally current in Kashmír, and, under the title of "The Four Princes," a translation of it is given by the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles in his excellent collection, *Folk-Tales of Kashmír*, from which are extracted the following details :

Four clever and handsome young princes are hated by their step-mother, who persuades her husband the king to cease his personal and secret inspection of the city and adjacent towns and villages—which had long been his custom, going about at night in disguise—and appoint his four grown-up, idle sons to the

duties. But still the queen is jealous of them, and poisons the king's mind against them, so that he speaks harshly to his worthy sons, without any apparent cause. One night the four princes met together and discussed the altered conduct of the king towards them, and the three younger proposed that they should privily quit the country, but this was strenuously opposed by the eldest brother, who suggested that they should rather take turn and patrol the city, one of them each night, to which they agreed. It happened that the eldest prince, in the course of his perambulation one night, came past the hut of a Bráhman, whom he saw gazing out of the open window towards the heavens, and presently heard him say to his wife that he had just observed the king's star obscured by another star, which indicated that his majesty would die in seven days. His wife asked him how he should die then, and he replied that a black snake would descend from the sky on the seventh day, enter the royal bed-chamber by the door that opened into the courtyard, and bite the king's toe, thus causing his death. Then the Bráhman made a sacrifice, and, after prayers and incantations, he told his wife farther, that the king's life would be saved if one of his relations dug pits in the courtyard on the east side of the palace, filled some with water and the others with milk, and scattered flowers on the ground between the ponds and the door of the king's room. He must be ready, sword in hand, outside the door at the appointed time, when the snake will come and swim across the ponds and pass over the flowers, after which it will become comparatively harmless. Then he must strike and slay the snake with his sword, and taking some of its warm blood smear it over the king's toes—thus will he be preserved from evil. The prince, having treasured these directions in his memory, on the seventh day follows them exactly, and having taken some of the snake's blood, gently opens the door of the king's chamber and enters, having first tied a bandage over his eyes, that he should not see the queen. But being thus blindfolded he smears the blood on the queen's toes instead of those

of the king, which causes her to awake, and to shriek on seeing a man glide out of the room, which awakes the king, who recognises his eldest son as the intruder. The queen, on discovering the blood on her feet concludes that it was a rákshasa, and becomes frantic with fright, but her husband sets her mind at rest by telling her that he is now assured of the wickedness of his sons, who had employed a demon to destroy them both, and he would have them all executed on the morrow, at which the queen was highly delighted. Then the king causes the four princes to be stripped of their royal robes and thrown into a dungeon. In the morning they are brought into the presence of the king, who gives order for their immediate execution, and they are being led away when one of them made signs and prostrated himself before the throne, as if he wished to say something. "Let him speak," said the king. "Perhaps he wants to relieve his heart of some foul secret—let him speak." The prince then began to relate the

Story of the Merchant and his Faithful Dog,

which differs materially from our story of the Hunter and his Dog (p. 206), but agrees with some versions current in various parts of India: A young merchant meets four men who are quarrelling over the possession of a poor dog, which they are dragging about most unmercifully. They tell him it is not an ordinary dog, for their late father charged them not to sell it for less than 20,000 rupís. He gives them the money and takes the dog with him. By-and-by he loses all his wealth through a series of unfortunate transactions, and borrows 15,000 rupís of another merchant on the security of his dog. One night a gang of robbers break into the merchant's house and carry off all his valuables. They are followed unobserved by the dog, who watches them dig a pit and bury the treasure in it, intending to return and share their booty when they might do so with safety. Next day the dog, by means of signs, leads the merchant to the spot where his wealth was hidden, and when it is discovered,

full of gratitude to the faithful animal, he writes out an acquittance of the young merchant's loan, and having related the great service the dog had done him expressed a wish to purchase the dog, for which he enclosed a draft for 30,000 rupís, and putting the letter in the dog's mouth, sends him back to his master. As the dog is trotting along he meets his master, who, concluding that he had run away, and that the merchant would quickly follow, determined to kill the animal, and if the merchant should come, he would say: "Give me back my dog, and I will return the money." But when he had killed his dog and was about to take the carcase up, in order to conceal it, the letter dropped from his mouth, and the young merchant, stricken with remorse, fell down insensible.

Another of the princes then steps forward and relates the

Story of the Woman who knew the Language of Animals,

which does not differ very much from the same tale in the Bengalí collection, cited on p. 505, above, excepting that in place of a goldsmith the husband is a *shikárí*, or hunter; it is a bracelet set with five precious stones, not a diamond ring that the woman takes off the corpse in the river, and a crow, not a serpent, that tells of the treasure underground; and it is her father-in-law, not her husband, who accompanies her, and it is her husband who kills her when she comes home, thinking that she had devoured his father.

The youngest prince next makes his obeisance to his majesty and obtains leave to relate the

Story of the King and his Falcon.

which is similar to that of the King and his Faithful Horse in the Bengalí version: The king is about to drink of some water he had drawn from a spring, when his falcon dashed the cup out of his hand, whereupon the thirsty and enraged king drew his sword and killed his favourite bird. Afterwards a huge and

deadly snake was found coiled up at the head of the spring, and too late the king saw that the falcon had saved his life.

His majesty having heard these stories, now began to suspect that his wife had deceived him regarding his four sons, and when the eldest prince had explained the whole affair, and shown the king the pits of water and milk and the body of the serpent, he was fully reconciled to them, and abdicating the throne in favour of his eldest son, and appointing the others to be governors of provinces, he retired to the wilderness and became a hermit.

The Lost Camel—p. 194.

Few stories are more widely spread than that of the Lost Camel, which occurs in the opening of our romance. It was formerly, and perhaps is still, reproduced in school-books as a reading exercise. Voltaire, in chapter iii of *Zadig, ou la Destinée*, (the substance of which he is said to have derived from Geuelette's *Soirées Bretonnes*), gives a version in which a lost palfrey and a she-dog are accurately described by the "sage" from the traces they had left on the path over which they passed.

The oldest known written form of the story of the Lost Camel is in the great work of Mas'udí, the celebrated Arabian historian, 'Meadows of Gold and Mines of Gems,' which has not yet been completely translated into English.—In an Arabic MS. text of the *Alf Layla wa Layla* (Thousand and one Nights), brought from the East by Wortley Montague, and now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, it forms an incident in the tale of the Sultan of Yaman's Three Sons: After their father's death the three royal youths quarrel over the succession to the throne, and at length agree to submit their respective claims to one of their father's tributary princes. On the road one of them remarks: "A camel has lately passed this way, loaded with grain on one side and with sweetmeats on the other." The second observes: "And the camel is blind of one eye." The third adds: "And it has lost its tail." The owner comes up to them, and on hearing their descripton of his beast forces them to go with him before the king

of the country, to whom they explain how they discovered the defects of the camel and its lading. In this form it also occurs in the Turkish collection translated under the title of *Turkish* Evening Entertainments—see *ante*, p. 472—with the addition of a woman riding on the back of the camel, she having got off the animal during a temporary halt, and left her small footprints in the sand.

In a Siberian version three youths are met by a man, who asks them if they have seen his camel, to which they reply by describing the colour and peculiarities of the animal so exactly that he accuses them to the prince of the country of having stolen it. "I have lost a camel, my lord," says he; "and when I met these three young men we saluted, and I told them of my loss. One of these youths asked me: 'Was thy camel of a light colour?' The second: 'Was thy camel lame?' And the third: 'Was thy camel not blind of an eye?' I answered 'Yes' to their questions. Now decide, my lord. It is evident that these young men have stolen my camel." Then the prince asked the eldest: 'How did you know that the camel was of a light colour?' He answered: "By some hairs which had fallen on the ground when it rubbed itself against the trees." The two others gave answers similar to those in our version. Then said the prince to the man: "Thy camel is lost; go and look for it." So the stranger mounted his horse and departed.[1]

Captain (now Sir) Richard F. Burton, in his *Scinde, or the Unhappy Valey*, vol. i, p. 142, thus describes how a *paggi*, or tracker, sets about discovering a strayed camel: "He ties on his slippers with packthread, winds his sheet tight round his

1 Radloff's *Proben der Volksliteratur der Türkischen Stamme des Süd-Siberiens;* St. Petersburg: 1870; iii, 389.—The story is also found in the Hebrew *Talmud*: Two slaves are overheard by their master conversing about a camel that had preceded them on the road. It was blind of an eye, and laden with two skin bottles, one of which contained wine, the other oil. (Hershon's *Talmudic Miscellany.*)—See also M. Zotenberg's *Chronique de Tabari*, t. ii, 357—361.

waist, and squatting upon the ground scrutinises the footprint before he starts, with all the air of a connoisseur, making meanwhile his remarks aloud: 'He is a little, little camel—his feet are scarcely three parts grown—he treads lightly with the off foreleg, and turns this toe in—his sole is scarred—he is not laden—there he goes—there—there, he is off to the jungles of Shaykh Radhan'."

The Hunter and his Dog—p. 206.

A variant of this story is cited from a Cawnpore newspaper in the *Asiatic Journal*, vol xv (new series), Part II, October, 1834, p. 78, which is to the following effect: A man named Dabí had a dog called Bhyro, the faithful companion of his travels, who guarded his goods from robbers while he slept. He wished to go to a distant part of the country on a speculation in grain, but had not sufficient funds for this purpose. After much cogitation he at length resolved to pledge his dog for 1000 rupís, and when he applied to several persons was laughed at for his folly; but a wealthy merchant named Dyarám gave the money, on condition that it should be paid back within twelve months, taking the dog Bhyro in pledge. When eleven months had passed the merchant began to bewail the stupidity which had induced him to lend so large a sum on so precarious a security. His relentings were, however, premature. One dark and dreary night he was aroused from his slumbers by a great noise, occasioned by the clashing of swords and the barking of Bhyro. A band of armed men had entered the house with intent to plunder, but before they could effect their purpose they had been observed by the faithful Bhyro, who commenced an attack upon them. Before Dyarám could render any assistance Bhyro had laid two of the robbers dead at his feet; a third, on the approach of Dyarám, aimed a blow at his head, which was prevented from taking effect by Bhyro seizing the ruffian by the throat and laying him prostrate on the ground. After peace was restored Dyarám congratulated himself on

having received Bhyro in pledge for Dabí, by which act he not only escaped being plundered, but in all probability murdered. Next morning Dyarám called Bhyro, and, after caressing him, said: "The service you rendered me last night is more than an equivalent for the 1000 rupís I lent your master; go, faithful creature, I give you a free discharge from your obligation as security for him." Bhyro shook his head in token that it was impossible for him to go until his master returned; but Dyarám, comprehending his meaning, soon arranged matters, by writing a statement of the circumstances, and giving a voucher for the 1000 rupís. This document he tied round Bhyro's neck, which done, Bhyro expressed his delight by leaping about in every direction, and, after licking the hands of Dyarám, darted out of the house and set off in quest of his master. While these scenes were transpiring in Dyarám's house, Dabí was not unmindful of the pledge he had left behind him, and, having succeeded in his speculation, was returning with all haste to redeem it. At his last stage homewards he was surprised to see Bhyro approaching him with every demonstration of joy, but at sight of him Dabí's rage was kindled, and repulsing Bhyro as he fawned upon him he thus addressed him: "O ungrateful wretch! is this the return you have made for my kindness to you? and is this the manner in which you have established my character for veracity? You remained faithful to your trust during eleven months—could you not have held out for thirty short days? You have, by your desertion from your post, entailed dishonour upon me, and for this you shall die." And, so saying, he drew his sword and slew him. After having committed this deed, he observed a paper tied round Bhyro's neck, and having read it, his grief was indescribable. To atone in some measure for his rash act, he caused poor Bhyro to be buried on the spot where he fell, and a superb monument to be erected over his remains. To the grave of Bhyro, even at the present day, resort natives who have been bitten by dogs, they believing that the dust collected there, when applied to the wounds, is an antidote for hydrophobia.

It will be observed, on comparison, that the chief difference between this version and the Kashmírí story, cited in p. 509. is that in the latter the dog does not venture to attack the robbers, but follows them to the place where they conceal their plunder and next day leads his temporary master to the spot, while in the foregoing the dog Bhyro boldly flies at the rascals, and slays or disables three of them, thus preserving the house from being robbed. The Tamil version has the dog's killing the paramour of the merchant's wife in place of the robbery, and the tragical catastrophe of the suicides of all the characters.

A version given from Oudh, by Mr. G. H. Roberts, of Sítápúr, in *Indian Notes and Queries*, 1887, p. 150, agrees exactly with the Kashmírí story.

The Bráhman's Wife and the Mungús—p. 211.

This story is of world-wide popularity, and the preceding tale of the Hunter and his Faithful Dog must be considered as an offshoot from it. In this country the form in which it is generally known is the legend of Llewellyn and his hound Gellert, which has been so finely versified by Spencer. I have adduced many variants of the story in the Appendix to my *Book of Sindibád*. and have treated it still more fully in my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii. pp. 166–186, where, besides versions found in the *Sindibád* cycle (including, of course, the European *Seven Wise Masters*),[1] are given several Indian forms of the story, and lastly the oldest known version, from the *Vinaya Pitaka* of the Chinese collection of Buddhist books, which, according to Dr.

1 In a curious catch-penny imitation of the *Seven Wise Masters*, compiled by one Thomas Howard, about the end of the 17th century, or early in the 18th, entitled the *Seven Wise Mistresses* (of which I possess a well-thumbed copy printed in black letter), the story is told of a lady, and a lion who became attached to her in gratitude for her having pulled a thorn out of his foot—Androcles in petticoats! The lion kills a bear that would have slain the lady's father, and the steward coming up and finding the old gentleman lying prone on the earth, apparently dead, but, as it turns out, only in a swoon from sheer fright, forthwith kills the lion.

S. Beal—one of the greatest living authorities on Chinese Buddhist literature—probably dates from the time of Asoka's Council, B.C. 230. But indeed the story may be many thousands of years old, for there is no reason to suppose it to be of Buddhist invention; and we need not be surprised should it be discovered some day in an Egyptian papyrus.

This Tamil version is one of three known to me in which it is the mother, not the father, who kills the faithful animal, the others being one current in Ceylon, and one from the North-West Provinces, cited in a very entertaining work entitled *Past Days in India*, and also in the small collection of Indian tales appended by Vermieux to his *Hermit of Mottee Jhurna*, second edition, p. 101; it is, moreover, singular in representing the woman as destroying herself and her husband then killing his little son and afterwards himself—tragic incidents added by the author probably to enable the supposed narrator to more forcibly impress on the king's mind the terrible consequences of acting in affairs of moment with inconsiderateness and precipitation.

Among the Malays the story is told in this manner: A man left a tame bear in charge of his house and of his sleeping child while he was absent from home. On his return he missed the child and found the house in great disorder, as if some desperate struggle had taken place, and the floor was smeared with blood. Hastily concluding that the bear had killed his child, the enraged father slew the animal with his spear, but almost immediately afterwards found the carcase of a tiger, which the faithful bear had defeated and killed, and the child emerged unharmed from the *jangal*, where it had taken refuge.

The Faithless Wife and the Ungrateful Blind Man—p. 215.

Two very bad characters, and the less my readers have to do with such, the better for their own peace of mind, I trow!—There is a tale in the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* of a woman who cruelly abandoned her helpless husband in the *jangal*, and went

off with a lusty young fellow, but I am unable to say in which chapter of that most valuable and entertaining collection it occurs, though I made a special search for it.

As a set-off to the faithless wife of the blind man—who afterwards proves to be himself an arrant scoundrel—read the touching address of Damayanti to her husband the ruined Rájá Nala, when he proposes in the *jangal* that she should return to her parents and leave him to his fate: "O king, thinking of thy purpose, my heart trembleth, and all my limbs become faint. How can I go, leaving thee in the lone woods, despoiled of thy kingdom and deprived of thy wealth, thyself without a garment on, and worn with hunger and toil? When, in the deep woods, fatigued and afflicted with hunger, thou thinkest of thy former bliss, I will, O great monarch, soothe thy weariness. In every sorrow, there is no medicine equal unto the wife, say the physicians. It is the truth, O Nala, that I speak unto thee!"[1]

A story somewhat resembling the incident of the blind man and the honest Setti will be found in the notes on the ROSE OF BAKAWALI, under the heading of 'The Bráhman and the Lion.'

The Wonderful Mango Fruit—p. 220.

Analogues of this story are found in a Canarese collection entitled *Kathá Manjarí*, with a magpie in place of a parrot as the bearer of the youth-renewing fruit, and in the *Túti Náma* (or Parrot-Book) of Nakhshabí, a work written A.D. 1329, which has not yet been completely translated into English, and is now generally known from Káderi's abridgment.

Fruits having the property of restoring the youth and vigour of those who ate of them figure in many Asiatic stories—there is a notable instance in the opening of the Indian collection entitled *Sinhasana Dwatrinsati*, or Thirty-two (Tales) of a Throne. And from the East the notion was introduced into the European

1 *Mahábhárata*, Book iii ('Vana Parva'), section lxi.—Dean Milman has rendered the ever fresh story of Nala and Damayanti into the most elegant English verse.

mediæval romances; for example, in the *Boke of Duke Huon of Burdeux*, "at the bidding of an angel," I quote from Mr. Sydney L. Lee's notes to his edition of the work printed for the Early English Text Society, "Huon gathers three of the Apples of Youth, each of which when eaten by a man of eighty or a hundred years old transforms him to a young man of thirty. Huon bestows one of the apples on the admiral of Tauris and his white hair and beard grow yellow as he eats it, and he suddenly becomes a youth of strength and beauty. The second is eaten by the abbot of Cluny, who is 114 years old, with similar results. The third rejuvenates Thierry, emperor of Germany."

The Poisoned Food—p. 226.

This is the third instance in the romance of food being poisoned by serpents, and it is of very common occurrence in Eastern fictions. The oldest known form of the story is found in a Sanskrit collection entitled *Vetálapanchavinsati*, or Twenty-five (Tales) of a Vetála, or Vampyre, which is given fully in the Appendix to my *Book of Sindibád*, and the story occurs in all the Eastern texts of the Sindibád cycle. This Tamil version is peculiar in representing an old man as falling a victim to the poison dropped from a snake's mouth into food given him by a young pilgrim, and the imprisoning of the latter in the village temple of Kálí and so forth. In all other versions known to me, the poison is dropped into an open dish of milk carried by a slave-girl on her head, and her master's guests, partaking of the milk, all perish.

The Rescued Snake—p. 231.

With an important difference, this tale resembles that of the Bráhman and the Lion, p. 254, which is a variant of the world-wide fable of the Hunter and the Serpent—the difference being that in this case the snake ultimately rewards its rescuer. In the story of Nala and Damayanti, the rájá rescues a snake from a *jangal* fire and carries it some distance and is about to set it

down when the snake says: "Carry me ten steps farther, and count them as you go." So Nala proceeds, counting the steps—one, two, three; and when he says "ten" (Sansk. *dasa*, which means "bite" as well as "ten") the snake takes him at his word and bites the rájá on the forehead, upon which he becomes black. But this the snake does for Nala's own benefit, that he should not be recognised in his degradation.

The Rose of Bakawali.

In the Introduction to the present collection will be found the few particulars which are known regarding this romance and its original Persian author. There is, I think, strong evidence of its being of Hindú extraction. In the absence of any similar work in Sanskrit or one of the vernacular languages of India, we can only suppose that the author of the *Gul-i Bakáwalí* drew his materials from various and more or less distinct, or separate, fictions; and this supposition seems fully borne out by the somewhat loose arrangement of the later incidents. The narrative down to the end of the sixth chapter (p. 315), as I have divided it, is complete in itself: the Prince wins at backgammon the immense wealth of Dilbar, and her own person besides; he is married to the beauteous damsel Mahmúda; he procures the magical Rose; he has a splendid palace erected for him by the fairies, becomes reconciled to his father, and puts his false brothers to shame; and after a number of wondrous adventures is united to the fairy Bakáwalí, and "passed his time with these rosy-lipped beauties, immersed in a sea of bliss." Surely this is the usual conclusion of a romance, and all that follows was an afterthought. It is, of course, quite in keeping with "the fitness of things" romantic that the hero should have to undergo some tribulation before becoming possessed of Bakáwalí; but that fairy's subsequent punishment by the deity Indra; the hero's marriage with the princess Chitrawat; the re-birth of Bakáwalí—

which, as I have already remarked, is quite out of place in a Muslim work, though very proper in a Hindú story; and the love-affair of Bahrám are evidently incidents which have been taken out of different tales, albeit we should be sorry to have them omitted, for they are all very entertaining.

The Magical Flower—p. 242.

The quest of a wonderful flower, or other object, having the virtue of restoring sight to the blind, or of bestowing perennial youth, or of bringing back the dying to life and health, is the theme of many folk-tales. Besides the magical Rose from the garden of the fairy Bakáwalí, which cured the king's blindness (p. 271), we have another instance in the romantic adventures of Hatim Taï (*ante*, p. 467), in the case of the blind man confined in a cage; and in the same work—but not mentioned in my epitome of it—we are told that in the course of Hatim's Second Adventure he came to the capital of Mahparí, the king of the fairies, and learned that his son had become blind. Hatim tries the effect of his talisman on the eyes of the young prince, and it removes the pain, but not the blindness. He is then informed that "there is a tree that grows amidst the shades of Zulmát [or region of darkness, where is also the Water of Life], which is named Nandar; and from this tree distils a liquid of such rare virtue that if even a drop of it could be procured it would be the means of restoring the prince's sight. A fairy in love with Hatim gives him a guard of seven thousand troops, and he at once sets out on his dangerous journey. Having arrived in the region of darkness, Hatim takes some of the wondrous liquid, and returning in safety applies a few drops to the prince's eyes, when his sight is immediately restored.

The myth of the Water of Life is of ancient date, and it was probably introduced into Europe from the East during the Crusades. In Rabbinical lore it is said that Solomon sent one of his officers for the Water of Immortality, but when he returned successful the sage monarch would have none of it,

because he did not wish to survive all his female favourites! According to the Muslim legend, Alexander despatched the mythical prophet Al-Khizar on a similar errand, but no sooner had he drank of the water than it disappeared, and this is how Al-Khizar possesses everlasting youth.

A Fountain of Youth figures prominently in the *fabliau* which chants the delights of the Land of Cockaigne; and in Conrad of Wartzburg's *Trojan War* (of the 13th century) Medea obtains water from Paradise to renew the youth of Jason's father. In the romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*, the doughty hero finds the Fount of Youth on Alexander's Rock, and bathing in it is at once restored to vigorous health.

The quest of the Rose in the garden of Bakáwalí, to cure the king's blindness, finds an analogue in the German tale of the Water of Life, in the collection of the Brothers Grimm—indeed, they are very closely allied: A king is sick unto death. The first and the second of his sons set out in succession to procure for him the Water of Life, but they behave rudely to a dwarf on the road and he enchants them. The third son next undertakes the adventure, and meeting the dwarf is civil and courteous towards him, and in reward the dwarf directs the youth on his way. Following all the instructions of the dwarf, he comes to a castle, which he enters, unhurt by the two lions at the gate. In one room he finds a number of knights in a trance, and taking the rings off their fingers he puts them on his own. Going into another room he sees on a table a sword and a loaf, which he also takes. In a third room he discovers a beautiful damsel on a couch, who welcomes him joyfully, and says that he should have the kingdom if he would free her from the spell by which she is bound, and come back in a year and marry her. Returning homeward, the dwarf tells him that the sword would at a single blow slay a whole army, and the bread would never fail him. But the brave youth will not go home without his brothers, and so the dwarf sets them free. While the three brothers are sailing in a ship, the two elder substitute for the Water of Life a

bottle of sea water, which makes the king worse when he drinks some of it. Then the two elder brothers give him the real water and he is cured. But in the end, as in our Tale, the hero turns the tables on his brethren and marries the princess.

Readers of the *Arabian Nights* will recollect that Prince Ahmed is required by his father, at the suggestion of an envious vazír, to get him some water from the Lion's Spring, and his bride, the Parí Bánú, directs him how to win past the lions, and so forth. There can be little doubt that both the German and the Arabian stories have a common origin. Again, in the tale of the Envious Sisters, with which our ordinary English version of the *Arabian Nights* concludes, the Fountain of Golden Water has the property of disenchanting all the princes and nobles who had been turned to stone.—But it were tedious to farther multiply examples.

The Prince and Dilbar Playing Backgammon—p. 250.

From the most remote times of which any records have been preserved, wine, music, dancing, and *dice* seem to have gone together in the East. The ancient Arabs were passionately addicted to gaming, till Muhammed strictly forbade all games of chance ; a prohibition which—like that against wine-bibbing—has not been so strictly observed by all his followers, though Muslims are not, perhaps, so much given to gambling as most other Asiatic peoples. They are excessively fond of chess, which, however, cannot be included amongst games of pure chance. Of all races, the Chinese are probably the most inveterate gamblers : they will play at hazard till they have lost all their possessions, wives, and children, and finally their own freedom. In our own country the mania for dice-play was fatally common among the upper and middle classes until within comparatively recent years, and if all stories be true, gaming with cards or dice, though forbidden by law, is still only too prevalent, to the speedy ruin of the deluded votaries of the

Goddess of Chance. For it would appear that, though some gamesters may win and others of course lose, yet nobody is ever a gainer in the end, and hence we must conclude that *all* the winnings go to—the Devil!

The Hindús have always been infatuated gamesters, and of this we have ample evidence in the noble Indian epic, the *Mahábhárata*, out of which one or two notable examples may suffice. In the Second Book (*Sabha Parva*—Effort Chapter), sections lix–lxvi, Yudhisthira, the eldest of the Pandavas, plays at dice with Shakuni, who by foul means[1] wins all his wealth, then his kingdom, then his brothers one by one, then Yudhisthira himself, and finally his spouse Draupadi. In the Third Book (*Vana Parva*—Forest Chapter), sections lix–lxi, Rájá Nala, infatuated by Kali, who had possessed him, plays at dice with his brother Pushkara and loses his wealth and his kingdom, but refusing to stake his sweet queen Damayanti he goes accompanied by her into exile. Ultimately, having exchanged with Vahuka his skill in dice-play for his own wonderful knowledge of horses, Nala plays again with his brother and wins back his kingdom.[2]

European fiction furnishes analogous incidents to those above cited. For example, in the mediæval romance of *Guerni de Monglave*, the hero loses his kingdom at a game of chess. In W. Harrison Ainsworth's novel (or "romance") of *Old Saint Paul's*, in the chapter entitled "The Bully and the Gamester" the latter, after losing all his money, is induced to stake his wife on a "cast of the ivories"—and his opponent wins. In Prior's *Danish Ballads*, 'Sir Thor and the Maiden Silvermor,' vol. iii,

1 Possibly Shakuni used loaded dice when it came to his turn to throw. "Some of the virtues may be modern," says Lord Lytton (I quote from memory), "but it is certain that all the vices are ancient: cogged dice were found at Pompeii!"

2 *The Mahabharata* of Krishna-Dwapayana Vyasa. Translated into English Prose by Protap Chandra Roy. Now in course of serial issue at Calcutta. *Sabha Parva*, fasic. xi, pp. 155–172; *Vana Parva*, fasic. xiv, pp. 174–177; 230.

p. 151 ff., a damsel stakes her own person on a single throw of dice, and loses.—Other instances occur in the early European romances.

In the latter portion of "All for a Pansa," in the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles' *Folk-Tales of Kashmír*, we have a pretty close parallel to the incident of the Prince and Dilbar at the game of *nard*, or backgammon, but a very ancient version is found in the following Panjábí legend,[1] which recounts

HOW RAJA RASALU PLAYED AT CHESS WITH RAJA SIRIKAP FOR THEIR HEADS.

News was once brought to King Rasálú that at Kot Bhitaur on the Indus lived a certain Rájá, Sirikap by name, who was notorious for his ferocity, and renowned for his skill in chess-playing. King Sirikap only played with those who would accept his conditions, which were: In the first game the stakes were to be horse, clothes, and lands. In the second game the stake was to be the loser's head. King Rasálú, who could not bear the thought of a rival in anything, resolved to visit him. So he called his captains together and said: "I am going to try my luck against King Sirikap. But if I lose the game and forfeit my head, say, what will you, my followers, do?" One of the officers answered: "You may lose the game, and you may lose your head, O king, but one thing is very certain—if you lose your head, the head of Rájá Sirikap will be forfeited too. Of this he shall be certified."

Then the king mounted his horse and rode to Kot Bhitaur, the castle of the "handsome" Sirikap the Beheader. King Sirikap welcomed his brother king with every demonstration of affection, and conducted him into his palace. "O youth," said

1 Translated by the Rev. Chas. Swynnerton, in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. i, 1883, pp. 134-139.—The same story will be found, at much greater length, in Captain R. C. Temple's most valuable collection, *Legends of the Panjáb*, vol. i, p. 48 ff.

he, "you must have come from a long distance. What is the purpose of your visit?" "My kingdom is Siálkot," answered Rasálú. "Your fame as a chess-player kindled my ambition, and I have come to play with you; only, as I am now fatigued, let us play, if it please you, to night." To this Sirikap agreed, and King Rasálú, having refreshed himself, descended from the mountain rock on which the castle stood, and walked to the bank of the river. There he saw struggling in the water some small clusters of ants which were being washed away, and stooping down he saved them. Then he saw a drowning hedgehog, and, being a humane man, he saved it also, and one of the attendants begged for it to amuse the servants in the castle above. Going a few steps farther, he came to a breakwater, which was close to the castle-rock, and there he heard a voice proceeding from the cliff: "O sir, you have come to Kot Bhitaur to play at chess with Rájá Sirikap. But I warn you that he is a magician." The astonished attendants looked about them and cried: "What voice is this?" but they perceived no one. Then they saw on the sand a representation of the game, well figured, and they said to the king: "O king—see, here is the game. It is an omen of good fortune. This is your conquering day." At this moment the mysterious voice again issued from the rock: "O prince—for such I perceive you to be—I have been witness of your humanity. To you I may confide my life, being satisfied that you will not betray me. Rájá Sirikap is a man of blood—deep, sudden, and treacherous; but observe what I say, and your life will be saved." "Speak on, O hidden one," answered King Rasálú. "First of all," continued the voice, "do you walk along the bank until you see a rat with a black head. Catch him and bring him here." The king obeyed, and returning to the crag he said: "The rat, O friend, I have found, as you said, but now I would find you." Climbing up the ledges of the steep rocks, he came to a roughly-fashioned cell in the face of the cliff, in which he discovered a lady of noble birth, chained by her feet to the floor. "Who are you?" said he;

"and whence came you here?" She answered him: "I am one of the five daughters of King Sirikap. My fault was one which I will not reveal to you now, but my punishment is imprisonment in this rocky cell. Yet I knew, by my power of divination, that a prince would come from a distant kingdom, strong and young, and that, having cut off my father's head, he would release me. In you I behold the prince of my prophetic dreams." "And I will release you," cried the king; "but first inform me how I am to be conqueror at the chess-board."

The princess then gave him full instructions how he should proceed in the trial of skill which awaited him. "First of all," said she, "play with the king only on a Tuesday, as to-day; and, secondly, play only once, and let the stake be the head of him who loses. You will proceed thus: Tie the rat with a string, and keep him near you, as you both sit on the floor, but keep him so that he may be visible. That King Sirikap may not suspect your design, lean your cheek upon your hand, and call out now and then: 'O Rájá Núl! O Rájá Núl!' for he was the inventor of the game of Chaupúr,[1] in which you will be engaged. There are two sets of men of eight pieces each, and they are of two different colours. Now at the critical point of the game Rájá Sirikap will give a certain signal, and straightway from his capacious sleeve will issue his magic cat. On her head she bears a light which renders her invisible, and which is also invisible to all but the king himself. The effect of the mysterious light is to throw a glamour over the king's adversary and to dazzle his eyes, so that he is unable to see, and during this interval the cat dexterously disposes the pieces in such a way that at the next move King Sirikap wins the game, and his adversary forfeits his wager. But do you, O Prince, in order to guard against surprise, keep the rat secure, and now and then put your disengaged hand upon it, and now and then take it off,

1 Chaupúr is the game of chess, played with 16 pieces, and throwing dice for each move. For a full description of this game see Captain R. C. Temple's *Legends of the Panjáb*, vol. i, p. 243.

patting it playfully. The moment the cat comes forth she will make a dash at the rat, and, coming in contact with your hand, the light will fall to the ground. Then keep her at bay, and the game will be yours for the cowardly heart of King Sirikap will begin to quake, and his disordered mind will ensure his discomfiture."

Having received his instructions, King Rasálú returned to the palace, and that night, being the eve of Tuesday, the two kings sat down to play. The issue of the game for some time was doubtful; but at last it was evident that a few more moves would decide the result in favour of Rájá Rasálú; when his rival made a secret signal, and the magic cat, unseen by any but himself, stole from his sleeve. The moment she did so she caught sight of the black-headed rat, and, forgetting her duty to her master, she instantly sprang towards it, but the hand of Rájá Rasálú, chanced to smite the light from her head and to keep her occupied until he had won the game.

Then sprang the mighty king to his feet and cried to his trembling rival: "The game is won and your head is my prize"; and drawing his long sword he was about to strike off his head, when Sirikap, lifting up his hands, implored a short respite, that he might enter his inner apartments and bid farewell to his family. That moment a messenger brought news to him that his queen had been delivered of a daughter. But he heeded it not. His perturbed soul was full of schemes as to how he might escape his impending fate. As he walked sadly from room to room, he said to himself: "If I hide in my own chambers I shall be discovered." So this idea he dismissed from his mind. But in an unfrequented corner his anxious eye caught sight of a large disused drum, and, disregarding his kingly dignity, he crept under that, and began to feel himself a little secure.

Rájá Rasálú was meanwhile pacing the hall with impatient strides, waiting for the return of his adversary. At last he could tarry no longer, so, calling his captains, he summoned King Sirikap to appear. But no answer was made to his call. He

then began a careful search of the whole of the castle, feeling satisfied that the king could not have passed his guards who were on the watch at every post. When he came to the drum, the quick eye of Rasálú detected that it had been recently moved. "Aha!" cried he, "the caitiff must be skulking here," and in another moment he dragged the dishonoured monarch forth by the heels. Then he handed him over to his officers. "As he was a king," said he, "lodge him in his own palace, but guard him well, for at sunset he must die." Then turning to Sirikap, he spurned him, saying: "O villain! hundreds of heads you have smitten off in your time with your own hand, and all for pastime, yet you never grieved or shed a tear. And now, when the same fate is to be your own, you sneak away and hide yourself in a drum."

Some time after this there entered the royal soothsayers, and they, addressing their fallen master, said: "Sir, we have sought for the interpretation of this mystery, why ruin should have visited your house, and we conclude that all this calamity is on account of your daughter, whose baneful star has crossed your own. She has come in an evil hour. Let her now be slain, and let her head be thrown into the Indus, and your life will be saved." Sirikap answered: "If my life depends on her, bring me her head, and mine may yet be saved." So a slave-girl was despatched to bring the infant to its father." And as she carried it along from the apartments of the queen she said: "O what a pretty child! I should like to save it." Rájá Rasálú, overhearing her, said: "Whither are you taking that child?" The slave-girl answered: "This is Rájá Sirikap's child, born only this very night. The Bráhman soothsayers have told my master that his child is the cause of all his misfortunes, and that her head is to be taken off to save his own." When Rájá Rasálú looked at the child he loved it, and became very sorrowful, knowing the power of divination. So he returned and said: "O Rájá Sirikap, your head shall be spared on certain conditions: First, you must surrender this infant princess in betrothal to me. Secondly, you

must become my vassal and pay me an annual tribute. Thirdly, you must consent to have your forehead branded with a red hot iron, in token of your vassalage. And fourthly, you must discontinue your bloody games at chess." To all these conditions King Sirikap was only too glad to agree. So a treaty was drawn up between the two kings, and it was confirmed and ratified in the presence of their principal officers.

After this Rájá Rasálú mounted his horse and was riding away when he thought of the princess in her lonely cell. Turning his horse's head, he sought the foot of the cliff and ascended to the cavern. "Of course," cried she, when she saw him, "you have won the game? But tell me, have you cut off my father's head?" "No," said he, "I have not." "What!" replied she, "have you beaten your antagonist in the game of death, yet not exacted the penalty of his failure? What luckless man are you?" Then King Rasálú explained to the princess all the circumstances of his adventure. "But," concluded he, "one thing I omitted, namely, to stipulate for your deliverance from captivity."

The princess, who expected no less than to be espoused to this handsome stranger, was overcome with distress. Seeing this, the king, who pitied her misfortunes, took up a piece of rock and broke her chain, and then, lifting her over his shoulder, he descended with her from the cavern, and carried her up to the palace of Rájá Sirikap, her father, who, seeing company returning and fearing some new calamity, once more endeavoured to conceal himself. But King Rasálú reassured him, and brought him forth, and said to him: "Behold, here is your daughter;—now say for what crime was she imprisoned?" "A certain prince," answered Sirikap, "came to play with me, and my rebellious daughter gave him, to sit upon, my fortunate carpet of state. 'Aha,' said I to myself, 'so, my lady, there's treason afloat?' upon which I ordered her to be perpetually chained and imprisoned." "One more condition," said Rájá Rasálú, with a stern air, "must be added to the others; it is, that you forgive

her, and that you let me know within three months that you have made a suitable match for her." Nor could Rájá Sirikap dare to dispute his new lord's will, but he received his daughter and provided suitably for her in accordance with his pledged word.

Once more King Rasálú mounted his charger, and at the head of his brave companions, whose lance-heads glittered in the sunlight, and whose accoutrements clashed merrily, he rode proudly away to his own capital. With him, in a magnificent litter, travelled the infant daughter of Sirikap, whose name was Kokilan.[1] She it was, who, in after years, when she grew to woman's estate, became his beautiful but ill-fated consort.[2]

It is not likely that our author adapted his story of the Prince and Dilbar the courtesan from the foregoing legend of Rájá Rasálú: the fact that a similar tale is current in Kashmír, as already mentioned, would seem to indicate that, in more or less different forms, it is known in various countries of Hindústán. But the Prince's game with Dilbar, mainly to rescue his brothers who had fallen into her toils, finds a curious analogue in the mediæval European romance which recounts the adventures of four brothers, Agravain, Gueret, Galheret, and Gauvain, all of whom set out, in different directions, in quest of Lancelot du Lac, according to the analysis given by Dunlop, in his *History of Fiction*: Agravain, as a *coup d'essai*, kills Druas, a formidable giant, but is in turn vanquished by Sorneham, the brother of Druas. His life is spared at the request of the conquerer's niece, and he is confined in a dungeon, where his preserver secretly brings him refreshments. Gueret also concludes a variety of adventures by engaging Sorneham, and being overcome is shut up in the same dungeon with his brother. Galheret, the third of the fraternity, comes to a castle where he is invited to play

1 Kokilan: "Cooing-dove."

2 The tragical story of Kokilan, with variants, will be found, under the title of "The Lover's Heart," in my *Popular Tales, &c.*, vol. ii, p. 187 ff.

with the lady at chess, on the condition that if he wins he is to possess her person and castle, but losing, should become her slave. The chessmen are ranged in compartments on the floor of a fine hall, are as large as life, and glitter with gold and diamonds. Each of them is a fairy and moves on being touched with a talisman. Galheret loses the game, and is confined with a number of other checkmated wights. Gauvain, however, soon after arrives, and vanquishes the lady at her own arms; but only asks the freedom of the prisoners, among whom he finds his brother. Having learned from an elfish attendant of the lady the fate of his two other brothers, he equips himself in the array of the chess-king. In this garb he engages Sorneham, who, being dazzled with the brightness of his attire, is easily conquered, by which means Agravain and Gueret are delivered from confinement.

The Bráhman and the Lion—p. 254.

There are few fables more widely spread than this, certainly in various forms, but always with the same result. In another work I have adduced a number of versions European and Asiatic,[1] and shall content myself with citing in this place a rather unique version from Mrs. Meer Hasan Ali's *Observations on the Mussulmans of India*, vol. ii, p. 330ff.:

A certain man is travelling on horseback through an immense forest, and observes fire consuming some bushes, in the centre of which is a great snake, who implores the traveller to save him. The traveller throws down his horse-bag and the snake creeps into it, and when the horseman takes it up and releases the snake the latter is about to bite him, and so forth. Having appealed to the *pípal*-tree and received the same answer as that of the banyan in our version, the two meet a camel-driver, who says the snake is right—it is "the way of the world" to return evil for good, and tells his own story: "I was," says he, "sole proprietor of a very fine strong camel, by whose labour I earned a handsome

1 *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, p. 262 ff.

livelihood, in conveying goods, and sometimes travellers, from place to place, as fortune served me. One day, returning home through an intricate wood, I approached a poor blind man, who was seated on the ground lamenting his hard fate. Hearing my camel's feet advance he redoubled his cries of distress, calling loud for help. He told me that he had been attacked by robbers, and that his boy-guide had been forced from him and taken as a slave. I seated him on my beast and proceeded with him to the city where he said he resided. Arriving there, I offered to assist the poor man to alight, but to my astonishment he began abusing me for my barefaced wickedness, collected a crowd about us by his cries for help from his persecutor, declared himself the master of the camel, and accused me of attempting to rob him now, as I had done his brother before. Hearing this plausible speech, the people dragged me before the judge, who sentenced me to be thrust out of the city with threat of greater punishment should I ever return. Therefore I say, the reward of good is evil." The fox is then appealed to with the usual result of leaving the ungrateful snake in the flames, there "to fry in his own fat."—This story of the camel-driver is somewhat analogous to that of the Setti and the Blind Man—*ante*, p. 215 ff.

The Princess and the Dív who exchanged Sexes—p. 279.

This droll story is of Hindú extraction, and in much the same form is still current in Southern India. In the "Exposition" prefixed to the Abbè Dubois' French translation of the Tamil version of the *Panchatantra*, p. 15, it is given with a few unimportant variations: The name of the king is Nihla-Kéton,[1] his country is called Anga-Dessa, and his capital, Barty-Poura. His wife was long sterile, and after many vows and prayers she at length gave birth to daughters only. Enraged at this, the king tells his prime minister, Vahaca, that he purposes divorcing

1 I follow M. Dubois' transliteration of the proper names.

his wife and taking another, and Vahaca tries to dissuade him from such a course. When the queen is again pregnant the minister offers to take her to his own house and treat her with every care, to which the king consents. The queen once more gives birth to a girl, and the prime minister announces it as a boy, greatly to the king's delight. He fixes the twelfth day for the *nama-carna* (name-giving) and intimates his intention of being present at the ceremony. But the minister bribes the *púhorita*, or royal astrologer, to tell the king that in consequence of the unfavourable aspect of his horoscope he must not see this child or allow it to be produced in public until it is grown up and married, otherwise dire calamities threaten both king and country. During 16 years the king must have his child educated at a distance from the palace, and this is undertaken by the prime minister. When the child is 15 the minister tells the king that a wife must be sought out for "him," and, taking the girl with him, he leads an army against the city of Pattaly-Poura, and there demands the king's daughter as wife to the "son" of King Nihla-Kéton, the marriage to take place in five days. These terms are accepted.—Meanwhile a giant-Bráhman (*un géant Brahme*), whose abode is in a large tree in the vicinity of the invading army, falls in love with the young princess, and demands her of the prime minister, but Vahaca explains that she is already betrothed, and therefore cannot be given to him. He then tells the giant the whole story of the girl's birth, the concealment of her sex, and so forth, imploring his aid, and suggesting that he should give the girl his sex and take hers for five or six nights, till the wedding and its festivities be over. The good-natured giant consents and exchanges sexes with the princess. The marriage is duly celebrated, soon after which the minister, the metamorphosed prince, and the real princess set out to return home. On the way they visit the giant, and the minister asks him to resume his proper sex. But he replies that "a neighbouring genie" had fallen in love with him, as a woman—and so on, as in our story.

Here, it will be seen on comparing the two versions, the chief differences are: the minister takes the place of the mother in deceiving the king as to the sex of the child; the foreign king is compelled to give his daughter in fear of an invading army; the minister prevails with the "giant" to exchange sexes with the princess, who does not, as in our story, go into the forest with the intention of destroying herself from shame. But in respect of this last incident, we shall find that our tale adheres more closely to the original than the Tamil version. The story occurs in the "Udyoga Parva" (Effort Book—the fifth) of the *Mahábhárata*, sections cxc-cxciii:

SANSKRIT ORIGINAL.

The first and best beloved wife of King Drupada had never borne him a child, and the king paid his adorations to Siva for years, in order to obtain the boon of a son. He practised the most austere penances, saying: "Let a son, and not a daughter, be born unto me, O Mahádeva! I desire a son, that I may revenge myself on Bhishma." At length the great deity said to him: "Thou shalt have a child who shall be female and male. Desist, O king! It will not be otherwise." Returning to his wife, he informed her of this decision of the great Siva—that his child should be first female and afterwards become male. In due time the wife of Drupada gave birth to a daughter, in accordance with the decree of Destiny, and she gave out that the child was a son. Then Drupada caused all the rites for a male child to be performed in respect of that concealed daughter as if she were really a son, and the child was named Sikhandin. And no man in all Kámpilya, save Drupada himself, knew the real sex of the child. Drupada bestowed great pains on the education of his child, teaching her writing, and painting, and the like arts. And in arrows and weapons the child became a disciple of Drona.

Then that royal couple fixed upon the daughter of Hiranyavarman, the king of the Dasárnas for wife to Sikhandin. And

he gave his daughter to Sikhandin, who, after the marriage, returned to Kámpilya. The daughter of Hiranyavarman soon came to know that Sikhandin was a woman like herself, and bashfully informed her nurses and companions of the fact. Then the nurses sent to the king and represented to him everything about the imposture, upon which the king was filled with wrath. He was a powerful monarch, with a great army, not easily to be overcome. And he despatched a messenger to Drupada, who, taking the king aside, said to him: "The king of the Dasárnas, O monarch, deceived by thee and wroth at the insult that thou hast offered him, hath said these words unto thee: 'Thou hast humiliated me! Without doubt, it was not wisely done by thee. Thou didst, from folly, solicit my daughter for thy daughter! O wicked one, reap now the consequence of that act of deception! I will now slay thee, with all thy relatives and advisers!'" Thus addressed, Drupada, like a thief caught in a net, could not at first speak. At length he sent a sweet speech, saying: "This is not so," in order to pacify the king of the Dasárnas. But he was not thus to be pacified; and, after consulting with his ministers, he again sent an envoy to Drupada, saying: "I will slay thee!" Now King Drupada was not naturally courageous, and the consciousness of his offence filled him with fear. He took counsel with his wife as to how they might best escape the wrath of the king of the Dasárnas, for he was already on the march against him with a large army.

Meanwhile Sikhandin, filled with grief, and saying to herself that it was solely on her account that her parents were now in such tribulation, resolved on putting an end to her own life. Having formed this determination, she left home, full of heavy sorrow, and went into a dense and solitary forest which was the haunt of a very powerful Yaksha, called Sthunákarna. From fear of that Yaksha,[1] man never went into that forest.

1 Yakshas, in the Hindú mythology, are a species of jinn, who are ruled over by Kuvera, the god of wealth.

And within it stood a mansion with high walls and a gateway, plastered over with powdered earth, and rich with smoke bearing the fragrance of fried paddy.[1] Entering that mansion, Sikhandin, the daughter of Drupada, began to reduce herself by foregoing all food for many days. Thereupon the Yaksha, who was endued with kindness, showed himself unto her. And he enquired of her, saying: "For what object is this endeavour of thine? I will accomplish it—tell me without delay." Thus asked, the maiden answered him, repeatedly saying: "Thou art unable to accomplish it." The Yaksha, however, rejoined: "I am a follower of the Lord of Treasures [*i.e.* Kuvera]. I can grant boons, O princess! I will grant thee even that which cannot be given! Tell me what thou hast to say." Thus assured, Sikhandin represented, in detail, everything that had happened, unto that chief of Yakshas called Sthunákarna. And she answered: "My father, O Yaksha, will soon meet with destruction. The ruler of the Dasárnas marcheth against him in rage. That king cased in golden mail is endued with great might and great courage. Therefore, O Yaksha, save me, my mother, and my father! Indeed, thou hast already pledged thyself to relieve my distress. Through thy grace, O Yaksha, I would become a perfect man! As long as that king may not depart from my city, so long, O great Yaksha, show me grace!" Hearing these words of Sikhandin, that Yaksha, afflicted by Destiny, said, after reflection: "Blessed lady, I will certainly do what thou wishest. Listen, however, to the condition I make: For a certain period I will give thee my manhood. Thou must, however, come back to me in due time. Pledge thyself to do so. Possessed of immense power, I am a ranger of the skies, wandering at pleasure, and capable of accomplishing whatever I wish. Through my grace, save thy city and thy kinsmen wholly! I will bear thy womanhood, O princess! Pledge thy troth to me, and I will do what is agreeable to thee." Sikhandin answered: "O holy one of excellent vows! I will give

1 Paddy (or pádí) is unhusked rice.

thee back thy manhood. O wanderer of the night! bear thou my womanhood for a short time. After the ruler of the Dasárnas has departed from my city, I will once more become a maiden and thou wilt become a man." Then they both made a covenant, and imparted into each other's body their sexes. And the Yaksha became a female, while Sikhandin obtained the blazing form of the Yaksha.

Then Sikhandin, having obtained manhood, entered his city in great joy and approached his father, to whom he represented everything that had happened; and Drupada became exceedingly glad, and, along with his wife, recollected the words of the great Siva. And he forthwith sent a messenger to the ruler of the Dasárnas, saying: "This my child *is* a male. Let it be believed by thee." Meanwhile the ruler of the Dasárnas had arrived at Kámpilya, and Drupada sent a messenger who was well versed in the Vedas. But Hiranyavarman addressed the envoy in these words: "Say unto that worst of kings: 'O thou wicked of understanding! having selected my daughter for the wife of thy daughter, thou shalt to-day, without doubt, behold the fruit of that deception.'" When the envoy returned and delivered this message to Drupada, he despatched another Bráhman learned in the Vedas to the ruler of the Dasárnas, who said to him: "Hear, O king, the words of the ruler of the Pánchálas: 'This my child is really a male. Let it be made clear by means of witnesses.'" Then the king of the Dasárnas sent a number of young ladies of great beauty to ascertain whether Sikhandin was really a male or a female. And those ladies, having ascertained the truth, joyfully told the king of the Dasárnas that Sikhandin was a powerful person of the masculine sex. Hearing this testimony, Hiranyavarman was filled with joy, and going to his brother Drupada passed a few days with him in gladness. And the king, rejoiced as he was, gave Sikhandin much wealth, many elephants, steeds, and kine. And, worshipped by Drupada as long as he stayed, the Dasárna king then departed, having rebuked his daughter. And after

Hiranyavarman had departed in joy and with his anger quelled, Sikhandin began to rejoice exceedingly.

Meanwhile [some time after the exchange of sexes had taken place] Kuvera, the protector of all the treasures, in the course of a journey came to the house of Sthuna, the Yaksha, and admiring the garlands of flowers with which it was bedecked, he asked his followers why it was that Sthuna did not come out to greet him. And they told him how Sthuna had given his own manhood to the daughter of Drupada, taking her womanhood in exchange, and therefore he was ashamed to approach him. Hearing this, Kuvera caused Sthuna to be brought before him; and Sthuna, wearing a feminine form, came thither, and stood before him in shame. And Kuvera said: "Since, humiliating all the Yakshas, thou hast, O thou of sinful deeds, given away thy own sex to Sikhandin and taken from her, O thou wicked of understanding, her womanhood—since, O wicked wretch, thou hast done what hath never been done before by anybody;—therefore, from this day, thou shalt remain a woman and she shall remain a man!" At these words all the Yakshas attempted to mollify Kuvera for the sake of Sthuna, saying: "Set a limit to thy curse!" Then the lord of the Yakshas said: "After Sikhandin's death, Sthuna will regain his own form. Therefore let this high-souled Yaksha be freed from his anxiety." Having said this, Kuvera departed with his followers.

And Sthuna, with that curse denounced on him, continued to live there; and when the time arrived, Sikhandin, without losing a moment, came to that wanderer of the night. And approaching his presence he said: "I have come to thee, O holy one!" Sthuna then repeatedly said unto him: "I am pleased with thee!" Indeed, beholding that prince return to him without guile, Sthuna told Sikhandin everything that had happened, adding: "O son of a king, for thee have I been cursed by Kuvera. Go now, and live happily amongst men, as thou choosest. Thy coming hither and the arrival of Pulastya's son [*i.e.* Kuvera] were, I think, both ordained from beforehand.

And this was incapable of being prevented." Sikhandin then returned to his city filled with joy.[1]

It is evident that the Persian and the Tamil versions were not derived directly from the story in the *Mahábhárata*, but from some modern adaptation, since in both the good-natured dív has a very different reason from that of the Yaksha Sthuna for retaining his adopted sex. The chief features of the Sanskrit original are, however, reproduced in the two variants, if we except the actual marriage of the princess, the discovery of her sex, and her father's cognisance of the whole affair from the first, which do not appear in them.—The story is so singular that I think it must be orally current in different countries of India, as well as exist in collections in many of the vernacular languages; and it would be interesting to see what farther modifications it has undergone, especially in passing by word of mouth to successive generations and from place to place.

In M. Dozon's *Contes Albanais* No. 14 presents some analogy to the story of the Exchange of Sexes. Here a man with three daughters and no sons is called to the wars; he is old, and has no one to take his place. The first and second daughters express their wish to be married—probably, though it is not expressly stated, in order that one of their husbands should go as the substitute for their aged father. But the youngest assumes a man's dress and goes to the wars in place of him, and slays a lamia that had long made a feast on the people once every year, for which she receives in reward a wonderful talking horse, through whose cleverness she accomplishes a feat by which she wins a king's daughter in marriage. The princess, as in the Sanskrit story and in the well-known Arabian tale, complains to her parents of the coldness of her "husband," and the king lays various snares in hopes of causing the destruction of the

1 Abridged from Protáp Chandra Roy's translation of the *Mahábhárata*, fasciculus xxxiv, pp. 543-553.

disguised heroine, but her horse saves her from all of them. At last the king sends her to "the church (*sic*) full of serpents," to demand payment of their arrears of tribute, hoping they would kill the objectionable spouse of his daughter. The money is paid, however, but the serpents, enraged at having to part with so much treasure, cry out: "If thou art a girl, become a boy; if thou art a boy, become a girl," and there and then the heroine found herself actually changed into a man; so the serpents thus did her a good turn, instead of the evil one they intended.—M. Dozon, in his *rapprochements*, cites No. 58 of Hahn's collection of Greek popular tales, in which a man is first changed to a girl, and afterwards, by a giant, back to a man again.

THE PRINCE OBTAINS A SNAKE-GEM—pp. 296, 297.

Precisely the same incident occurs in the Comte de Caylus' interesting collection of *Contes Orientaux*, with, strange to say, instead of a snake, a black bull ("un taureau noir"), and the hero, "having been brought up in the midst of jewels," knew that the stone was a real carbuncle, and it was of a size he had never before seen.[1]

1 "Whether a carbuncle (which is esteemed the best and biggest of rubies) doth flame in the dark," says Sir Thos. Browne, in his *Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, B. ii, ch. v, "or shine like a coal in the night, though generally agreed on by common believers, is very much questioned by many." On this Wilkin, the editor of Browne's works, 1835, vol. ii, p. 354, remarks: "That which Sir Thomas much doubted has since been subjected to the test of repeated observations and many curious experiments, by which the phosphorescence of the diamond, sapphire, ruby, and topaz, as well as of many minerals and metals, and various other bodies, is fully established. Mr. Wedgewood has treated the subject fully in the 82nd vol. of the *Philosophical Transactions*. This luminous property, which seems to be strictly phosphoric, is made apparent by subjecting the body in question to heat in various ways. Several fluids (oils, spermaceti, butter, etc.) are luminous at or below the boiling point: minerals and other bodies become so by being sprinkled on a thick plate of iron, heated just below visible redness. The gems and several of the harder minerals emit their light upon attrition."

I have already offered some remarks on the common belief in the East from the most ancient times that serpents have precious stones in their heads and are the guardians of treasures concealed in the earth (pp. 232 and 297), but the subject is so interesting as being a survival, or rather relic, of serpent-worship, that I think the following observations by Mr. M. J. Walhouse, the veteran scholar, in the *Indian Antiquary* for 1875, pp. 45, 46, may be reproduced here:

"In the Life of Apollonius Tyanæus [B.C. 3—A.D. 98] are some marvellous stories of large Indian serpents, which the Indians are said to destroy as follows: 'They spread a silken robe, inwoven with golden letters, before the entrance of the serpent's cave, and those letters, being magical, bring on sleep, so that the eyes of the serpent are overcome. Then with powerful incantations they so allure it as to be able to cast over it the magical robe, which induces sound sleep. Rushing in, the Indians cut off its head with an iron axe and take out certain stones found therein; for the heads of most serpents are said to contain small stones, very beautiful and endowed with a peculiar lustre and wonderful virtues. Such a stone was in the ring that Gyges is said to have possessed.' This is probably an exaggerated version of the Indian snake-charming, and one of the earliest notices of it. . . . The American Indian tribes believe that in the mountains is a secret valley, inhabited by chiefs of the rattlesnake species, which grow to the size of large trees and bear in their foreheads brilliant gems. In Peru is an animal called carbunculo, which appears only at night. When pursued a valve opens in its forehead, and a brilliant object becomes visible, dispelling the darkness and dazzling the pursuers."

The Prince conceals the Snake-Gem in his Thigh—p. 299.

This singular mode of concealing jewels—into which Asiatics still very commonly convert their wealth—is said to have been

formerly, and perhaps is yet occasionally, adopted by travellers. We have another instance in the story of the Young Man who fell in love with a Picture, which occurs only in the Breslau printed Arabic text of the "Thousand and One Nights," where the hero has luckily some jewels in the flesh of his forearm.—And in the *Toldoth Jeshu* (already cited in connection with the conflict between the white and black serpents—p. 475) is the following most veracious narrative:

"Now at this time the unutterable Name[1] of God was engraved in the temple on the corner-stone. For when King David dug the foundations he found there a stone on which the Name of God was engraved, and he took it and placed it in the Holy of Holies. But as the wise men feared lest some ignorant youth should learn the Name and be able to destroy the world—which God avert!—they made by magic two brazen lions, which they set before the entrance of the Holy of Holies, one on the right, the other on the left. Now if any one were to go within and learn the holy Name, then the lions would begin to roar as he came out, so that from alarm and bewilderment he would lose his presence of mind and forget the Name.

"And Jeshu left Upper Galilee and came secretly to Jerusalem, and he went into the Temple and learned there the holy writing; and after he had written the incommunicable Name on parchment he uttered it, with intent that he might feel no pain, and then he cut into his flesh and hid the parchment with its inscription therein. Then he uttered the Name once more, and made so that his flesh healed up again. And when he went out at the door the lions roared and he forgot the Name. Therefore he hasted outside the town, cut into his flesh, took the writing out, and when he had sufficiently studied the signs he retained the Name in his memory."[2]

If there ever was a deliberately trumped-up story, this

1 The *Sham ha-maphrash*, or *Nomen tetragrammaton*—see the note on page 163.

2 Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *Lost and Hostile Gospels*, pp. 77, 78.

assuredly is one—it is altogether absurd and inconsistent. When, I wonder, did King David dig the foundation of the Temple? Moreover, the temple referred to by this miserable, malignant scribbler was not that built by the son of David, but the gorgeous pile erected by King Herod. But indeed nothing more is needed to show that this idle tale was written for one sole purpose than the words "lest some ignorant *youth* should learn the Name." Why "some *youth*" only? Was there not any danger of ignorant, or curious, or evil-minded grown men attempting to acquire this knowledge?—Then we have the magic lions of brass that were placed on either side of the entrance of the Holy of Holies! The only "graven images" we read of as being in the Temple are the cherubim, whose wings canopied the Ark. It is very evident that this most wretched tract—of which it is said the Jews themselves are now ashamed—was written during the later Middle Ages, when belief was so rife in magic images of metal as guardians of treasure or of some other magical contrivance.

The classical story is well known of Zeus, dreading the wrath of Hera when Semele gave premature birth to Dionysus (Bacchus), sewing up the infant in his thigh, where he came to maturity. And we have an interesting example of the prevalence in India—*mutatis mutandis*—of Greek and Roman legends, known to every schoolboy, in a folk-tale contributed to the *Indian Antiquary* for 1886, p. 367, by (Miss?) Putlabi D. H. Wadia, in which seven brothers go on a trading voyage, leaving their little sister, Sunábaí Jái, with their wives, who in their absence ill-treat her shamefully and appoint her tasks very similar to those which Venus gave Psyche to do, the last being to bring them some sea-foam. The poor little maid goes to the shore, and observes her brothers' ship coming in, and runs to meet them. One of the brothers, when she has told her stoiy, cuts open his thigh and having placed her inside the opening sews it up. When they reach home they ask for their sister and

the wives give an evasive reply, upon which they are threatened with dire punishment should any accident have happened to the little one, and the women having confessed their wickedness, the brother draws Sunábaí Jái out of his thigh.

In the Tamil romance entitled *Madnakámarájankadai*, which has been translated by my friend Pandit Natésa Sástrí, of Madras, under the title of *Dravidian Nights Entertainments*, a prince one day sees the daughter of Indra bathing in a tank, and having purloined her garment takes it home, cuts open his thigh and puts the celestial robe inside, and then sews the flesh together. The nymph, like others of the Bird-Maiden class, had no resource but to follow the hero and become his wife.

From the East, doubtless, the idea was brought to Europe and utilised in the romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*, where we read that the beard and molars of the Saracen amír—the procuring of which was the condition of the hero's pardon by Charlemagne—were sewed up by Oberon, King of the Fairies, in the side of Gerames, the uncle of Duke Huon.[1]

BAKAWALI AT INDRA'S COURT—p. 317.

In the Kashmírí tale of Gullala Sháh (Mr. Knowles' collection), a fair princess, Panj Phúl, falls in love with the hero, and her father, when he comes to know of this, transforms her to wood and causes her to be placed in a public garden, as a warning to other fairy damsels not to bestow their affections on human beings. Gullala Sháh, instructed by the vazír, whose daughter he had already married, burns the wood, and pouring water on the ashes, Panj Phúl, as in Bakáwalí's case, is restored to life.

1 See the old English translation, from the French, by Lord Berners, *The Boke of Duke Huon of Burdeux*, ably edited by Mr. Sidney L. Lee for the Early English Text Society, 1887, p. 153.

BAHRAM TRANSFORMED INTO A BIRD—p. 346.

In No. 16 of the Burmese collection of tales entitled *Decisions of the Princess Thoodhamma Tsari*—which has been translated into English by Capt. T. P. Sparks (Maulmain, 1851), and again by Chr. J. Bandow (Rangoon, 1881)—a youth is changed into a small parrot by a magic thread being tied round his neck, and in that form is captured by some bird-catchers in the king's garden, and presented as a pet to the princess, who discovers and removes the thread, when he becomes once more a handsome young man. Early every morning the princess replaces the thread and he is again changed to a parrot; at night she takes off the thread; and thus she continues to amuse herself until the consequences could not be any longer concealed, but in the sequel the youth is publicly acknowledged as her husband.

Sometimes the hero of a popular fiction has the power of transforming himself into a bird or of quitting his own body and animating that of any dead animal, as in Mr. Natésa Sástrí's *Dravidian Nights Entertainments*, pp. 8-18, and the idea is also known to European ballads and romances. For instance, in Prior's *Danish Ballads*, iii, 206, we are told how a knight, to gain access to a lady's bower, becomes a bird and flies in. In his notes, Prior refers to the ballad of 'The Earl of Mar's Daughter' (Buchan, i, 49):

> "I am a doo the live-lang day,
> A sprightly youth at night;
> This aye gars me appear mair fair
> In a fair maiden's sight."

He also refers to the Netherlandish ballad, 'Vogelritter,' where a knight goes to Cyprus and wins the king's daughter, whom he had previously visited in the form of a bird, having in his possession a stone which effects transformations; and to the 'Lai d'Iwenec', by Marie de France.

The Three Deceitful Women—p. 355.

Page 357—The crafty mother of the bathman is said to have "practised for years under the sorceress Shamsah"; probably the witch of the same name who figures in the story of Táhir, an extract of which will be found in pp. 494, 495.

Page 370—The story of 'The Sun and the Moon' (*Mihr ú Máh*), which the carpenter brags that he knows, is probably the Persian romance of Mihr, the son of Káhvar Sháh, described in Dr. Rieu's *Catalogue of Persian Manuscripts in the British Museum*, vol. ii, p. 765 (Add. 15,099), which also occurs in Hubbí's collection, entitled *Hikáyát-i 'Ajíb ú Gharíb*, (already cited on p. 474), of which Dr. Rieu, in the same Catalogue (ii, 759, Or. 237), gives the titles of the first nineteen stories, No. 3 being *Mihr ú Máh*. Dr. Rieu has kindly furnished me with the first part of this tale:

In the kingdom of the East was a mighty king named Khávar Sháh, who had no son. He is told by his astrologers that he is predestined to have a son, provided the mother be a parí (or fairy). On the advice of his vazír, Rushan Ráï, he asks the help of a devotee called Faylasúf, who tells him that he should obtain possession of the book of magic which is kept by the witch Naskas in her castle. All three set out with this intent, and by means of the Most Great Name (see *ante*, note on p. 163) obtain entrance into the castle, and on their way release a dove from its cage. Deceived by the wiles of the witch, they are transformed: the king, into a lion, the vazír, into a lynx, and the devotee, into a fox; but plunging into the waters of the Spring of Job, they are restored to their natural shape, seek refuge in a hollow tree, and are taken out of it by the bird Rukh (or roc) and carried to the top of a mountain. In the meanwhile the released dove, who was no other than Rúz-afrúz, daughter of Farrukhfál, king of the parís, returns to her parents and tells them of her rescue. Then

she goes in search of her deliverers; finds them asleep, and has them conveyed to her father's court. Farrukhfál waives his objection to a marriage which he deemed a *mésalliance*, and the result in due time is the birth of a prince, called Mihr. The astrologers prophesy that at the age of eighteen grief will come to him through a piece of paper. And, in fact, the young man, while out hunting, meets a youth called Mukhtarí, a rich merchant from Maghrab, who has suffered shipwreck and has saved nothing but the portrait of Máh, the fair daughter of Hilál, king of the West. The remainder of the tale deals with the adventures of the love-struck prince in search of the fair one, ending, of course, with their happy union.[1]

The tale of 'Sayf ul-Mulúk and Bady'á ul-Jumál,' which the carpenter says he had also heard, occurs in the *Arabian Nights;* the Turkish story-book *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shiddah*, or Joy after Distress; the Persian Tales translated into French by Petis de la Croix, under the title of *Les Mille et un Jours;* and it also exists as a separate story in MSS. preserved in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It recounts how a young prince discovers in his father's treasury the portrait of a very beautiful damsel and sets out in quest of her. After many perilous adventures he finally learns from a jinni that the fair original of the portrait was one of the concubines of King Solomon and had, of course, been dead for many ages.

Whether the 'Road to the Mosque', which the carpenter says

1 In the *Catalogue des Manuscrits et Xylographes Orientaux de la Bibliothèque Imperiale Publique de St. Petersburg*, 1852, p. 410, this tale is described as a separate romance: 'Histoire de Khavershah et de Mihr et Máh, ou de Roi de l'Orient, et du Soleil et de la Lune'; the only variations being that in place of the devotee is a philosopher called Abid; and Mukhtarí is the name of the minister of the King of Maghrab, the father of the original of the picture.—There are several mystical and erotic poems in Hindí also entitled *Mihr ú Máh*: see Garcin de Tassy's *Histoire de la Littérature Hindouie*, second edition, tome i, 179, 187, and iii, 47.

he has "seen," be the title of a story, or (as is more likely) that of a devotional work, I am unable to say, never having seen it alluded to elsewhere.

The Trick of the Kází's Wife

is a variant of a story found in the Beslau printed Arabic text of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' of the Fuller, his Wife, and the Trooper. It also occurs in the *Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ*, the European adaptation of the Book of Sindibád, where a crafty Knight of Hungary plays the part of the carpenter of our story, and a jealous old baron that of the Kází. The plot of the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus, which is very similar to the tale of the crafty Knight, in all likelihood suggested to Boiardo the amusing episode, in his *Orlando Innamorato*, of Folderico and Ordauro, which, in its turn, was perhaps adapted in the *Seven Wise Masters*. In my *Book of Sindibád*, p. 343 ff., and in my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii, pp. 214-228, are most of the other known versions and variants of this story.

The Trick of the Bazár-Master's Wife

has many parallels in Eastern story-books, and the tale seems to have been, time out of mind, a favourite with Asiatics. In one version there is no game of *yad est* between husband and wife. The lady has her lover concealed in an adjoining apartment, for her husband has come home quite unexpectedly. But she tells him plainly of the fact, upon which he demands the key and approaches to open the door of the room, when the lady bursts into laughter. He pauses in astonishment, and asks the cause of her merriment, to which she replies: "I cannot help laughing at your simplicity, in believing that I should have a lover in the next room, and tell you of it." The husband returns the key and goes away well pleased.

The Trick of the Kutwál's Wife

resembles the latter part of the Arabian tale of the Fuller, his Wife, and the Trooper, where the poor husband is also drugged, his hair is cropped, he is dressed as a soldier, and provided with a letter recommending him to be enrolled by the governor of Isfahán. In this case, however, the poor husband is not reclaimed by his artful wife.

Whatever may be the source of this diverting story, it was known in France as early at least as the 13th century, in the form of a *fabliau* by Haisiau the Trouvère, under the title "Des Trois Dames qui trouverent un Anel" (Meon's edition of Barbazan, 1808, tome iii, p. 220ff., and Le Grand, 1781, tome iv, pp. 163-166), of which the following is the outline:

Three ladies found a ring, and "they swore by Jesu that she should have it who should best beguile her husband to do a good turn to her lover."

The First Lady, having made her husband drunk, when he is asleep, causes his head to be shaved, dresses him in the habit of a monk, and carries him, assisted by her lover, to the entrance of a convent. When he awakes and finds himself thus transformed he imagines that God, by a miraculous exercise of his grace, had called him to the monastic life. So he presents himself before the abbot and requests to be received among the brethren. The lady hastens to the convent in well-feigned despair, and is exhorted to be resigned and to congratulate her husband on the saintly vow he has taken. "Many a good man," says the poet, "has been betrayed by woman and her harlotry. This one became a monk in the abbey, where he remained a very long time. Wherefore, I counsel all people who hear this story told, that they ought not to trust in their wives, or in their households, if they have not first proved that they are full

of virtues. Many a man has been deceived by women and their treachery. This one became a monk against right, who would never have been such in his life, if his wife had not deceived him."

The Second Lady had some salted and smoked eels which her husband bade her cook for dinner on a Friday, but there was no fire in the house. Under the pretext of going to have them cooked on a neighbour's fire, she goes out and finds her lover, at whose house she remains a whole week. On the following Friday, about the hour of dinner, she enters a neighbour's house and asks leave to cook her eels, saying that her husband is angry with her for having no fire, and that she could not dare to go back lest he should cut off her head. As soon as the eels are cooked she carries them home, "piping hot." The husband asks her where she has been for the last week, and commences to beat her. She cries for help and the neighbours come in, and amongst them the one at whose fire the eels had been cooked, who swears that the wife had only just left her house, and ridicules the man for his assertion that she had been away a whole week. The poor husband gets into a great rage and is locked up for a madman.[1]

The Third Lady proposes to her lover to marry him, and he thinks that she is merely jesting, seeing she is already married, but she assures him that she is quite in earnest, and even undertakes that her husband will give his consent. The lover is to come for her husband and take him to the house of Dan

1 The self-same story also occurs in the Calcutta printed Arabic text of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' with no variation save that instead of smoked eels the husband gives his wanton wife a fresh fish to cook for his dinner on a Friday (the Muslim Sabbath), and then goes out. When the woman returns on the next Friday her husband begins to scold her, but she makes an outcry which brings in the neighbours, and showing them the fish still *alive*—she had, I suppose, either kept it in water or procured another one; though how her husband came to give her a live fish does not appear—he is considered mad and loaded with fetters. (See Sir R. F. Burton's translation, vol v, p. 96.)

Eustace, where he has a fair niece, whom the lover is to pretend he wishes to espouse, if he will give her to him. The lady will go thither, and she will have made her arrangements with Dan Eustace before they arrive. Her husband cannot but believe that he has left her at home, and she will be so apparelled that he cannot recognise her. This plan is accordingly carried out. The lover asks the lady's husband for the hand of his niece in marriage, to which he very willingly consents, and thus without knowing it makes him a present of his own wife. "All his life long the lover possessed her, because the husband gave and did not lend her ; nor could he ever get her back."[1]

"Now tell me true," adds the poet, "without any lie, and if you would judge rightly and truly, which one of these three best deserved to have the ring?"

Le Grand, at the end of his modern French prose abridgment of this *fabliau*, says that it is told at great length in the tales of the Sieur d'Ouville, tome iv, p. 255. In the *Facetiæ Bebelianæ*, p. 86, three women make a wager as to which of them will play the best trick on her husband. One causes her poor spouse to believe he is a monk, and he goes and sings mass ; the second husband believes that he is dead and allows himself to be carried on a bier to that mass ; and the third sings in it stark naked, believing he is clothed. It is also found in the *Convivales Sermones*, t. i, p. 200 ; in the *Délices de Verboquet*, p. 166 ; and in the *Facetiæ* of Lod. Doménichi, p. 172. In the *Contes pour Rire*, p. 197, three women find a diamond, and the arbiter whom they select promises it to her who concocts the best device for deceiving her husband, but the *ruses*, according to Le Grand, are different from those in the *fabliau*. Possibly from this last mentioned version (if not from some old Morisco-Spanish tale, for the idea of the story is certainly of Eastern origin) Isidro de Robles, a Spanish novelist, who wrote about the year 1666,

1 This seems to be an imperfect version of the story to which the Trick of the Kází's Wife belongs, with the underground passage somehow omitted.

adapted his tale of 'The Diamond Ring,' of which a translation is given by Roscoe in his *Spanish Novelists*, 1832, vol. iii, pp. 163-214, and the outline of which is as follows:

In the fair city of Madrid there lived three ladies who were very intimate friends. One was the wife of Luca Morena, cashier to a wealthy Genoese merchant; the second was the wife of Diego de Morales, a painter, employed in decorating one of the monasteries; the third was the wife of Señor Geloso, an elderly ill-tempered curmudgeon. It happened one day, when the three ladies were standing near a fountain to see a grand public procession, that they simultaneously discovered a diamond ring which glittered under the water, and when one of them took it up, all three laid claim to it, on various grounds, and they squabbled for its possession till one of them proposed they should submit the matter to a count of their acquaintance whom they saw approaching, to which the others agreed. The count takes charge of the ring and says that it should be the prize of "whichever of you shall, within the space of the next six weeks, succeed in playing off upon her husband the most clever and ingenious trick—always having due regard to his honour."

The Cashier's Wife employs an astrologer to waylay her husband on his road home and tell him that he looks seriously ill; then to feel his pulse and declare that he will be a dead man within 24 hours, so he had better put his affairs in order. Somewhat alarmed, he reaches home, takes little supper and goes to bed, but only to toss restlessly about all the night. He is off to business earlier than usual next day, and coming home in the evening meets the vicar of the parish and some friends, who are also in the plot. They pretend not to see him, but talk to each other aloud of Luca Moreno's sudden death, and express very uncomplimentary opinions as to his state in the other world. In great perplexity, he continues his way and meets the astrologer and the painter (the latter is the husband of the second lady, and, strange as it may seem, is also a party in the plot), talking likewise of his death. He can endure this no longer,

and accosts them, saying that he is not dead, but they affect to take him for his own ghost and run away. Now he thinks he must be really dead, though when and how he died he cannot recollect. Arriving at his house, he finds it shut up, and knocks long and loudly at the door before the maidservant appears, who asks: "Who is it? You can't come in, for master is dead." "Why," exclaims the poor cashier, "it is I myself, your master." "Who calls at this hour? This is the house of mourning, for we are all in grief for the loss of our master." "Hold your tongue, you jade, and let me in, for I am your master." She replies that *he*, poor man, is now engaged counting money in another and a worse world. In his rage he bursts open the door and walks in. His wife on seeing him pretends to swoon, but leaving her in the care of the maidservant he goes down to the pantry to stay his ravenous appetite, and there indulges in a hearty supper, washed down with copious draughts of wine, and then goes to bed. In the morning his wife, in gala dress, awakes him, and he thinks that she is dead also, and asks her when he himself died and was buried. She says all that she knows is that he buried last night some of the best wine and dainties provided for the carnival—he must be still drunk to talk such nonsense. The astrologer and the painter come, and when they hear his story declare they had not seen him or been from home last night, and, the vicar and his friends making a similar statement, he is persuaded the whole affair was a dream, and promises to defray the cost of a feast on Shrove Tuesday.

It is now the turn of the Second Lady to play a trick upon her husband, the painter. "For this purpose she concerted a plan with a brother of hers, who possessed a fine genius for amusing himself at other people's expense. In the first place they contrived to have a false door made at the entrance of the house, on such a plan (then frequently adopted) that it might be easily substituted for the real door at short notice. It was brought thither secretly one night, and concealed in a cellar, while the brother and two friends lay ready to carry on the intended plot

in an upper chamber of the house." The painter returns home as usual, and having supped retires to rest. About midnight he is roused from a deep sleep by the cries of his wife, who pretends to be dying, and implores him to go for her confessor, and her old nurse, who knew her constitution. He very reluctantly rises and dresses himself, and then sets out in quest of the nurse, who lived at the other end of the town. Meanwhile the old door is removed and the false one substituted, and above it a sign is placed bearing the words, "House of Public Entertainment." Then, according to arrangement, friends of the lady and a party of musicians with their instruments arrive, in order to "make a night of it." The poor painter, after plodding his weary way in quest of the old nurse, through wind and rain, and knocking at the wrong doors, at last returns home, drenched to the skin. But what must have been his amazement to find his house metamorphosed into a tavern and to hear sounds from within of mirth and revelry! He knocks at the door, however, and a head is thrust out of an upper window and a voice orders him to be off, for the house is full. When he says that the house is his own, he is told it has been a tavern for the last 15 years and is finally made to beat a retreat by two dogs being let loose on him. Betaking himself to his friend Senor Geloso (whose turn is yet to come), he relates to him all his strange adventures. His friend thinks he is drunk and accommodates him for the night in his house. Next morning they go to the painter's house, which has been restored to its former appearance, and when he tells them of what had happened to him the previous night, his wife and her friends assure him that the affair must have been the effect of sorcery, at the same time his loving spouse reads him a severe lecture on his debauched way of life, staying out o' nights and so forth. It is finally agreed to say no more about the matter.

The trick played on the jealous, ill-tempered husband of the Third Lady bears a striking resemblance to that of the Kutwál's wife—*mutatis mutandis.* Having plied him with wine till he is "dead drunk," she sends for her brother, prior of the convent of

Capuchins, who comes (as arranged) with the lay brethren, and, after his head has been shaved and he has been dressed in the monastic garb, they carry him off to the convent and place him in a cell. When he awakes he is perplexed at the change that has taken place in his person and place of abode. In brief, he is flogged next day for contumacy and sentenced to eight days' imprisonment, with bread and water. This term expired, he is sent out with one of the monks to beg alms, and in the course of their rounds they come to his own house, where seeing his wife at a window he rushes in and embraces her. The lady, of course, raises a great outcry, and the servants and neighbours hasten to her assistance. The monk explains that he is a crazy brother who fancies every pretty woman he sees is his wife, and leads him back to the convent, where he is again soundly flogged and put upon a new course of bread and water, so long that his hair and beard were grown again. One night he is treated to a fine supper and a bottle of wine containing an opiate, and, when he is asleep, is carried back to his house, and on awaking next morning and telling his wife of all that he had undergone as a monk, she persuades him that it was but a distempered dream, and he, glad to find himself in his own house, promises to treat her in future with all respect and full confidence in her virtue.

The three ladies proceed next day to the dwelling of the count and relate the tricks they had played their husbands. He says that he cannot possibly give the preference to any one of them—they are all equally clever—but as the ring is really one he had himself lost the very day when they found it, he must ask them to accept and divide amongst themselves a purse containing three hundred pistoles, and so the ladies take their leave of the count, in every way satisfied.

The Kazi and the Merchant's Wife—p. 414.

The latter part of this story will at once remind the reader of the tale of Alí Khoja and the Merchant of Baghdád in our

common English version of the *Arabian Nights*,[1] in which Alí Khoja, before setting out on the pilgrimage to Makka, places a thousand gold pieces in a jar and fills it up with olives, and gives it into the custody of a merchant with whom he was intimate, as a jar of olives merely; and the merchant after the Khoja had prolonged his absence far beyond the usual time opened the jar to take out of it some olives for his wife, who had wished for that fruit, and finding the gold underneath abstracted it, and substituted fresh olives. The story is too well known to require the repetition of the subsequent details—how judgment was at first given in favour of the merchant, but was afterwards reversed, as in our story of the Kází, by the acuteness of a boy.

It seems to have been a favourite pastime from ancient times for Asiatic youngsters to play at "the King and his Ministers." In the apocryphal Arabic gospel of the Saviour's Infancy we read: "In the month of Adar, Jesus, after the manner of a king, assembled the boys together. They spread their clothes on the ground and he sat down on them. Then they put on his head a crown made of flowers, and like chamber-servants stood in his presence, on the right and on the left, as if he was a king, and whoever passed that way was forcibly dragged by the boys, saying: 'Come hither and adore the king; and then go away.'" This passage finds a very remarkable parallel in the Mongolian tales of Ardshi Bordshi—the second part of Miss Busk's *Sagas from the Far East*, derived from Jülg's *Mongolische Märchen*, as follows: "In the neighbourhood of his [*i. e.* Ardshi Bordshi's] residence was a hill where the boys who were tending the calves were wont to pass the time by running up and down. But they had also another custom, and it was that whichever of them won the race was king for the day—an ordinary game enough, only that when it was played in this place the boy-king thus constituted was at once endowed with such extraordinary importance

1 It has not hitherto been found in any Arabic text of the 'Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night,' but there can be no doubt of its Asiatic origin.

and majesty that every one was constrained to treat him as a real king. He had not only ministers and dignitaries among his play-fellows, who prostrated themselves before him, and fulfilled all his behests, but whoever passed that way could not choose but pay him homage also."

The Rev. J. Hinton Knowles, in a note to his *Folk-Tales of Kashmír*, thus describes the game of "Vazír Pádisháh," also called "Suhul," as it is played by the boys in Kashmír:

"It is generally played by four youngsters. Four little sticks are provided, of which the bark on one side is peeled off. Any of the four children throws first. If one should throw three sticks so that they all fall on the bark side, then he is appointed *pádisháh*, or king; but if not, they all try and throw till some one succeeds. The next thing is to find out the *vazír*. He who throws the sticks so that one of them falls with the bark side up, but the other three with the peeled sides up, is appointed to this office. Then an *asúr*, or thief, has to be fixed upon. He who throws so that two of his sticks fall with the bark side upwards is proclaimed the thief. Lastly a *sayd*, or honest man, has to be found. This part he has to play who throws the sticks so that three of them fall with the bark side upwards. If it should happen that all four of them fall with the bark sides up, that thrower has to try again.[1]

"Pádisháh, vazír, asúr, and sayd being known, the real play begins. The asúr, or thief, is brought before the king by the vazír, who says: 'O king, peace and health to you; here is a thief.' The king replies: 'Whence has he come?' Then the vazír tells him the whole case, and punishment has to be inflicted

1 If there are but four players, and three have already been appointed as king, minister, and culprit, it surely follows that there is no necessity for the fourth to throw the sticks at all; else, if the others play along with him at throwing for the "honest man," their former positions might, and probably would, be changed. Evidently Mr. Knowles has here described the game as it is played by any number of boys, so that when it came to throw for the "honest man," the three already appointed would stand out and all the others play.

on the criminal. This is the most amusing part of the whole play. 'Give him Bangálí cannon,' says the king, and the vazír kicks the prisoner's buttocks; or the king says: 'Bring a dog in his place from the Ladák,' when the vazír takes the prisoner a short distance, and then holding him by the ear pulls him back, while the prisoner barks like a dog; or the king says: 'Take out the spindle,' when the vazír draws a line with his thumb-nail on the inside of the arm from the elbow-joint to the wrist, and then hits the arm over the line as hard as he can with the first and second fingers of his right hand. There are many other words of punishment too numerous to mention here."

Not a few Eastern stories turn upon the wonderful acuteness of boys in solving difficult questions which have perplexed the profound minds of their "grave and reverend" seniors. The reader will find a number of examples cited in my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. ii, pp. 10, 12-14, one of which, a Mongolian tale, is analogous to that of the Arabian story of Alí Khoja's "pot of olives."

The Hidden Treasure—p. 442.

The indirect source of this story is probably the following tale, from the *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, vol. i, p. 298, of Prof. C. H. Tawney's translation, published at Calcutta a few years ago:

There is a city named Srávastí, and in it there lived in old time a king of the name of Prasenajit, and one day a strange Bráhman arrived in that city. A merchant, thinking he was virtuous because he lived on rice in the husk, provided him a lodging there in the house of a Bráhman. There he was loaded by him every day with presents of unhusked rice and other gifts, and gradually by other great merchants also, who came to hear his story. In this way the miserly fellow gradually accumulated a thousand dínars, and going to the forest he dug a hole and buried it in the ground, and he went every day and examined the

spot. Now one day he saw that the hole in which he had hidden his gold had been re-opened, and that all the gold was gone. When he saw that hole empty, his soul was smitten, and not only was there a void in his heart, but the whole universe seemed to be a void also. And then he came crying to the Bráhman in whose house he lived, and when questioned he told him his whole story; and he made up his mind to go to a holy bathing-place and starve himself to death. Then the merchant who supplied him with food, hearing of it, came there with others, and said to him: "Bráhman, why do you long to die for the loss of your wealth? Wealth, like an unseasonable cloud, suddenly comes and goes." Though plied by him with these and similar arguments, he would not abandon his fixed determination to commit suicide, for wealth is dearer to the miser than life itself. But when the Bráhman was going to the holy place to commit suicide, the king Prasenajit himself, having heard of it, came and asked him: "Bráhman, do you know of any mark by which you can recognise the place where you buried your dínars?" When the Bráhman heard that, he said: "There is a small tree in the wood there; I buried that wealth at its foot." When the king heard that he said: "I will find the wealth and give it back to you, or I will give it you from my own treasury; do not commit suicide, Bráhman." After saying that, and so diverting the Bráhman from his intention of committing suicide, the king entrusted him to the care of the merchant, and retired to his palace. There he pretended to have a headache, and sending out the doorkeeper he summoned all the physicians in the city by proclamation with beat of drum. And he took aside every single one of them and questioned him privately in the following words: "What patients have you here, and how many, and what medicines have you prescribed for each?" And they thereupon, one by one, answered all the king's questions. Then one among the physicians, when his turn came to be questioned, said this: "The merchant Mátridatta has been out of sorts, O king, and this is the second day that I have prescribed for him

nágabalá" [the plant *Uraria Lagopodioides*]. When the king heard that he sent for the merchant and said to him: "Tell me who fetched you the *nágabalá?*" The merchant said: "My servant, your highness." When the king got this answer from the merchant he quickly summoned the servant and said to him: "Give up that treasure belonging to a Bráhman, consisting of a store of dínars, which you found when you were digging at the foot of a tree for *nágabalá*." When the king said this to him the servant was frightened, and confessed immediately; and bringing those dínars, left them there. So the king for his part summoned the Bráhman, and gave him, who had been fasting in the meanwhile, his dínars, lost and found again, like a second soul external to his body. Thus the king by his wisdom recovered to the Bráhman his wealth, which had been taken away from the tree, knowing that that simple grew in such spots.

Many stories of hidden treasure being stolen and recovered by a clever device are current in Europe as well as in the East. For example, in No. 74 of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, the oldest Italian collection of tales, a blind beggar conceals 100 florins under the floor of a church, and is observed by a sharper who next day takes the money away. When the blind man finds his treasure gone, he stands at the church-door at the time of service and bids his boy watch all who enter the church and let him know if any one should regard him (the beggar) as if with peculiar interest. The sharp-witted boy observes a man looking at his father and smiling, and when the beggar learns the name of the man, he scrapes acquaintance with him, tells him that he has 100 florins concealed under the floor of the church, and expects to receive 100 more in the course of a day or two, which he had lent out; and begs his new friend to meet him on such a day when they would lift the stone and deposit the additional money. The sharper, thinking to get this other sum as well, went privily and replaced the 100 florins he had stolen, and the blind man, anticipating he would do so, returned at night and took away his

money, resolving to part with it no more.—The same story is found in the Breslau printed Arabic text of the 'Thousand and one Nights', and is translated by Mr. John Payne in his *Tales from the Arabic*, and also by Sir Richard F. Burton in the first volume of his *Supplemental Nights*, under the title of "The Melancholist and the Sharper." A short version is given in Gladwin's *Persian Moonshee ;* and another analogous story of buried treasure will be found in Roscoe's *Spanish Novelists*, ed. 1832, vol. iii, p. 215–234, entitled "A Prodigious Adventure," by Isidro de Robles.

The Deaf Man and his Sick Friend—p. 446.

Readers who are not familiar with the Kurán may like to see in English the Muslim "Lord's Prayer," called *Al-Fátihá*, which the Deaf Man recited in presence of his sick friend, so this is it, from Rodwell's translation, p. 11 :

> "In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful !
> Praise be to God, Lord of the worlds !
> The compassionate, the merciful !
> King on the day of reckoning !
> Thee [only] do we worship, and to thee do we cry for help.
> Guide thou us on the straight path !
> The path of those to whom thou hast been gracious ; with whom thou art not angry, and who go not astray."

This *sura* is esteemed as the quintessence of the Kurán, and is recited several times in the course of each of the five daily prayers, and on many other occasions.

It is well known that men afflicted with partial deafness are generally unwilling to acknowledge their infirmity, and even resent being talked to in a loud tone of voice ; though they often

betray themselves by the answers they give to questions asked of them, much to the amusement of their questioners.—A story is told of a deaf Persian who was taking home a quantity of wheat, and, coming to a river which he must cross, he saw a horseman approach; so he said to himself: "When that horseman comes up he will first salute me, saying, 'Peace be with thee!' Next he will ask, 'What is the depth of this river?' and then he will ask, how many *máns* of wheat I have with me." But the deaf man's surmises were sadly amiss, for when the horseman came up he cried: "Ho! my man, what is the depth of this river?" The deaf one replied: "Peace be with thee, and the mercy of Allah and his blessing!" At this the horseman laughed and said: "May they cut off thy beard!" to which the deaf one rejoined: "Up to my neck." The horseman then said: "Dust be on thy mouth!" The deaf one placidly replied: "Eighty máns of it."

Here we have a very close parallel to the story of the Deaf Man and his Sick Friend, and there is a curious Norwegian variant in Sir George W. Dasent's *Tales from the Fjeld*, under the title of "Goodman Axeshaft," which is to this purpose:

The wife and daughter of an old ferryman, who was extremely deaf, by their extravagance plunge him into an ocean of debt and run away from home. The sheriff is to come and seize, and the old man wonders what he'll say to him. "Ah, I'll begin to cut an axeshaft, and the sheriff will ask me how long it is to be. I'll answer, 'Up as far as that twig sticks out.' Then he'll ask, 'What's become of the ferry boat?' and I'll say, 'I'm going to tar her, and yonder she lies on the strand, split at both ends.' Then he'll ask, 'Where's your gray mare?' and I'll say, 'She's standing in the stable, big with foal.' And then he'll ask, 'Whereabouts is your sheepcote?' and I'll answer, 'Not far off; when you get a bit up the hill you'll soon see it.'" But when the sheriff comes up he says "Good day" to the old man, who answers: "Axeshaft." Then he asks: "How far off to the river?" to which the ferryman replies: "Up to this twig,"

pointing a little way up the piece of timber. The sheriff stares and shakes his head. "Where's your wife?" "I'm just going to tar her," and so forth. "Where's your daughter?" "In the stable," and so on. "To the deuce with you!" exclaims the sheriff, in a rage. "Very good," says the old man; "not far off—when you get a bit up the hill you'll soon see it." Upon this the sheriff goes off, in sheer despair.

The Gardener and the Little Bird—p. 448.

In mediæval times the ancient fable of the Fowler and the Little Bird was appropriated by several monkish compilers of *exempla*, designed for the use of preachers; but this version is unique, so far as my knowledge of other forms of the fable extends. It has, exclusively, the scene between the lapwing and the nightingale; the references to the Muslim legend of Solomon's receiving from a lapwing, or hoopoe, intelligence of the city of Sabá (or Sheba) and Queen Bilkís; and the allegation of the nightingale to the gardener that the fruit the bird had destroyed was poisonous. The fable is found in the spiritual romance of Barlaam and Joasaph (not Josaphat, as the name is commonly written), which is said to have been composed in the first half of the 7th century, by a Greek monk named John, of the convent of St. Sabá, at Jerusalem, and—according to M. Hermann Zotenberg—redacted by Johannes Damascenus, a Greek Father, of the 8th century, and included in his works. It is now certain that the substance of this work was derived from Indian sources: the incidents in the youth of Joasaph correspond with those in the early years of Gautama, the founder of Buddhism; while some of the parables contained in the romance are found in the *Játakas*, or Buddhist Birth-stories and others in Hindú books. This is how the fable is told in *Barlaam and Joasaph*:

They who worship idols are like the bird-catcher who caught

one of the smallest birds, which they call the nightingale. As he was about to kill and eat it, articulate speech was given to the bird, and it said: "What will the killing of me profit thee, man? Thou canst not fill thy belly with me. But if thou set me free, I will give thee three injunctions, which, if thou observe, will benefit thee all thy life." He was amazed to hear the bird speak, and promised. Then said the nightingale: "Never try to reach the unattainable. Rue not a thing that is past. Never believe a thing that is beyond belief." Away flies the bird; but, to test the man's common sense, it cries to him: "How thoughtless thou art! Inside of my body is a pearl larger than the egg of an ostrich, and thou hast not obtained it!" Then he repented having let the bird go free, and tried to coax it back by fair offers. But the bird rebuked his folly in so soon forgetting all the three injunctions it had given him.

In this form the fable also occurs in the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Petrus Alphonsus, a Spanish Jew, who was converted to Christianity in 1106, and who avowedly derived the materials for his work from the Arabian fabulists, and from this collection it was taken into the *Gesta Romanorum* (see Swan's translation, ed. 1824, vol. ii, p. 87). John Lydgate, the monk of Bury, of the 15th century, turned the fable into English verse, under the title of "The Chorle and the Bird, from a pamflete in Frenche," which is conjectured to have been the *fabliau* "Le Lai de l'Oiselet," but this I think is rather doubtful. According to Lydgate's poem, a little bird takes up its abode in a laurel-tree in a churl's garden, and sings merrily all the livelong day. The churl sets a trap (*pantere*) to catch the bird.

> It was a verray hevenly melodye,
> Evyne and morowe to here the bryddis songe,
> And the soote sugred armonye
> Of uncouthe varblys and tunys drawen on longe,
> That al the gardeyne of the noysè rong,
> Til on a morwe, whan Tytan shone ful clere,
> The birdd was trapped and kaute with a pantere.

The churl puts the little bird into a fine cage and orders it to sing, but says the bird :

> " Song and prison have noon accordaunce,
> Trowest thou I wolle syng in prisoun?
> Song procedethe of joy and of plesaunce,
> And prison causethe dethe and destruccioun ;
> Rynging of fetires makethe ne mery sounde,
> Or how shuld he be gladde or jocounde
> Agayne his wylle, that ligthe in chaynès bounde?"

" But let me out," the bird goes on to say, " so that I may perch again on the laurel-tree, and then I will sing to thee, and moreover,

> " I shal the yeve a notable gret gwerdoun,
> Thre grete wysdoms according to resoun,
> More of walewe, take hede what I do profre,
> Thane al the golde that is shet in thi cofre."

The three "great wisdoms" are the same as those in other versions, and then the little bird says that the churl by setting him free has missed gaining a rare treasure, for in his inside is a stone, fully an ounce in weight, which has many wonderful properties : making its possessor victorious in battle ; he should suffer no poverty or indigence but have abundance of wealth ; all should do him reverence ; it would reconcile foes, comfort the sorrowful, and make heavy hearts light.[1] The churl is beside himself with vexation, and the bird calls him a fool for believing such a rank impossibility.[2]

1 In the *fabliau* (Méon's edition of Barbazan, 1808, iii, 126) the little bird says :

> " Il a en mon cors une piere,
> Qui tant est précieuse et chiere,
> Bien est de trois onces pesans ;
> La vertus est en il si grans,
> Qui en sa baillie l'aroit,
> Jà riens demander ne saroit,
> Que maintenant ne l'éust preste."

2 *Lydgate's Minor Poems*, in vol. ii of the Percy Society's publications, p. 179 ff.—Ritson, the censorious, styles honest Dan Lydgate " a voluminous,

Husain Vá'iz has re-told the apologue in his *Anvár-i Suhaylí*, or Lights of Canopus, a Persian rendering, in prose and verse, of the celebrated Fables of Bidpaï with additions, of which this is one. Here, however, the nightingale—having been entrapped by the gardener, because it destroyed his roses—does not, when liberated, give the gardener three maxims, but tells him that beneath such a tree is a vessel full of gold. The villager digs and finds the treasure, and then asks the bird how it was that he could see a vessel full of gold under the earth, yet not discover the snare above ground; to which the nightingale replies, like a good Muslim: "Hast thou not heard that 'when Fate descends caution is in vain'?"[1]

The *fabliau* version, "Le Lai de l'Oiselet," as found in Méon's edition of Barbazan's collection, Paris, 1808, t. iii, 114, and (in modern French prose) in Le Grand, ed. 1784, t. iii, 430, can hardly have been the original of Lydgate's poem, as may be seen from the following free rendering of Le Grand's abridgment (in which, however, he omits the bird's statement about the wonderful stone in its body), including a few lines from Way's agreeable English metrical translation:

Once on a time there was a noble castle surrounded by a wide domain of field and forest, which was first owned by a worthy knight. His son and successor wasted his patrimony in riotous living—"ye know well," quoth our poet, "that it needs but one spendthrift heir to bring great wealth to nought"; and now the fair castle and domain had become the property of a rich but sordid churl. This lofty and strong castle had been reared by magic art. A pebble-paved stream flowed round a beauteous

prosaic, drivelling monk." This is hard measure. That the drivels is just as true as it would be to say that Ritson had no gall in his composition. That he is sometimes prosaic can't be denied; but he has many fine passages of true poetry. If to be voluminous be a sin—then may Heaven pity our popular novel-spinners!

1 *Anvár-i Suhaylí*, by Husain Vá'iz al-Káshifí. Translated by Edward B. Eastwick, 1854. Ch. i, story 19.

orchard, where grew tall and shapely trees, flowers of every hue, and odorous plants; and such was the fragrance of the air that it might have arrested a man's parting breath. In the midst of this fair scene a gushing fountain sparkled in the sunlight, while near it a lofty pine tree's deathless verdure afforded grateful shade at noontide.

A marvellous bird had fixed his abode in this tufted pine, and ever he sat and sang his lay of love in such sweet and moving strains that, matched against his magic melody, the music of viol and full-toned harp were as nought. Such was the power of this wondrous feathered minstrel that his strains could create unutterable joy in the heart of the despairing lover; and should they cease, and the songster take his flight from this enchanted ground, then would all the goodly scene—castle, trees, flowers, forest—fade away and forever disappear.

"Listen, listen, to my lay
(Thus the merry note did chime),
All who mighty Love obey,
Sadly wasting in your prime,
Clerk and laic, grave and gay;
Yet do ye, before the rest,
Gentle maidens, mark me tell!
Store my lesson in your breast,
Trust me it shall profit well:
Hear and heed me, and be blest!"[1]

The little warbler had no sooner ended his lay of love when he discovered the churl, upon which the bird ordered the river to retire to its source, the flowers to fade, the fruit to wither, and the castle to sink into the earth; for a vile churl should not be suffered to dwell where the beautiful and the brave had once held sweet communion. The churl, having heard the melodious strains of the little bird, resolved to capture him and sell him for a large sum. Accordingly he set his snare and caught the feathered songster. "What injury have I done thee?" cried the little

1 Le Grand omits the bird's lay, of which these verses are merely the exordium.

bird. "And why dost thou doom me to death?" "Fear not," said the churl; "I only desire to hear thy song, and will get thee a fine cage and plenty of seeds and kernels to eat. But sing thou must, else I'll wring thy neck and pick thy bones." "Alas," sighed the pretty captive, "who can sing in prison? And even were I cooked, I could scarce furnish thee with one mouthful." Finding that all entreaties failed to move the hard-hearted churl, the bird then promised that, if set free, he would tell him three rare and precious secrets. This offer the churl could not resist, so he freed the little bird, who straightway flew to the summit of the pine tree, and then proceeded to disclose the three precious secrets. "First then," said the bird: "*Yield not a ready faith to every tale.*" "Is this all your secret?" quoth the fellow, in rising wrath. "I need it not." "Yet," said the bird, "you seemed but lately to have forgot it—but now you may hold it fast. My second secret is: *What is lost, 'tis wise to bear with patience.*" At this the churl chafed more and more. "My third secret," continued the bird, "is by far the best: *What good thou hast, do not cast lightly away.*" So saying, the little bird fluttered his wings a moment, and then flew away; and immediately the castle sank into the ground; and the fountain flowed back to its source; and the fruits dropped withered from the trees; and the flowers faded—and all the beauteous scene was melted into thin air.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 206—Five hundred pons.—It is possible that *pon*, like *hun*, is another name of a pagoda, a gold coin of the value of 3½ rupís, which has not been coined in the mints of India since the early part of this century.

Page 212—The Want of Children.—In the note on this subject I omitted to include Hannah, mother of Samuel, the illustrious Hebrew seer (First Book of Samuel, ch. i, v, 9-11, and 20).—

Asiatics consider a son as the "light," or the "lamp," of the household; and so it is said of a king, in the opening of the Persian romance entitled *Bahár-i Dánish*, or Garden and Spring, by 'Ináyatu-'lláh: "In the house of his prosperity the light [*i. e.* a son], which is the hope of descending life, beamed not, as the blossoms of his house [*i. e.* his women] produced not the fruit of his wishes; for which he made grief his companion, and sat lonely, like a point in the centre of the circle of sorrow"—poor fellow!

Page 391—The Story of the Envious Vazír.—I cannot call to mind any close parallel to this, but the incident upon which it turns, that of the old hag's artifice in procuring the lady's dress, recalls the story of "The Burnt Veil" in the Book of Sindibád, where a youth, desperately in love with the virtuous wife of a merchant, employs a crone—who, like too many of her sex in Muslim countries, went about evil-doing, in the guise of a devotee—to cause the lady's husband to put her away on suspicion of her being unfaithful. But this slight resemblance is doubtless merely fortuitous. The tale of the Envious Vazír exhibits more art than is usually found in Eastern fictions, especially the *dénouement*, where the Khoja's wife cleverly causes the malignant Vazír to convict himself of gross falsehood.

Page 430—The sentiment expressed to Sultan Mahmúd by the Independent Man has its analogue in one of the countless traditions of Hatim Taï, which goes thus: They asked Hatim: "Hast thou ever seen in the world any one more noble-minded than thyself?" He replied: "One day I had offered a sacrifice of 40 camels, and had gone out with some other chiefs to a corner of the desert. I saw a thorn-cutter, who had gathered together a bundle of thorns. I said to him: 'Why goest thou not to share the hospitality of Hatim Taï, when a crowd has assembled at his feast?' He replied: 'Whoever can eat of the bread of his own labour will not put himself under an obligation to Hatim

Taï.' This man, in mind and magnanimity, I consider greater than myself."

Page 483—For the original of the story of the Two Merchants see Méon's edition of Barbazan's collection of *Fabliaux*, Paris, 1808, tome i, 52, "Des Deux Bons Amis Loiax," and for the modern French prose version see Le Grand's *Fabliaux*, edition 1781, iii, 262.

Page 499—Mr. James Moir, Rector, Grammar School, Aberdeen, is the authority (after his mother) for a story in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, 1884, vol. ii, pp. 68-71, which presents an interesting parallel to the tale from Salsette, with a clever girl in place of Little John: Three young girls are abandoned in a wood by their poverty-stricken parents, because they have too many mouths to feed. The little maidens arrive at a giant's house and are granted shelter for the night. The giant resolves to kill them and have them cooked for his breakfast in the morning. In order to distinguish in the dark his own three daughters from the stranger girls, he places "strae rapes" round the necks of the latter and gold chains round his daughters' necks, with the result that he puts his own offspring to death. Mally Whuppie, the heroine, wakes her sisters softly and they all escape. They next come to a king's house, and Mally and her sisters are to be married to the three sons of the king, provided he should obtain possession of three wonderful things from the giant: (1) his sword from the back of his bed; (2) his purse from beneath his pillow; and (3) the ring from off the giant's finger. Mally is successful in her two first adventures, and though she is caught by the giant when drawing off his ring, she ultimately escapes by a clever *ruse*.

Page 510—The story of the King and his Falcon occurs in many collections, and perhaps one of the oldest versions of it is found in Capt. R. C. Temple's *Legends of the Panjáb*, vol. i, p.

467, in the story of "Princess Niwal Dai," where a snake is seen by the falcon to drop poison into the cup.

Page 519—The Rose of Bakáwalí.—I find my conjectures regarding the construction of this romance are borne out by Garcin de Tassy (*Histoire de la Littèrature Hindouie*, second edition, Paris, 1870, tome i, p. 606), in his account of a version in the Hindústání Selections by the Sayyíd Husain, compiled by order of the Military Examiners' Committee, and published at Madras in the year 1849, in 2 vols. He says: "Le second volume offre la reproduction, en 64 p., des deux tiers du *Gul-i Bakâwalî* d'après la rédaction de Nihâl Chand, dont j'ai donné la traduction en français. Huçain s'arrête au mariage de Tâj ulmulûk et de Bakâwalî, où devrait en effet finir de récit, le reste étant un hors-d'œuvre tout à fait hindou."

He describes a similar romance (tome ii, pp. 531, 532) by Rayhán ed-Dín, of Bengal, written in rhymed couplets (*masnaví*) and entitled *Khiyabán-i Rayhán*, or Parterres of the Divine Grace, A.H. 1212 (A.D. 1797-1798): "Cet ouvrage," he says, "roule sur le même sujet que le *Gul-i Bakâwalî;* mais, outre qu'il est tout en vers, il est beaucoup plus long. Il se divise en quarante chapitres, intitulés chacun *Gul-gaschnî* (Abondance de roses). . . . Au surplus, il est bon de rappeler ici ce que j'ai dit ailleurs, que le *Gul-i Bakâwalî* est une légende indienne qui est reproduite dans plusieurs rédactions différentes et même dans le dialecte des Laskars du Bengale."

Another tale, in Persian, entitled *Kissa-i Fírúz Sháh*, if not identical with our romance, seems to be on the same plan, judging from the all-too brief account given of it by Dr. H. H. Wilson in his *Descriptive Catalogue of the Mackenzie Collection of Oriental MSS.*, vol. ii, p. 137: "The story of Firoz Shah, son of the king of Badakshan, who sought a marvellous flower to cure his father."

Page 520—In the so-called *Suite des Mille et Une Nuits*, by Chavis and Cazotte (Story of Habíb, the Arabian Knight), the

Amír Salamis weeps himself blind on hearing a false report of his son Habíb's death. The hero, when he comes to know of this sore affliction, is told that the only remedy is to be found among the treasures of Solomon, preserved in a cavern, and going there he finds two flat opals fixed as eyes into a visor, which he takes away, and with them restores his father's sight. And the Rabbins say that Jacob wept himself totally blind from grief at the reported death of his son Joseph, and he recovered his sight many years afterwards by applying to his eyes the garment of Joseph, which his brethren brought from Egypt.

Page 529—There can be no doubt that the Panjábí legend of Rasálú's game with Sirikap and the story of the Prince and Dilbar are cousins, so to say, not far removed. In the former Rasálú makes it one of the conditions of sparing the life of the vanquished Sirikap that he must consent to have his forehead branded with a red-hot iron, "in token of his vassalage," and another condition is that he forgive his daughter whom he had imprisoned. In the latter the hero compels Dilbar to liberate his four brethren, but she insists on first branding them on their backs, "in token of the state of slavery to which they had been reduced."—It seems to me that in the earlier part of the Panjábí legend something must have dropped out in connection with Rasálú's rescuing the ants and the hedgehog from the river (p. 525), since it is usual in folk-tales for "thankful animals" to requite their benefactor by rendering him signal services.

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